

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND*

March

5c



Alice Faye

BIG PLANS FOR SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S FUTURE!

So many times a day *In Danger!*



YOU COURT A COLD several times a day. A draft, for example, may reduce body resistance so that germs residing in the throat get the upper hand. Better gargle Listerine.



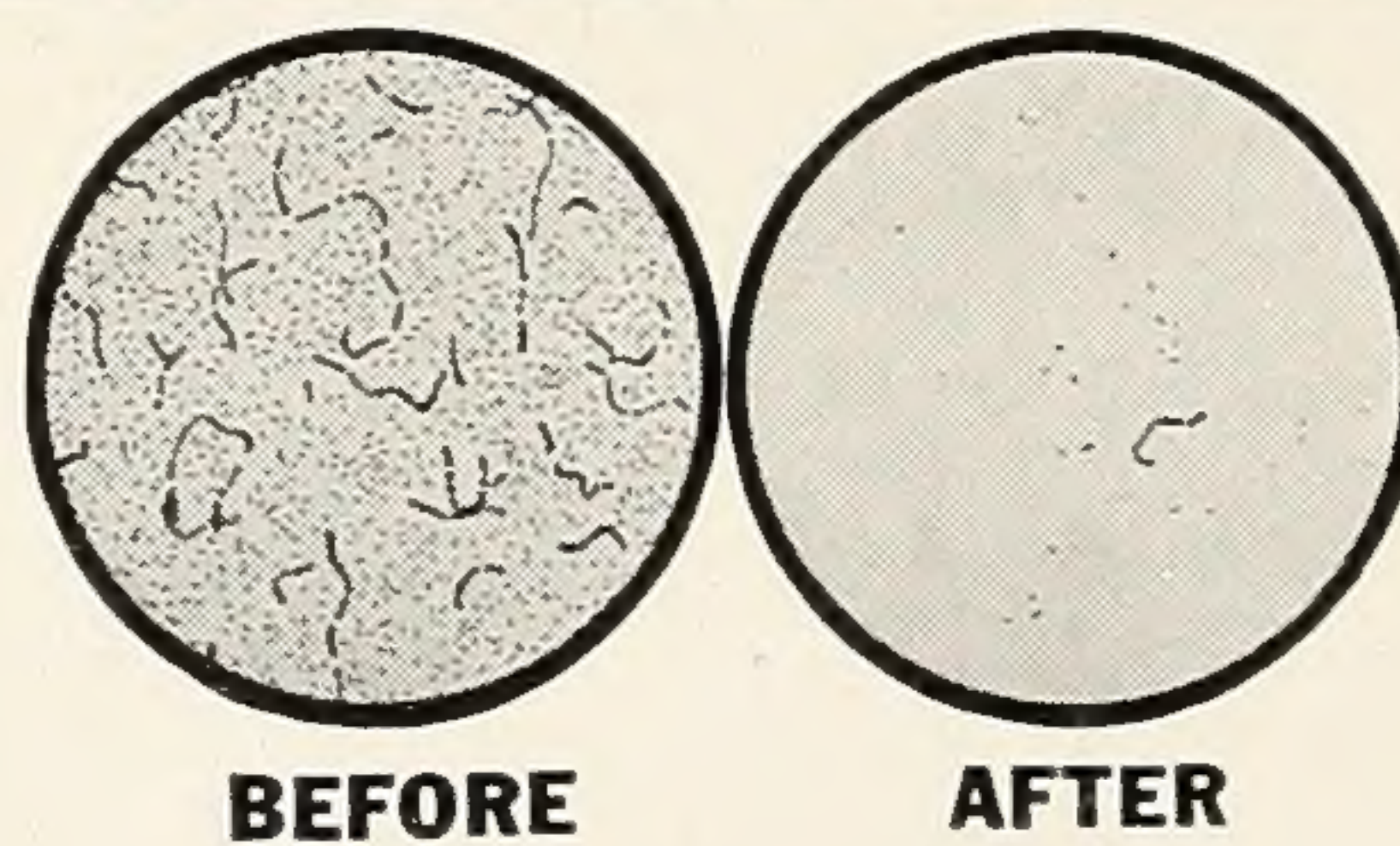
SOMEONE COUGHS ON YOU—active germs accompanying colds may be carried by droplets through the air, and deposited in your throat to join other dangerous bacteria. Both may attack the tissue. Gargle Listerine.



FEET GET WET—Once more your resistance may be weakened, by wet or cold feet. Germs may continue their attack, invading the mucous membrane. To control them, gargle Listerine.



YOU KISS SOMEONE—Once more you may receive the active germs of the cold victim by direct contact. Thus, you have been exposed to a cold four times in a single day. Better gargle Listerine.



MOUTH GERMS REDUCED 96.7% IN TESTS 15 MINUTES AFTER GARGLING LISTERINE

The graphs at left show the average germ reduction effected by Listerine Antiseptic in repeated tests. Five minutes after gargling, tests showed germs were reduced 94.6% on the average; fifteen minutes after, 96.7%; one hour after, nearly 80% on the average.

**GET THE DROP
ON THAT COUGH**
with the new
COUGH DROP



TAKE ONE OF THESE RIGHT NOW. IN A FEW SECONDS YOU WILL GET RELIEF YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED POSSIBLE



BY GEORGE, YOU'RE RIGHT. MY THROAT FEELS CLEAR



OF COURSE I'M RIGHT. LISTERINE COUGH DROPS CONTAIN SPECIAL MEDICATION TO RELIEVE COUGHS IN SECONDS



THINK what it would mean to you and your family to escape heavy colds and their dangerous after-effects.

And now the delightful Listerine treatment offers you that possibility. Listerine treats a cold for what it is—an acute local infection.

Tests made during a 7-year study of the common cold reveal these remarkable results:

Those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and

milder colds than non-garglers. Moreover, the colds reached the danger zone of the lungs less frequently than those of non-users.

The secret of Listerine's success, we believe, must be that it reaches the invisible virus (bacteria) that many authorities say starts a cold, and also kills the mouth-residing "secondary invaders" that complicate a cold. Use Listerine this winter and see for yourself what it does for you.

LISTERINE *for* COLDS



Happy Tidings

A SONJA RADIANT BEYOND IMAGINING...RE-UNITED
IN ROMANCE WITH HER "ONE IN A MILLION" SWEET-
HEART...IN A MUSICAL OF SUPERLATIVE SPLENDOR!

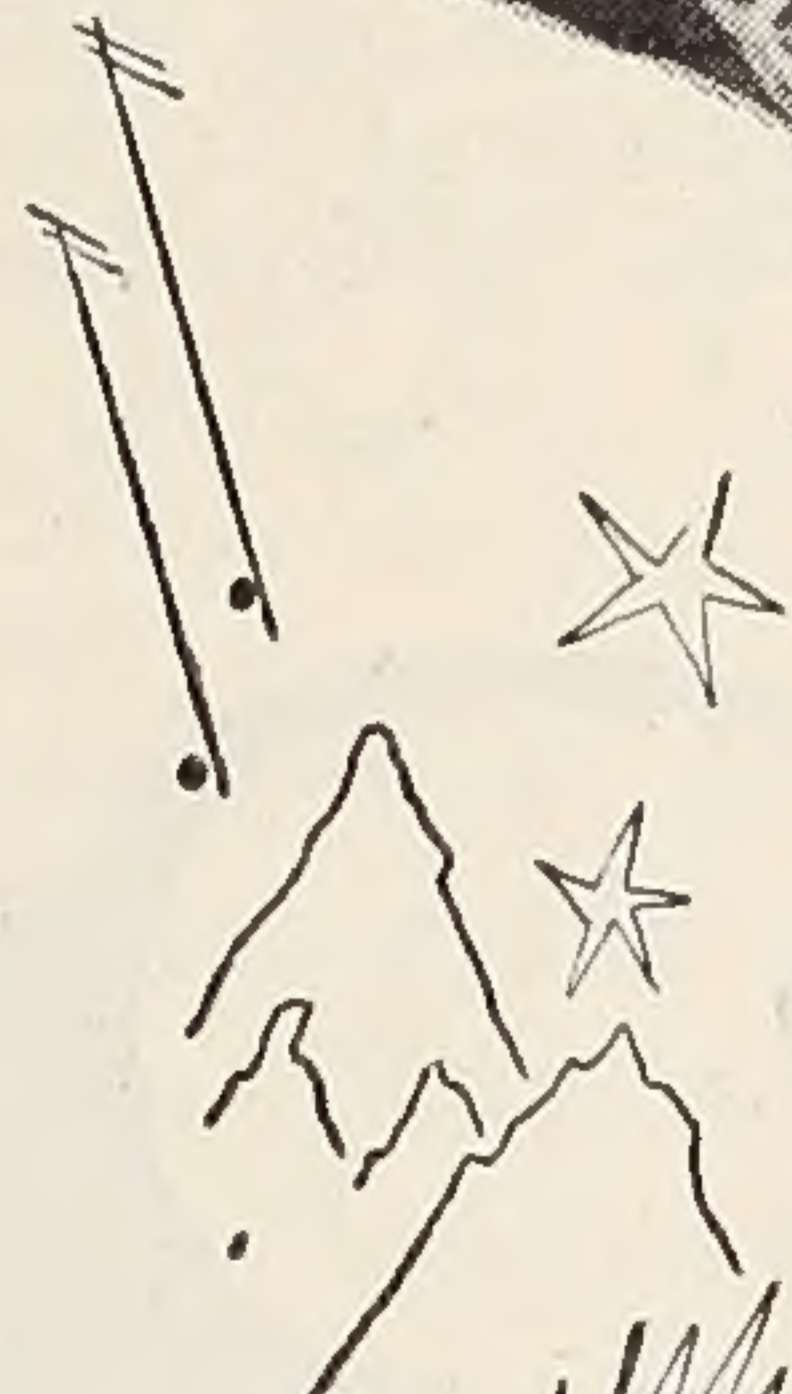


SONJA HENIE



DON AMECHE

A show aglow with joy-laden
wonder...winging from gay
Norseland festivals to New
York's wintertime spectacles!
And Sonja breathlessly in love
...breath-taking on the ice...
the radiant queen of a world
of dreams come true!



HAPPY LANDING

with
JEAN HERSHOLT
ETHEL MERMAN
CESAR ROMERO

BILLY GILBERT
RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
WALLY VERNON · LEAH RAY

Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Associate Producer David Hempstead
Original Screen Play by Milton Sperling
and Boris Ingster

SONGS! SONGS! SONGS!

"Hot and Happy", "A Gypsy Told Me"
"You Are The Music To The Words In
My Heart", "Yonny And His Oompah"
by Sam Pokrass and Jack Yellen



It comes to you, of course, from DARRYL F. ZANUCK and his 20th Century-Fox hit creators!

up, and add to the batter. One batch of waffles is served with the fruit, the next with nuts.

Occasionally, a MacDonald specialty called Apple Strudel appears on the breakfast menu. Until you've tried this, you haven't lived!

APPLE STRUDEL

2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 6 tablespoons Crisco, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped apples, Burnett's Cinnamon.

Sift flour, salt, sugar and baking powder together. Cut in the Crisco. Add milk to make a soft dough. Turn out on a floured board and knead gently. Roll out in rectangular sheet one-fourth inch thick. Spread with butter, cinnamon, brown sugar and apples. Roll jelly roll fashion. Curve into semi-circle in pan and bake in hot oven (400 degrees) thirty minutes. Cover with white frosting made as follows:

2 tablespoons hot water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioner's sugar, 1 teaspoon Burnett's Vanilla.

Add water to the sugar and beat until well blended.

Add vanilla and spread on warm strudel.

"After breakfast, it's every man for himself," said Jeanette. "Four of us usually play *Igo*, a fascinating Chinese game we brought back from Honolulu. We play it on a barrel-shaped table in the game room. Others play ping-pong upstairs in the ping-pong room, and those musically inclined go down to the studio. Everything is very informal and home-folksy. The party breaks up around four o'clock."

The MacDonald-Raymond house, of stone and shingles, is set on a hill in Bel-Air, with stables and dog kennels in a hollow back of it. The studio is a little white



Gladys George and Franchot Tone in "Love is a Headache."

house reached by a picturesque rock walk shaded by over-hanging trees. It's a one-room studio, with a big fireplace and two white pianos, one for Gene and one for Jeanette. (Gene composes, you know.) Along the mantel-piece march a collection of jolly little dance bands—dogs and cats and tiny men—a hobby of Jeanette's. The pictures are framed in MacDonald plaid and the love-seat is upholstered in the same material, which also borders the Venetian blinds.

From the entrance hall of the Tudor

house, you go down a short flight of steps to the living room. There's a burgundy rug and burgundy-colored drapes; an organ as well as a grand piano; and a high balcony.

Next to the living room is a library lined with books; adjoining it, too, is the game room with its stone floor and fireplace, bear rugs and connecting bar.

"The dining room was decorated to match the Belgian blue glass in the cabinet," related Jeanette, proudly. "The rug was dyed to match the glass and the drapes are blue and gray in the same tone. The Wedgwood china is the famous blue and white."

"I brought back this linen and glassware from Hawaii—see the hibiscus pattern?"

A silver bowl centerpiece was filled with nasturtiums. The bowl was initialed "J.A.R." as is all her silver. Her initials used to spell "J.A.M." "If they spell a word, it's supposed to be lucky," she smiled. She is lucky!

"Talking about matching things"—we weren't, but now we had moved on into the breakfast room—"we did this room to match the love-birds!"

There's a white rug on the floor, blue chairs, yellow and blue drapes, yellow and white china, and the two corner cabinets are lined with Dutch blue as a background for the china.

Except for formal dinner parties, when the Raymonds have from twelve to sixteen dinner guests, most of their entertainments are casual, friendly gatherings.

Every other Sunday, the servants have a whole day off, so the young Raymonds go to dinner with their in-laws, like other young married people the country over. But in the evening they are likely to bring back with them some friends.

"Somebody sets the table," said Jeanette, "somebody else mixes his idea of a salad," (Please turn to page 91)

Luli Deste with John Boles in "SHE MARRIED AN ARTIST"—a COLUMBIA PICTURE.

"HANDS SHOULD BE GLAMOROUS"

says *Luli Deste*

(COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR)

"HANDS EXPRESS EMOTION and beauty," says Luli Deste, "and should receive the care necessary to keep them exquisite. This rule applies as much to home life as to professional life." Girls—prevent ugly chapping, keep hands lovely with Jergens Lotion!

Chapped, Rough Hands soon Soft and Smooth when Lotion goes INTO THE SKIN

YOUR HANDS get rough and chapped when water, wind and cold rob the skin of moisture.

But Jergens Lotion easily replaces the lost moisture because it goes into the skin. Of all lotions tested, Jergens goes in the most completely. Leaves no stickiness. Quickly soothes chap-

ping. In no time, Jergens makes coarse red hands attractively soft, white and young-looking.

Two fine ingredients in Jergens are the same as many doctors use to soften and whiten. For exquisite hands—use Jergens. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00—at all beauty counters.



JERGENS LOTION

FREE: PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively this fragrant Jergens Lotion goes in—softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.

The Andrew Jergens Co. 2339 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada, Perth, Ontario)

Name _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

Street _____

City _____ State _____



for RELIEF OF
COMMON EVERY-
DAY AILMENTS

Alka-Seltzer

Alka-Seltzer is helping millions of people to keep feeling at their best because of the quick effective relief it gives from Headaches, Upset Stomach, Colds and other common ailments. A Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling, pleasant tasting solution. Drink it and relief is usually prompt and effective.

AT ALL DRUG STORES
30c and 60c PACKAGES

Also sold by the Glass at all Drug
Store Fountains

Be
Wise -
Alkalize



Lilacs: their uncloying fragrance their glorious freshness

have at last been captured in a perfume so true that it can only be compared with the freshly opened flower. One dram flacon, 50c. Full ounce \$3.00. Postpaid.

Perfumes Gerard. HINSDALE, ILL.

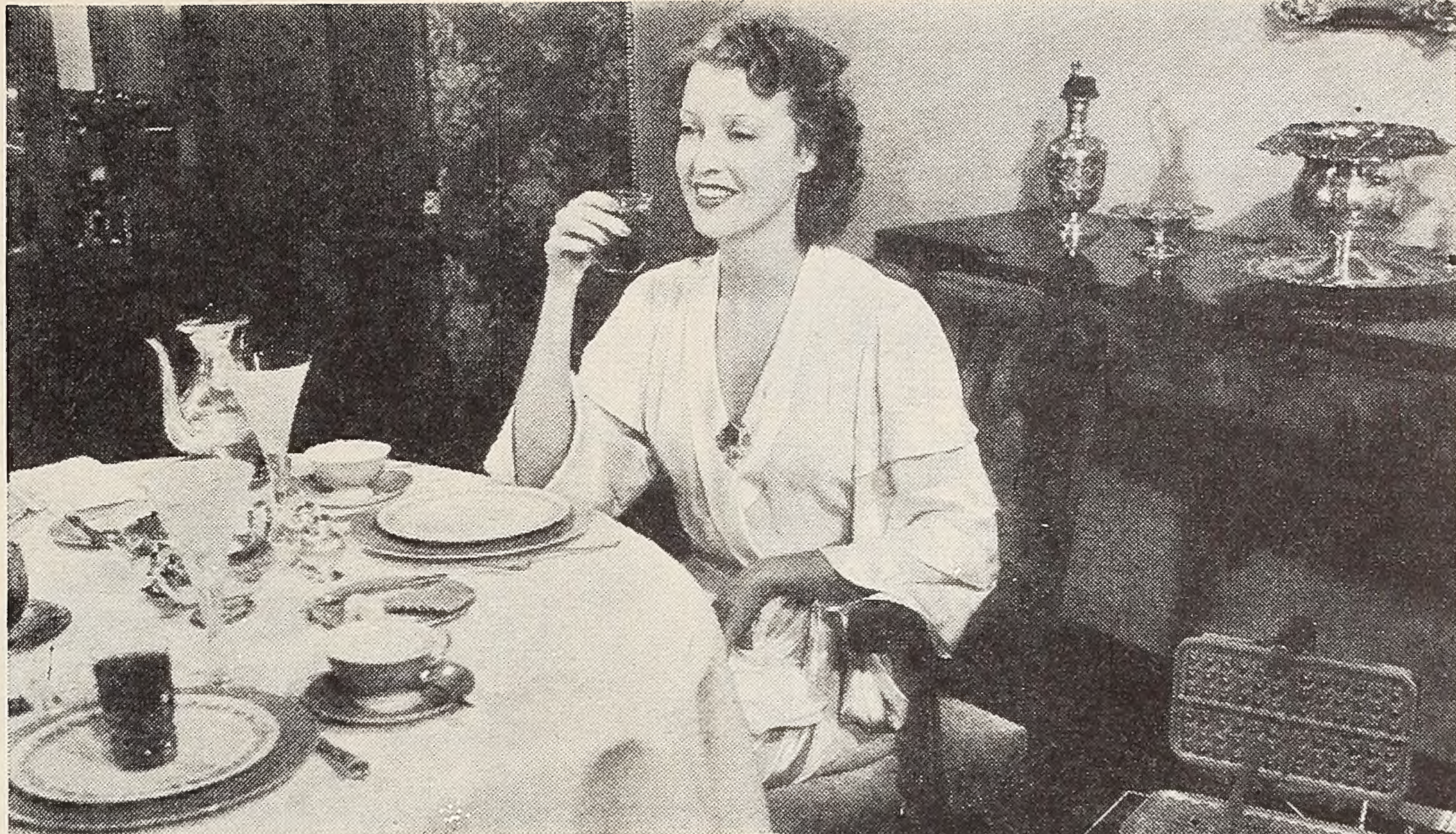


"Dark-Eyes"

THE EYELASH DARKNER OF LASTING BEAUTY

"Dark-Eyes" gives you that Glamorous and bewitching look that enhances your make-up, not for just a few hours—or a day—but *One Single* application LASTS FROM 4 to 5 WEEKS! Try this new DARKNER for permanent Eye Beauty—"Dark-Eyes" will not smudge or run!

Regular \$1.00 size at your Drug or Department store or send 25c for a trial size today to "DARK-EYES", Dept. SU-38, 21155 Crawford Ave., Chgo., Ill.



Inside the Stars' Homes

Jeanette MacDonald's
ménus make parties at the
Gene Raymonds very spe-
cial Hollywood occasions.
Learn her favorite recipes

By
Betty Boone

The first time Jeanette MacDonald saw Gene Raymond was on the doorstep of Roszika Dolly's house, when they arrived simultaneously and both tried to ring the doorbell at once.

The second meeting was on the doorstep of the Lewis Schwartzes', where the same thing occurred. They were invited to a waffle breakfast this time and the repetition of the doorstep contretemps brought about an extra interest in one another.

"Perhaps that's why we like to give waffle breakfasts ourselves," smiled Jeanette, slim and vivid in her white hostess gown. "We have them on Sundays, because most of us work on other days, and as a rule our guests are the Harold Lloyds, the Schwartzes, the Allan Jones, the Johnny Mack Browns, the Hargreaves (Helen Ferguson), my sister and her husband."

Gene and Jeanette usually go riding together before the breakfasts; the Bel-Air bridge path runs through their grounds, so all they have to do is mount their saddles and off. The guests do as they please—go to church, sleep, swim, or play tennis—and all of them meet at the Raymonds' Tudor house at noon for the breakfast.

"The menu isn't elaborate," explained my hostess. "We serve tomato, orange, or

Waffle breakfasts at the Raymonds have become a gala gustatory event in the film colony. Above, Jeanette presides at one of her Sunday morning gatherings.

prune juice first; then scrambled eggs with bacon or sausage; waffles—of course; marmalade, maple syrup, and coffee.

"A variation of the scrambled egg dish is often served. Instead of bacon or sausage, take kippered herring, which comes in small cans. Pull it apart and when the eggs are about half cooked, sprinkle the herring over them and stir into the eggs. "This is a grand dish for after theatre parties, too, when you want something hot."

Jeanette's cook has a special waffle recipe which she offered to SCREENLAND's readers:

WAFFLES

4 eggs beaten separately (whites very stiff), 2 cups flour—well sifted, 4 teaspoons Royal Baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar. Add milk to make a thin batter. Then add 6 tablespoons melted butter. Add egg whites last of all, folded in very lightly.

Sometimes, as a variation, the Raymonds put sour cherries or nuts into the waffle batter. You drain the cherries, chop them



All set, but casually inviting, is the table, above, all ready for guests of the Gene Raymonds at their Bel-Air home.

Love
and
Hisses

20th
Century-
Fox



Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie carry on their well-publicized "feud," and Simone Simon makes her debut as a singer. Credit all three with success in their efforts, and if you find this below Winchell and Bernie's previous show, "Wake Up and Live," credit the former with great superiority, this with no mediocrity. It's a thoroughly entertaining film, with a wisp of a story but enough "show value" to interest and satisfy you.

Lady
Behave

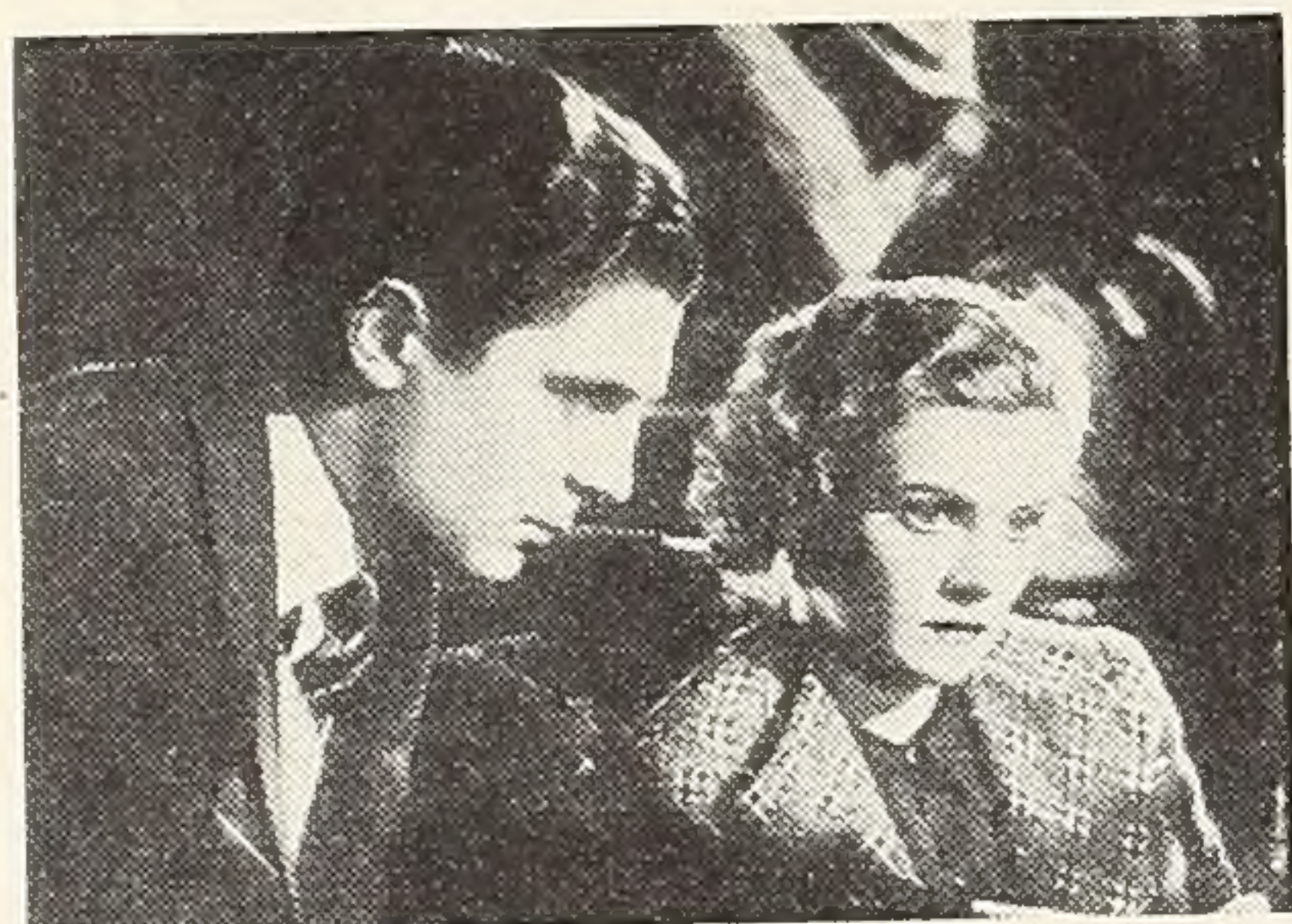
Republic



A pleasingly unpretentious and entirely satisfying dramatic comedy that will keep you entertained from opening to fade-out. Sally Eilers plays with winsome effect in the part of the young woman who tries to extricate her irresponsible sister from a scrape and in so doing finds love, and marriage, with Neil Hamilton; also giving a sound and telling characterization. Joseph Schildkraut and others lend good support.

The
Girl
Was
Young

Gaumont-
British



Romance that builds up to a fever pitch of repressed excitement, thus living up to the standard of its director, Alfred Hitchcock, master of the suspense technique. Nova Pilbeam, a child star not long ago, essays her first adult rôle and displays consummate skill as the girl who falls in love with a murder suspect and aids him to escape and prove his innocence. A fine cast makes every character realistic. Good.

Daughter
of
Shanghai

Paramount



Good routine melodrama whipped up to a stirring pitch of continuous action by capable acting and direction, this is a picture to appeal to all those who love the out-and-out adventure fantasy about smugglers—this time of Chinese into the U. S.—and the theme of vengeance which spices such yarns. Anna May Wong is interesting. It's good to have her back. Charles Bickford, Larry Crabbe and others are good.

WHICH COLOR WILL BE YOUR LUCKY STAR?



See how one of these ten thrilling new face powder colors will win you new radiance, new compliments, new luck!

Doesn't it make you happy to get that second look from others—that interested glance which says: "You look stunning!"?

But maybe you haven't heard a compliment on your skin in a month. Be honest with yourself—have you? If not—did you ever wonder why?

But don't be too quick to blame yourself—when maybe it's not you, but your face powder that's at fault. For you know that the wrong powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

"Why, my face powder isn't like that," you say. But how do you know it isn't? For there's only one way to find out. See with your own eyes the electrifying change that comes over your skin when you apply a lifelike, friendly, flattering color.

Where is this transforming color? It's in one of the ten glorifying new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. But you don't have to

buy these colors to find which one may be your lucky star.

For I will send you all ten, free and postpaid, because I'm so anxious to help you help yourself.

Let me help you find your color

When my gift arrives—try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then STOP at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours. See what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft I leave your skin!" You'll see how the color seems to spring from within... it's so natural, so lifelike, so much a part of you.

Have you a lucky penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

(40)

Lady Esther, 7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

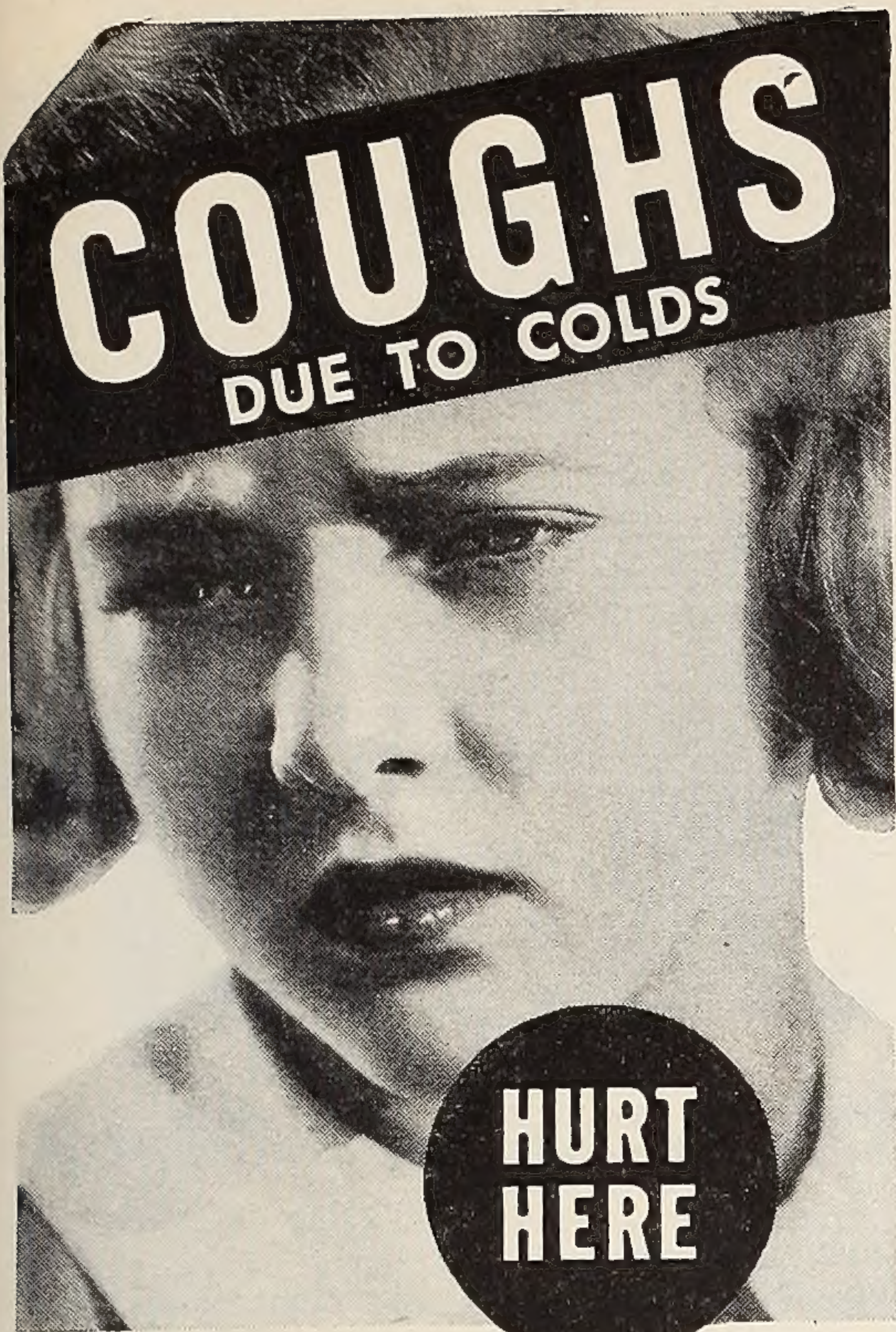
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



TAKE THE SYRUP THAT CLINGS TO COUGH ZONE

Your child's cough (due to a cold) should be treated *right where the cough is lodged...* in the cough zone. Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. The big 6 oz. bottle costs only 60¢.

**"IT CONTAINS
VITAMIN A"**
This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

**SMITH BROS.
COUGH SYRUP**

\$1 PERMANENT WAVE AT HOME \$1

Here at last is what women have been dreaming about for years! A GLORIOUS "professional" Permanent Wave AT HOME, that will give you curls of lasting beauty. A Genuine croquignole oil wave that will LAST FROM 4 to 6 MONTHS! Ezy-Kurl heat pads and curlers are quick and easy to use—a complete permanent in One Hour. No machines—no electricity—ideal for children.

Ezy-Kurl waves all textures of hair. Priced astonishingly low... only \$1.00 for the entire Kit with full instructions. Send dollar bill or money order today to

EZY-KURL CO., Dept. 438, 2115 S. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CHECK HAIR: () COARSE, () Dyed or bleached, () Fine. If you prefer send ten cents for test curl.



TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

Rosalie
M-G-M



A major effort in gorgeousness, and a lot better show than usually results when magnificence is multiplied for the purpose of knocking your eye out. Nelson Eddy is not too happily cast as the West Pointer, but his singing voice makes the songs a musical treat. Eleanor Powell, as the princess of the mythical kingdom, who loves America, and Nelson, dances and acts at her best. Frank Morgan's comedy is swell.

Every
Day's a
Holiday

Paramount



West is West, and ever the quaint costumes of the gay nineties and dialogue that goes double shall meet in her movies. Mae's followers will not be disappointed in this offering. She plays a gal who takes things, especially other people's money, as she finds them; is followed by the cops, and makes the most of that; falling in love with one and getting him elected mayor. Edmund Lowe heads an excellent supporting cast.

Checkers

20th
Century-
Fox



A "Vehicle," but a good one. Jane Withers will more than please her army of admirers in this homespun tale about race track people and a horse that finally comes through to win a bundle of happiness for its backers. Jane has excellent support, what with Stuart Erwin and Una Merkel alongside her in this wholesome, amusing and always appealing story. Stuart and Una take care of romance as well as comedy.

I Met
My Love
Again

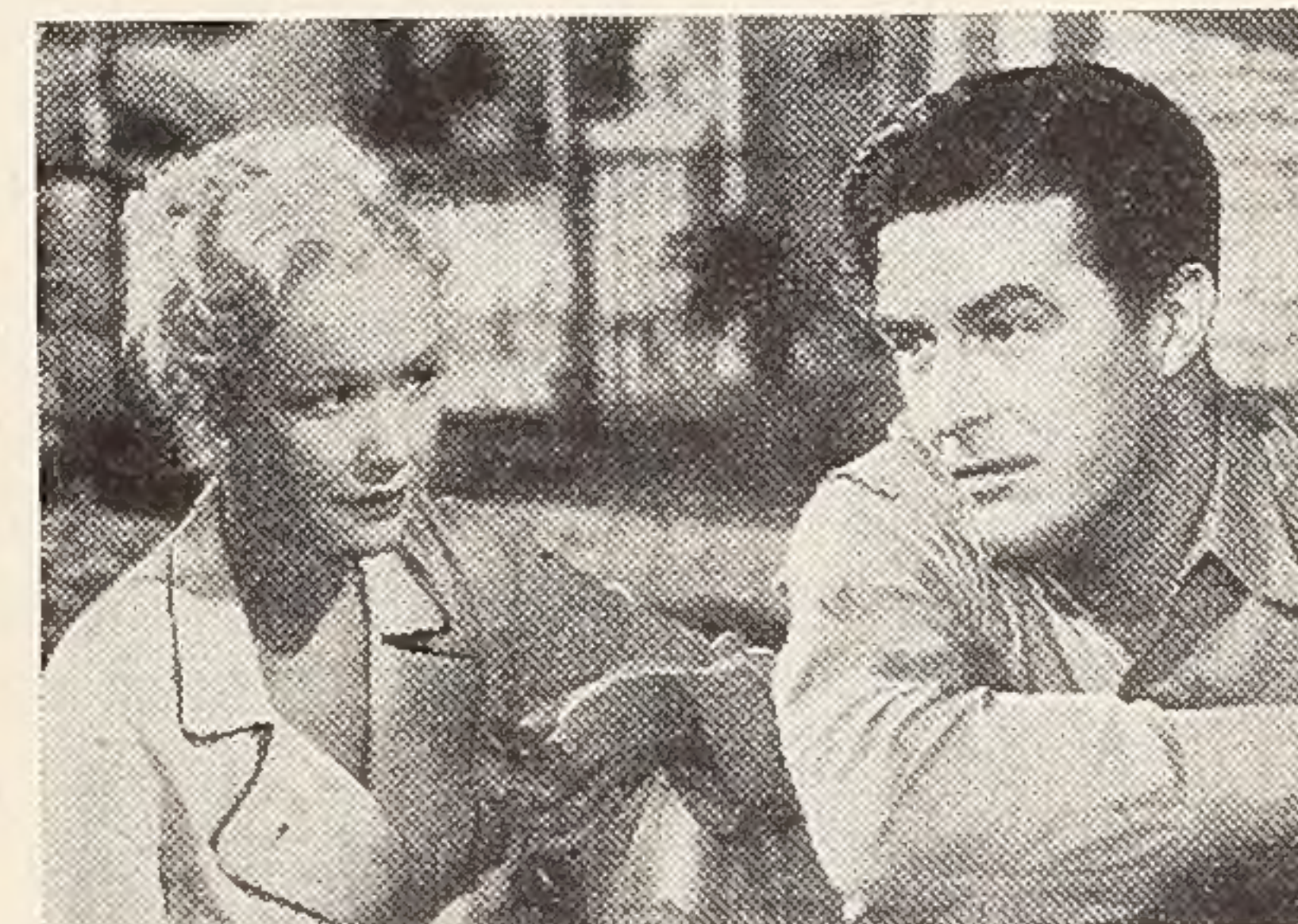
United
Artists



Transcribing the novel "Summer Lightning," with Joan Bennett and Henry Fonda imparting to basically unreal characters a depth and sentimental appeal that captures and holds your interest all through a series of interesting but unconvincing episodes concerning young lovers parted, and later seeking to recapture their romance. In an excellent cast Louise Platt is outstanding. Loads of charm for feminine film-goers.

Wise
Girl

RKO-
Radio



It will hand you some big laughs, and if you make the most of them "Wise Girl" will sum up as a show you'll be glad you saw. There are lapses where Miriam Hopkins and Ray Milland, for all their able efforts, are banefully handicapped. This is light comedy that goes slapstick whenever it seems to the authors a laugh is in sight, and shows Miriam and Ray as gayly absurd people who fight until they fall in love.

You're a
Sweet-
heart

Universal



A bright and breezy musical revue. Alice Faye and George Murphy make an exhilarating and attractive team, in song, dances and romance. They have a sparkling background in a fine production of a not new, but thoroughly good story about the vicissitudes of staging a show. Ken Murray, Charles Winninger, and lots of others give grand support. Specialty acts, lively tunes, and dance numbers also help.

Crashing
Holly-
wood

RKO-
Radio



Lee Tracy starring as a writer who crashes Hollywood doing stories so realistically about actual crimes that a gang leader and detectives come in to supply an "action finish" with hero slugging it out with villain. It is mechanical movie fiction, with some inside film studio stuff, comedy and romance tricking it up. Lee Patrick, Paul Guilfoyle and Joan Woodbury playing principal rôles. Program fare.

signed her for pictures in this country. Her current picture is "Dinner at the Ritz." Annabella is now working in Hollywood for 20th Century-Fox, opposite William Powell.

Dottie Mae. Yes, Frieda Inescort has played on the stage. She appeared in "The Truth about Blayds," "The Merchant of Venice," "Springtime for Henry," and "When Ladies Meet." On the screen in "The Dark Angel," "The Green Murder Case," "Give Me Your Heart," "Call it a Day" and "Portia on Trial."

Mary Elizabeth C. Thanks very much for your letter. So you liked Spencer Tracy in "Captains Courageous." Who could blame you for that! You'll be seeing Freddie Bartholomew again very soon; he and his producers have kissed and made up. No, Ken and Kermit Maynard are not twins—perhaps you meant Billy and Bobby Mauch! Cesar Romero was born in New York City in 1907. He has black hair and brown eyes. He was well known on the stage before he appeared in pictures.

Toots G. I'm glad you finally got your courage up to ask some questions. Why not? Yes, Bonita Granville played in "Maid of Salem," and Tyrone Power is that young man's honest-to-goodness real name; as a matter of fact, he is named after his illustrious ancestors who made stage history in the days before movies came into existence.

Carol A. Carl Laemmle, Jr., wrote, cast, supervised and edited the Universal Junior Jewel Series "The Collegians," after which he was appointed general manager, in complete charge of all production, in 1929. He produced "All Quiet on the Western Front," which won the Gold Medal Award



Comedy relief punctuates the arias in Gladys Swarthout's new starring film, in which she has the able assistance of John Boles and John Barrymore.

of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the year 1930. He was born in Chicago, April 28, 1908, was educated at boarding school near New York, and Clark School. He resigned as vice-president and general manager in charge of production of Universal, April, 1936. Now he is producing on his own.

Lucia Marie B. Lionel Stander is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair and eyes, was born in New York City, where his parents and a sister and a brother reside. His theatrical career began

when he was 19 years old; since then he has appeared in various stage plays, and on the radio. He made his screen debut in 1932. His favorite screen rôle was that of the wily publicist in Columbia's picture, "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

Miss Sincere. Joseph Calleia was born in Malta; he toured Europe on the concert stage and later appeared on the English stage in drama. He came to the United States in 1918. A few of his more recent pictures are "Riffraff," "Exclusive Story," and "Tough Guy," for M-G-M.



RUNS KILL S.A.

"No wonder your 'date' went sour, Sis—a nasty run like that!" Brothers know how runs detract from the smartest frock—dim your whole effect. There's an easy way to cut down on these glamour killers... just use Lux.

*Girls, ask
your brothers—
they'll tell you about*

S.A.
[stocking appeal]

Brothers speak out frankly. They'll tell you how men frown at stocking faults... runs, ugly wrinkles, snaky seams.

Why not guard against these—rate high on S.A.*? It's easy with Lux.

SAVES ELASTICITY. Lux saves the elasticity of silk—lets threads stretch without breaking so easily, then spring back into shape. Runs are fewer—and stockings retain flattering fit.

Avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali. These weaken elasticity and rob you of S.A.*

*S.A.=stocking appeal.

Cuts down runs... saves S.A.





TAN

A BEAUTIFUL, golden brown body may be yours regardless of where you live or what the weather! No need to wait for a vacation or sunny week-ends at the beach and then perhaps burn your winter-sensitive skin to a painful lobster red! Now you can get your lovely, attractive tan quickly yet without burning, with the new Health-Ray Sun Lamp.

■ Your personal appearance is either a distinct social asset or a handicap. In a recent survey, 95% of the men questioned, named "good health" as one of the three main feminine attributes that appealed to them. Start now to accumulate that healthy bronze tone that attracts admiring glances and is the envy of your friends. A daily sunbath in the privacy of your own home will keep you looking as though you spent every day in the seashore sunshine—yet there will be no "bathing suit pattern" in white across your shoulders!

■ Your daily bath with ultra violet rays does far more than enhance your beauty, these rays actually help to increase youthful energy and vitality and to stimulate glandular functions. They are a great aid in some forms of skin disease, in destroying germ life, and in building up resistance to the common cold.

Now Health Ray has made a really high quality, genuine carbon-arc sun lamp available at a price within the reach of all—\$7.95. In 15 minutes with your Health Ray lamp you can get the equivalent ultra-violet radiation of an hour in summer sunshine.

■ Compact, convenient, easy to operate. Tested by the Electrical Testing Laboratories of New York, and fully guaranteed, this lamp will be one of the greatest investments you ever made!

■ We want you to *experience* the remarkable benefits the perfected HEALTH RAY SUN LAMP brings. We offer you FREE use for 7 days in your own home . . . 7 days works wonders in the way you look and feel! Then if you decide to keep it, it is yours for the remarkable new low price of \$7.95. Pay as little as one dollar down payment. Health Ray Mfg. Co., Deep River, Conn.

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This is NOT an order—Ship NOTHING C. O. D.!

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By Miss Vee Dee

Patricia Ann. Your admiration being so strong for Lionel Stander, naturally you want to know more about him, and I'm just the one to tell you. He was born in New York City, January 10, some twenty-odd years ago. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes. He made his début as a featured actor in "The Scoundrel," a Hecht-MacArthur picture. He has since appeared in "We're in the Money," "Page Miss Glory," "The Gay Deception," "The Milky Way," "If You Could Only Cook," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," and several other pictures. Yes, he has a brother and a sister, both younger than he.

Elinor Adams. She was a brat, all right, in "These Three;" but really, she is a very talented, nice little girl, 13 years old, by the name of Bonita Granville. Born in Chicago, daughter of Bernard and Rosina Granville, both of the stage. She appeared first on the screen in "Cavalcade," later in "The Life of Virgie Winters," "Cradle Song," and "Oh, Wilderness." Her more recent pictures are "The Plough and the Stars," "Maid of Salem," and "Call It A Day."

Eileen M. John Litel has played in stock all over the United States; as a matter of fact, his stage career has been continuous ever since he began at the age of 26. He now has a film contract with Warner Bros. He is married to a non-professional, is quite domesticated, likes to cook and enjoys fine foods and wines, is fond of all sports, but playing bridge is his favorite recreation, with the exception of the time he spends with his Lion dog, "Simba," and is he proud of that dog!

Edward F. "The Prince and the Pauper" is a Warner Bros. picture. Their studio is at Burbank, California. Errol Flynn? First, you wish a list of his American pictures, so here goes: "The Case of the Curious Bride," "Don't Bet on Blondes," "Captain Blood," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "Green Light," "Another Dawn," "The Prince and the Pauper," and his latest, "The Perfect Specimen." He was born in the north of Ireland, June 20, 1909. All I know about his father is that he was a professor of biology at Queen's University, Belfast, and also at Cambridge. Sorry, I haven't an idea as to whether Errol answers his fan mail. Why not try addressing a letter to him in care of the Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, California? And be sure to mark it "personal."

Barbara D. "The Scoundrel," opposite Noel Coward, was the picture in which Julie Haydon scored. Previous to this performance, she appeared in various stage plays. She was born in Oak Park, Illinois,

GO. Harvey Stephens was born in Los Angeles, California, is 5 feet 11½ inches tall and weighs 175 pounds, has brown hair and eyes and is married to Beatrice Nichols. He was well known on the stage before he appeared in pictures. His forthcoming picture for Paramount has not been finally titled, and I'd forfeit my reputation with you if I gave you a tentative title!

Lucile C. Sorry, you lose your bet! Kay Francis is 5 feet, 5 inches tall. And as for the size of shoes worn by certain film stars, your guess is as good as mine.

Mildred W. Address Ray Milland, Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California. Clark Gable and Nelson Eddy at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California. Fernand Gravet, Warner Bros., Burbank, California.

Anna L. Write to Universal Studios, Universal City, California, for a picture of Deanna Durbin; and to Metro-Mayer-Goldwyn, Culver City, for a photograph of Mickey Rooney. Two grand youngsters, aren't they?

P. McD. You seem to be all “het” up over this little French gal, Annabella, who was born in Paris, July 14, Bastille Day. She was educated in the schools of Paris, and afterward enrolled in a girls’ college outside of the French capital. The one ambition of her life was to become a movie star. Opportunity and success came almost simultaneously. She was a well-known European film star when 20th Century-Fox



Dolores Del Rio again co-stars
with George Saunders.

FLYNN FAVORITISM

Amidst all the fuss over who is the most popular screen star, I find one young man whom I consider by far the best suited to hold the title of most popular actor. Errol Flynn possesses a certain inescapable charm, undoubted acting talent and skill, a fine physique (generously displayed in "Perfect Specimen," incidentally), a profile even Barrymore can't beat.

Irmgard Mittler,
Madison, Wisc.

HUNTER-INESCORT TEAM

Hollywood is being terribly unfair to one of its finest actors, Ian Hunter. After "Call It A Day" he and the exquisite Frieda Inescort should be teamed in other equally charming pictures. Sequels are often disappointing, but if a good script were prepared by Dodie Smith herself, I should love to see a sequel to "Call It A Day."

Margaret A. Connell,
Des Moines, Ia.

URGES UN-TYPING OF STORIES

Films are many and varied, and many are outstanding, even brilliant. Even so, why not have fewer pictures of the light type and a larger proportion of the more intelligent, thoughtful kind, with some good humor? Stars like Norma Shearer and Fredric March ought to refresh the public with a revised "Smilin' Through."

E. L. Dodson,
Epsom, England

CRITIC OF CRITICS

All the reviews I read of "Ebb Tide" gave much credit to Oscar Homolka, Ray Milland and Frances Farmer, and barely mentioned Lloyd Nolan. I think he should have received more notice for his fine work in this picture, because from where I sat Lloyd Nolan's characterization literally "stole the show."

Nancy E. Reid,
Reno, Nevada

SALUTE TO KARLOFF

As one who enjoys fine acting, I suggest that Boris Karloff be given a holiday from those monster rôles in which he has been cast with such regularity. For Karloff is truly an accomplished actor and should receive his merited opportunity to take his place among the Munis, Laughtons and Boyers.

Richard L. Treadwell,
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Allan Jones and Lynn Carver, a new singing love team.

HERE'S ONE JOB THAT DIDN'T LEAD TO LOVE...



No girl who offends with underarm odor succeeds in her job—or with men...

A new job—new friends—new chances for romance! How Ann did want her new boss to like her! Bachelors as nice as Bill S— were very hard to find!

Ann was pretty—Ann was smart! "Someone I'd be proud of," Bill thought. So he asked Ann out to his club.

The night was glamorous and the music was good—but Bill's interest died with the very first dance. Ann had thought a *bath alone* could keep her sweet—and one hint of underarm odor was enough for Bill. Others in the office

noticed, too. Ann lost the job she wanted—the job that *might* have led to love.

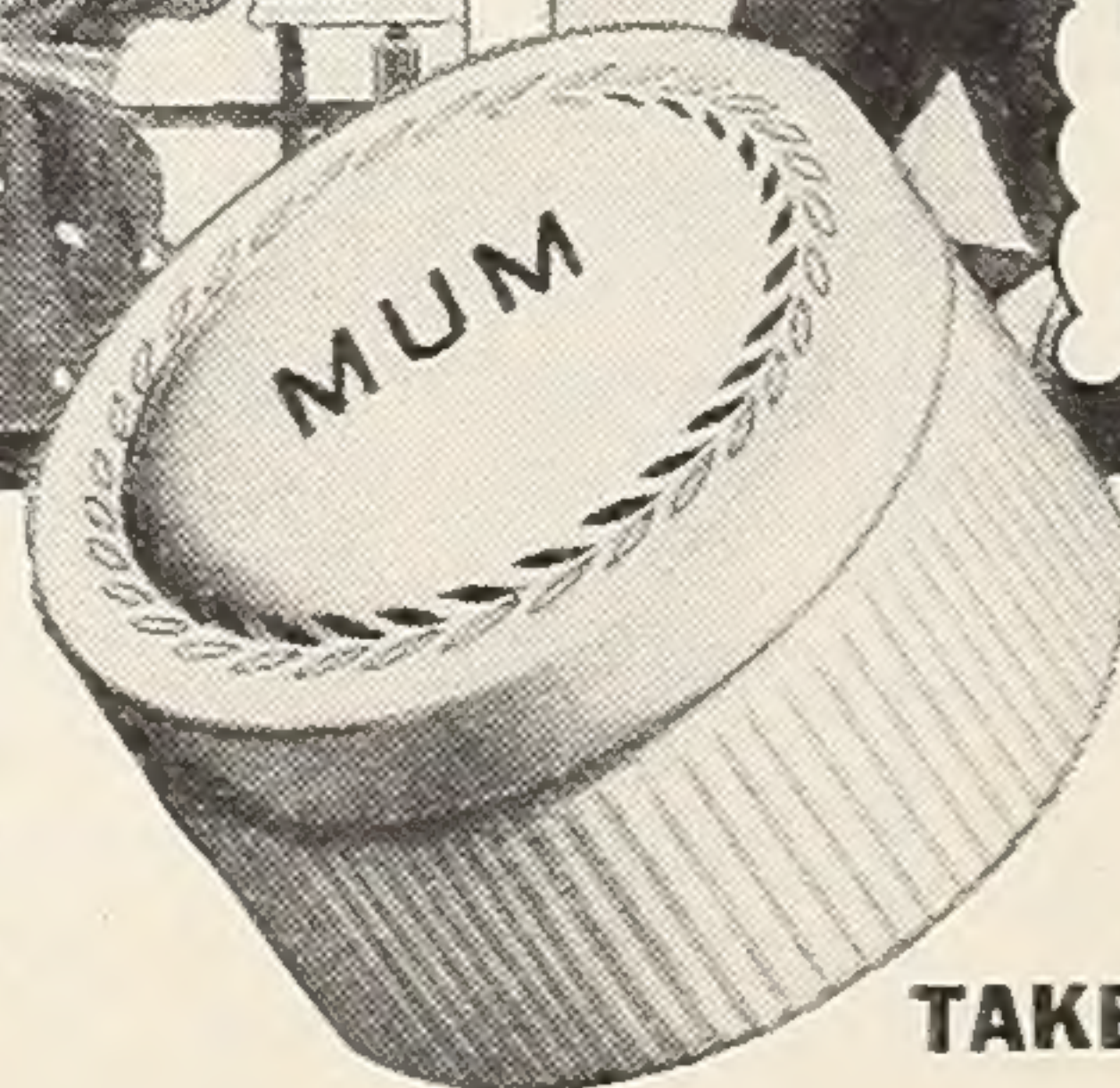
It's foolish for a girl in business—a girl in love—ever to risk offending! It's so easy to stay fresh with Mum! Remember, a bath only takes care of odor that's *past*—but Mum prevents odor *to come!*

MUM IS QUICK! In just half a minute, Mum gives you *all-day-long* protection.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum can't harm any kind of fabric. And Mum won't irritate your skin, even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does stop *every trace of odor*. Remember, no girl who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men. Always use Mum!

NO BATH PROTECTS YOU LIKE A BATH PLUS MUM



For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's *SAFE* and *SURE*.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
equals 3 bottles of ordinary kinds

IN GERM-KILLING POWER...

Even when diluted with 2 parts water... still kills germs in seconds... Lasts 3 times as long. Makes your money go 3 times as far!

Throat sore...

"Gargle more!"

Hear him roar!

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC



Irene Dunne smiles in the spotlight of letter writers' favor, graciously responding to your plaudits.

Salutes and Snubs

BING HEADS THE PARADE

I have a long list of screen favorites, but the one who tops them all happens to be genial Bing Crosby. Yes, very definitely, it is Bing, with his charming personality and magic voice who thrills me most.

Mary Laurence,
Montreal, Canada

SOMEBODY SLIPPED

I think somebody, or somebody's secretary, should read the studio fan mail more carefully. I sent a letter to a certain star (male) containing rather severe criticism, and a few days later received a card thanking me for my inquiry about his portrait, and telling how I could obtain one. It happens I am one of his fans, despite the criticism. Nevertheless, the laugh's on him. It's also on me, as it turned out, for I sent for his portrait.

Miriam Galley,
Casper, Wyoming

SPLENDIDLY-DUNNE COMEDY

Irene Dunne was an ingratiating heroine in "The Awful Truth," and this writer believes that her success lies in more assignments with a comedy flavor. The excellent "Awful Truth" proves that the also excellent "Theodora Goes Wild" was no accident, so let's hail Columbia for allowing Irene Dunne to reveal her sparkling flair for comedy.

Albert Manski,
Boston, Mass.

DECLARES FOR DAVIS

I'd like to say what I think about Bette Davis. I've seen most of her pictures, and will continue seeing them. I liked her so much in "Marked Woman" and "That Certain Woman," in which Bette gave grand performances. So, if I may name my choice among the Hollywood actresses, I'm saying: I'm for Bette Davis.

Lucille Benner,
Toledo, O.

TAKE A BOW, DICK BALDWIN

In the Ritz Brothers picture, "Life Begins in College," there was a football player whose name is Dick Baldwin. He's a good actor, and very good looking. So I'm hoping we'll see more of Dick Baldwin, and so too, I'll bet, will many others who may get to see him in other parts on the screen.

Lois Martzahn,
Davenport, Ia.

BETWEEN YOU AND THE STARS

This department is your own private secretary. Just call on it to "take a letter," to your favorite film person, or a message to Hollywood in which you wish either to Salute or Snub what you like or don't about pictures or performances. Your ideas are welcome here and when they have something that will interest Hollywood and your fellow filmgoers, they will appear—and be read. Please try to restrict each comment to 50 words or less. Address: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.



Virginia Bruce in a romantic scene with Dennis O'Keefe.

FLASHES from FILM TOWN

SPENCER TRACY can dish it out, too. He's been working with Gable and at the conclusion of each shot Spence cries, "Bravo! Taylor couldn't have done better." And since Clark and Myrna Loy won first place in a recent newspaper popularity poll, Spence insists upon addressing them as King and Queen.

AS SOON as Constance Bennett starts to work you hear tales of her sensible co-operation. She has, one discovers, spent the last three Sunday afternoons posing for publicity pictures. Then when you are on the verge of forgetting all the cracks about her imperial ways you stumble upon a story like this one. An interviewer was taken on the set to do a story on Connie's leading man. The Bennett spotted the two-some immediately, demanded to know who the visiting woman was. Upon being told she was an interviewer, and was there to see the Bennett foil, Connie is said to have ordered, "Throw her out of here!"

Say it isn't true, Constance!

WONDER if Jean Dixon is getting that "Just tell him (her) that you saw me and when you saw me I was looking good" line from both ends? She's Joan Crawford's best woman friend in Hollywood; now she's doing a picture with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Doug the younger is too concerned with effecting his impressive come-back to be rushing any girl these days.

RALPH BELLAMY is the latest to learn that everything comes to him who waits. Finally he's getting decent rôles, but that isn't all. That oil well he financed down in Louisiana is a gusher, to the tune of \$3,000 a month.

GAIL PATRICK thought she had this poise stuff down pat. She has painstakingly studied chic, the proper carriage, and how to win admirers and influence folks. Then at the Biltmore Hotel the other night she was called upon to make a speech. Four hundred diners were in a dither of anticipation. Calmly, regally, Gail arose and bowed graciously. She wanted to be particularly nice to her old home-staters, who were prominently present for an Alabama reunion. She opened her mouth, and to her horror said, "My old soaks from Alabama. . . ."

Make a *FRESH* start

and swing over to a *FRESH* cigarette



A Fresh Start made a Fresh Star

Salesgirl in a department store, Joy Hodges made a fresh start. Landed in the movies! Starred in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"! Now charms Broadway in "I'd Rather Be Right"! Joy's fresh start made a new star who brought fresh joy to millions.

YOU'LL miss a lot in life if you stay in the rut of old habits and never risk a FRESH start. Take your cigarette, for instance. If your present brand is often dry or soggy, don't stay "spliced" to that stale number just because you're used to it.

Make a fresh start by swinging over to FRESH, Double-Mellow Old Golds... the cigarette that's tops in tobacco quality... brought to you in the pink of smoking condition by Old Gold's weather-tight, double Cellophane package.

That extra jacket of Cellophane brings you Old Gold's prize crop tobaccos with all their rich, full flavor intact. Those two gate crashers, dampness and dryness, can never muscle in on that double-sealed, climate-proof O.G. package.

It's never too late for better smoking! Make a FRESH start with those always FRESH Double-Mellow Old Golds.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast



Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em fresh



Outer Cellophane Jacket
Opens from the Bottom,
sealing the Top

The Inner Jacket Opens
at the Top,
sealing the Bottom



Copyright, 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.



Love
AT FIRST
SIGHT!



• That's what happens to 4 out of 5 women—"Love at First Sight"—when they try Italian Balm. They continue using this famous skin softener in preference to anything they've ever used before. It's a lasting attraction.

And little wonder. Italian Balm has a genuine right to a warm place in a woman's heart. It's a very *INexpensive* skin protector to use—yet tests of the largest selling lotions prove that Italian Balm contains the *MOST expensive ingredients* of any other of these popular brands.

Try Italian Balm yourself—as a protection against chapping and dry, coarse skin texture. See how quickly it softens and smooths your skin. You'll feel the difference in ONE MINUTE after applying it.

Test Italian Balm before you buy it. Send for FREE Vanity Bottle. Mail coupon today.

Campana's
Italian Balm

Famous for Skin Protection and Economy

FREE

CAMPANA SALES CO.

244 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois

Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

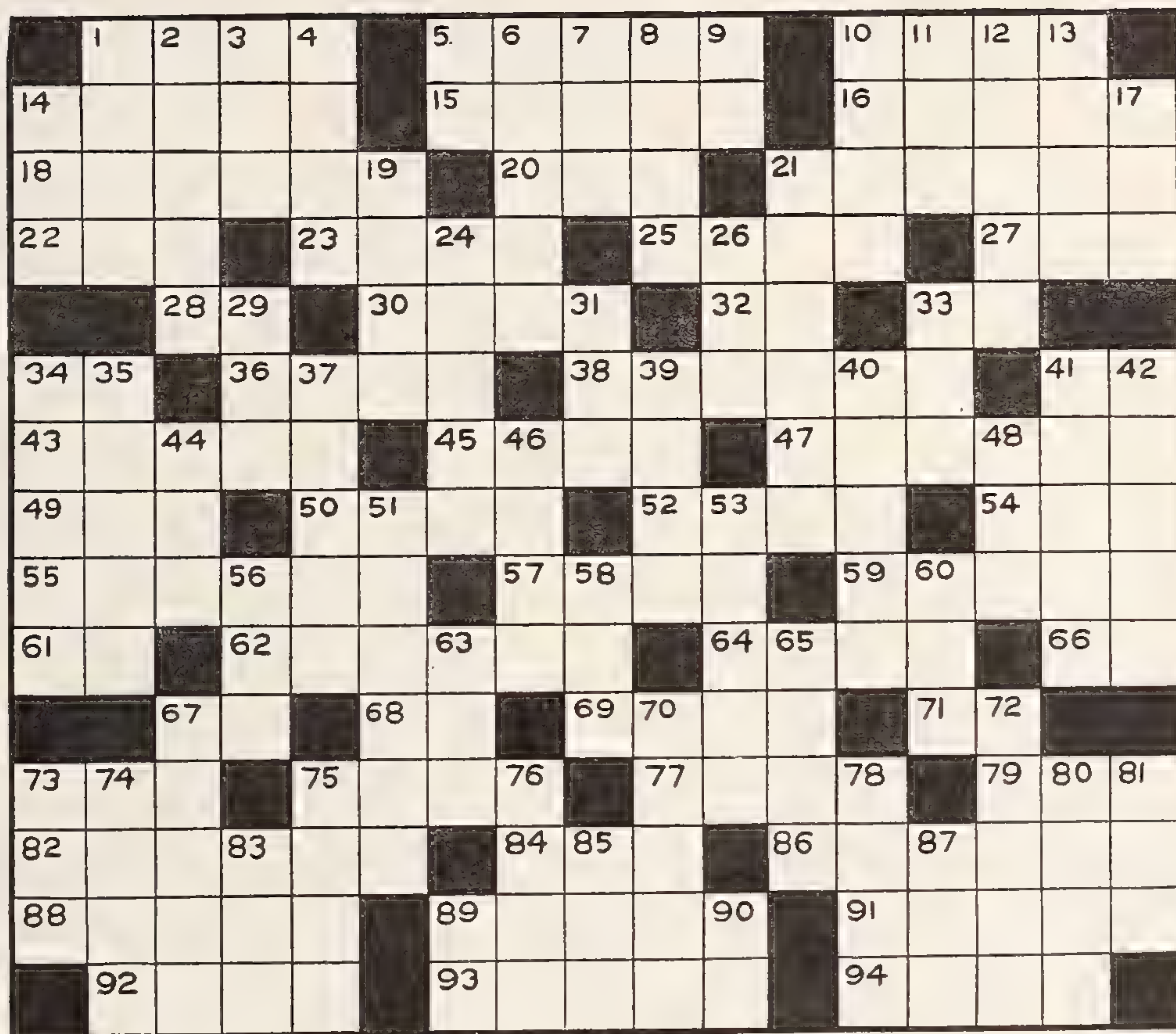
Address _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, Campana, Ltd., SC-244 Caledonia Road, Toronto

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

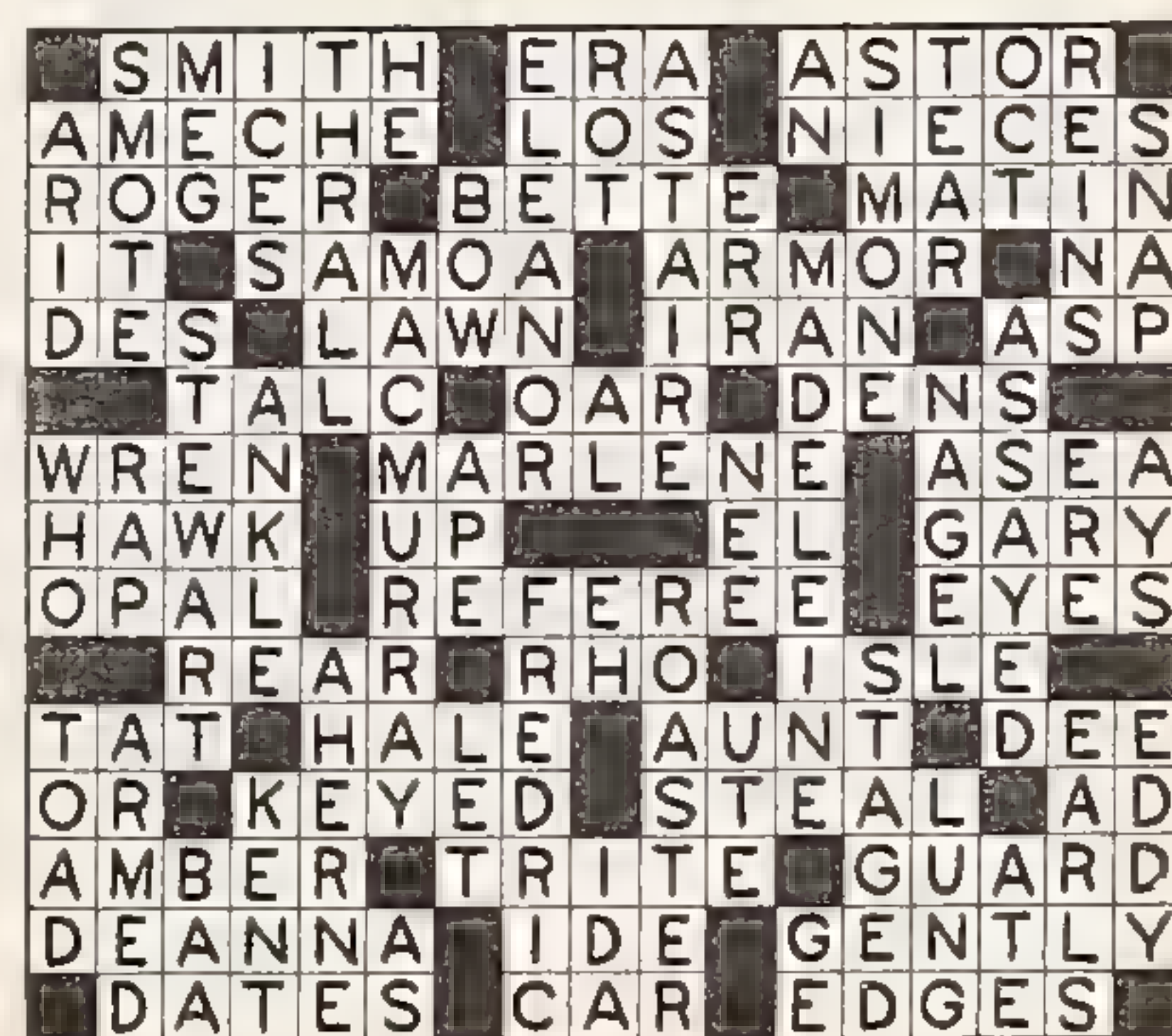
1. He married Jeannette MacDonald
5. Co-star of "Conquest"
10. A film try-out
14. Co-star of "A Star Is Born"
15. Constellation
16. Co-star in "Hitting a New High"
18. A painful experience
20. The lady in "Fight For Your Lady"
21. His new one is "Hawaiian Buckaroo"
22. What you see a movie with
23. Embraces
25. She is Mrs. Al Jolson
27. Before (prefix)
28. Act
30. Victim
32. Compass point (abbrev.)
33. Postscript (abbrev.)
34. He's married to Ruby Keeler
36. Space, range
38. He played "The Great Garrick"
41. Continent (abbrev.)
43. Her new one is "Jezebel"
45. Arrived
47. Rowing
49. "Uncle Tom" heroine
50. To state
52. To rave
54. His new one is "Crashing Hollywood"
55. The most famous child star
57. Team of workers
59. Famous radio and screen comic
61. The elder (abbrev.)
62. His new one is "In Old Chicago"
64. Competent
66. Right (abbrev.)
67. Printers' measure
68. Sun god
69. Challenge
71. Belonging to
73. Title of nobility
75. Wagers
77. What every extra longs to play
79. Exclamation
82. Star of "Blossoms On Broadway"

DOWN

1. He plays Marco Polo
2. Finished
3. Born
4. A city in Greenland
5. "—West, Young Man," a movie
6. To get up
7. To get free of
8. A male hog
9. "—The Avenue," a movie
10. She plays "Sugar," in "The Women Men Marry"
11. What you hear a talkie with
12. Jumps about
13. Row
14. He stars in "Wide Open Faces"
17. Compass point (abbrev.)
19. She's Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller
21. Star of "Beloved Enemy"
24. Her new one is "I'll Take Romance"
26. To employ
29. A cereal grain
31. Sweet potato
33. By
34. Encourages
35. Bar used for lifting
37. Kingdom
39. At this place
40. From birth
41. To scorn
42. Actor's manager
44. Scotch cap
46. Roguish
48. Sick

51. Changed direction
53. Conscious of
56. Cooking vessel
58. "The Bride Wore ———" with Crawford
60. The M-G-M lion
63. Pussy
65. He's featured in "Danger Patrol"
67. You'll see him in "I'll Take Romance"
70. She married Tony Martin
72. Co-star in "I Met My Love Again"
73. Look
74. Not working
75. To concoct (as beer)
76. Refuse, from metal
78. What stars do to lose weight
80. One who inherits
81. One of the comedy team, in "All Over Town"
83. Stir, fuss
85. To make a mistake
87. Poem
89. Pa's wife
90. The boy friend

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



A gallant with the ladies...beloved by every belle in all of New Orleans...feared by those rats of the Seven Seas...his bold, bad buccaneers... Jean Lafitte...the gayest lad who ever sailed beneath the Skull and Crossbones lives again in the grandest historical romance ever to swing across the screen...Cecil B. DeMille's flaming adventure-epic... "THE BUCCANEER." In the thrilling role of the dashing gentleman pirate, who took

time out from his pirateering and his romancing to help Andrew Jackson win the Battle of New Orleans and save America from the British... Fredric March reaches new heights of screen adventure. As the little Dutch girl whose love forced the dashing pirate to strike his flag... Franciska Gaal, beautiful new Paramount star discovery, makes a fitting team-mate for that gentleman pirate Capt. Jean Lafitte.



Adolph Zukor presents
a Cecil B. DeMille
 PRODUCTION
FREDRIC MARCH
"THE BUCCANEER"
with **Franciska Gaal**
Akim Tamiroff • Margot Grahame
Walter Brennan
Ian Keith • Anthony Quinn
Douglass Dumbrille • Beulah Bondi
Robert Barrat • Hugh Sothern
Louise Campbell • Evelyn Keyes
Directed by Cecil B. DeMille
 A Paramount Picture

Screen Play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Harold Lamb and C. Gardner Sullivan • Based on an Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson of "Lafitte the Pirate" by Lyle Saxon

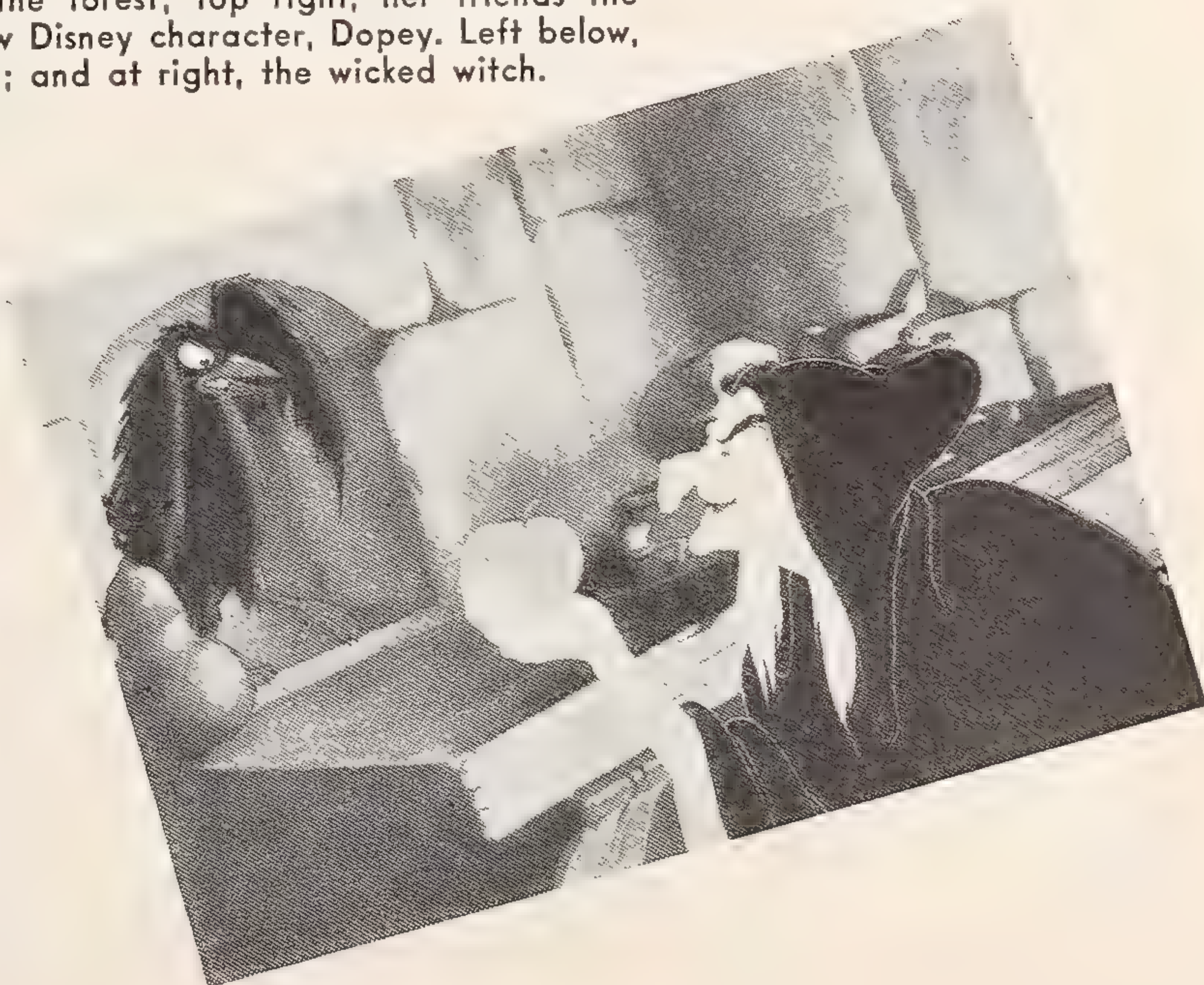


YOU know Walt Disney as the man who gave us Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies—spiritual father of Donald Duck and Pluto, Minnie Mouse and the hysterical hen and all that fabulous family. Now, with the release of the new, seven-reel Technicolor animated cartoon feature of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," you must consider Disney in a new light, as the most important producer in Hollywood—or in the world. For his marvelous movie, based on the beloved fairy-tale, is an achievement marking a milestone in motion picture history. Imagine, if you can, a heroine whose charms, though she is only a cartoon character, surpass those of a flesh-and-blood actress; a group of grotesque drawings whose collective comedy is funnier than Fields'—excitement, and suspense, and beauty, and gaiety—here is glorious enchantment.

SCREENLAND Honor Page

To Walt Disney, Hollywood's one genuine genius, whose first full-length film, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," is the screen's first great fantasy

Walt Disney, in center of page, looks at his newest creations, the Seven Dwarfs. Top left, Snow White in the forest; top right, her friends the Dwarfs. Left above, the hilarious new Disney character, Dopey. Left below, Snow White's delightful dance; and at right, the wicked witch.



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

"Even Snakes Have Charm"

There's a title for you! And there's a story for you, in the next issue of SCREENLAND, that you will not want to miss.

Picture a movie actress, all fire and flash and glamor—in other words, dynamite! Picture another screen star, a girl all serene loveliness and soft charm. Put them in the arena together, for they are, they must be enemies—and watch the fireworks! Of course, there's a man in the case. But there is also their careers, so they must fight, each with her own weapons, to the end.

Sounds dramatic? Of course it is. You have never read any story quite like it. You may want to try to identify the girls as real movie celebrities. Try it! You may wonder just which part is fiction, and which fact. But you will read it, and we believe you will agree with us that it is the most breathless and enthralling serial ever written about that strange world of Hollywood.

"Even Snakes Have Charm" begins in the next, the April issue of SCREENLAND, on sale March 4th. Be sure to ask for it so that you will not miss a word of this really unique romance.

March, 1938

Vol. XXXVI. No. 5

EVERY STORY A FEATURE!

| | | |
|--|-----------------------|----|
| The Editor's Page..... | Delight Evans | 19 |
| Big Plans for Shirley Temple's Future..... | Elizabeth Wilson | 20 |
| SCREENLAND Snoop!..... | Liza | 22 |
| Siren of the Old South. Fictionization of "Jezebel"..... | Elizabeth B. Petersen | 24 |
| Have You a Trauma?..... | Linn Lambert | 26 |
| Merry Man! Errol Flynn..... | Ida Zeitlin | 28 |
| Bobby's Guiding Star. Bobby Breen..... | Ben Maddox | 31 |
| Medals and Birds..... | S. R. Mook | 32 |
| Confessions of a Come-Back. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. | Dickson Morley | 34 |
| New Glamor for "Gamby." Maria Gambarelli..... | Tom Kennedy | 51 |
| Reviews of the Best Pictures..... | Delight Evans | 52 |
| SCREENLAND Glamor School. Edited by Annabella..... | | 54 |
| Screen Style Slants. Hollywood Fashions..... | | 56 |
| Arlen Rides a New Hobby. Dick Arlen..... | Ruth Tildesley | 58 |
| Star-Dust Baby. Fiction..... | Margaret E. Sangster | 60 |
| London | Hettie Grimstead | 62 |
| Paris | Stiles Dickenson | 63 |
| What Eleanor Powell Has Lost!..... | Charles Darnton | 64 |

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Call Them "Laugh Teams" Now. Carole Lombard, Fernand Gravet. Shall We Be Arty? Or Shall We Be Candid? Dorothy Lamour, Ray Milland. Nice Work—And They've Got It! The 7 Wonders of the Ancient World. The 7 Wonders of Modern Hollywood. Rushing the Season. You, Too, Can Crash Hollywood, IF—! Ilona Massey, Marjorie Weaver, Gail Patrick, Priscilla Lane, Lynn Carver, Dolores Del Rio, Claire Trevor, Myrna Loy, Anna May Wong. Sideshow Scenarios. W. C. Fields, Edward G. Robinson, Jane Bryan, Bobby Jordan, Beatrice Lillie, Claude Rains, Fay Wray. This Way Folks. Bing Crosby. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

DEPARTMENTS:

| | | |
|--|------------------|----|
| Honor Page | | 6 |
| SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle..... | Alma Talley | 8 |
| Flashes from Film Town..... | | 9 |
| Salutes and Snubs. Letters from Readers..... | | 10 |
| Ask Me!..... | Miss Vee Dee | 12 |
| Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews..... | | 14 |
| Inside the Stars' Homes. Jeanette MacDonald..... | Betty Boone | 16 |
| Here's Hollywood. Screen News..... | Weston East | 66 |
| From the Neck Down. Beauty Article..... | Courtenay Marvin | 70 |
| Yours For Loveliness..... | | 71 |

Cover Portrait of Alice Faye by Marland Stone

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Two-fisted American college student goes to Oxford! Oh, boy, here's a drama that packs a wallop every minute of the way!



Robert Taylor
in
A YANK AT OXFORD



with **LIONEL BARRYMORE**

Maureen O'Sullivan • Vivien Leigh

Edmund Gwenn • Griffith Jones • From an Original Story by John Monk Saunders

Directed by **JACK CONWAY** • Produced by **MICHAEL BALCON**

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

"I'd be a very Beautiful Woman if I'd taken care of my teeth and gums"

Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique
of Gum Massage—all can bring about

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Yes, dear lady, it's your own fault. You know that—now. You used to have teeth that glistened, they were so white. And your gums were firm and strong.

"Then, if you remember, there was a day when your tooth brush showed that first tinge of 'pink'—a warning that comes sometimes to nearly all of us.

"But you said: 'It's nothing. Why, I imagine everyone notices the same thing sooner or later.' And you let it go at that.

"Foolish you! That was a day important to your teeth—important to your beauty. That was the day you should have decided, 'I'm going to see my dentist right now!'"

No Wise Woman

Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

IF you've noticed that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist at once. For only your dentist can tell you when there's serious trouble ahead. Probably he'll tell you that your gums are simply lazy—that they need more work, more stimulation to help keep them firm and strong.

Many a child in grade school could tell you that often the food we eat is too soft, too well-cooked to give gums the exercise they need. Realize this—and you understand why modern dentists so frequently advise the Ipana Technique of gum massage.

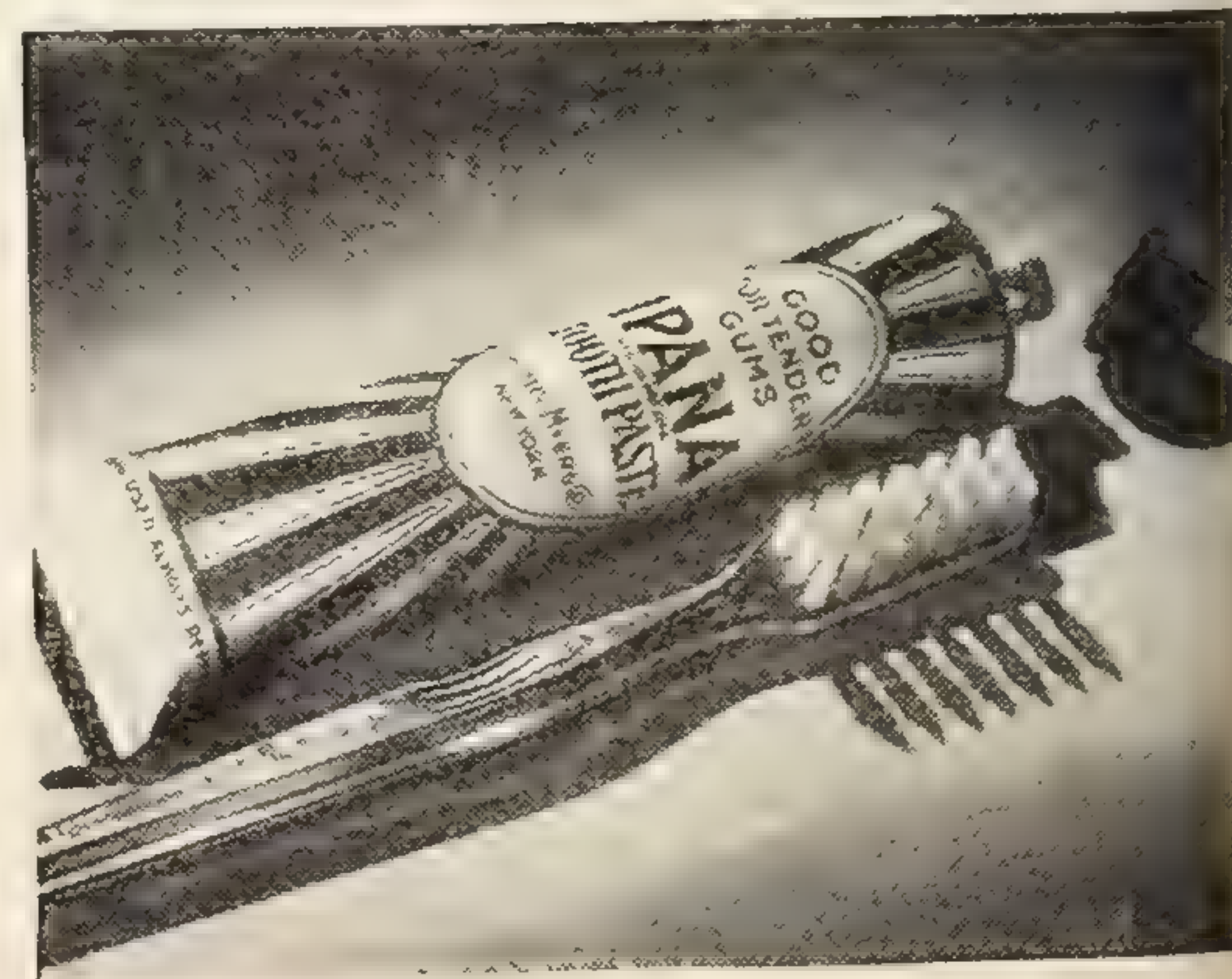
For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, *with massage*, to help the health of your gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana into the gums, with forefinger or brush. This arouses circulation in the gums—they tend to become stronger, firmer. Teeth are brighter—your smile sparkles with a new loveliness!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

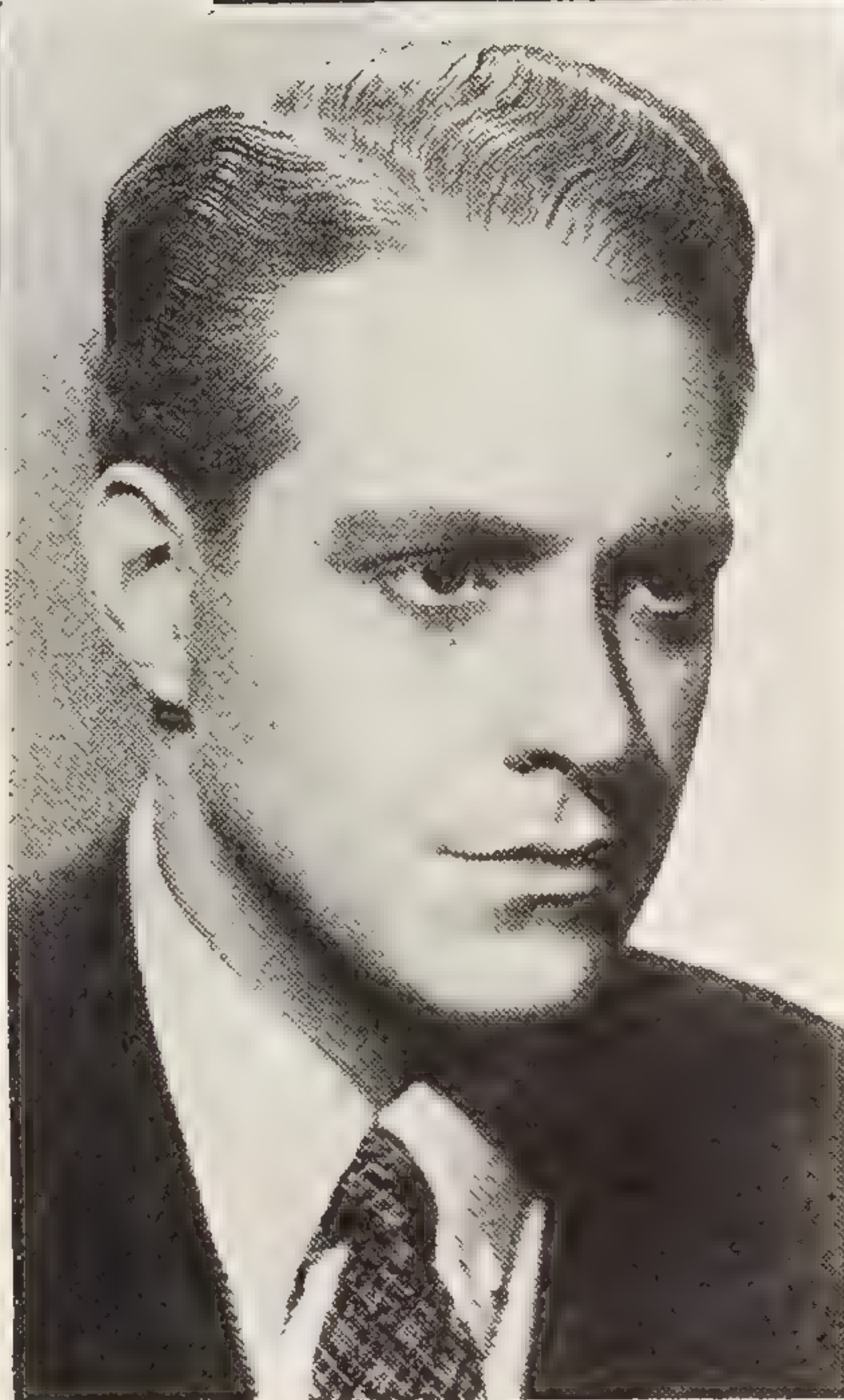


The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Nelson Eddy



Eddy's new rôle, above, in "Girl of the Golden West." Left, a portrait. Left above, Nelson amusing his fellow player, Priscilla Lawson.



MY DEAR MR. EDDY:

I realize when I address an Open Letter to you that I am committing lese majeste and malfeasance, not to mention hara-kiri. The Nelson Eddy Fan Clubs will probably be madder at me than they ever were at Jeanette MacDonald, and will accuse me of murder, mayhem, and just plain meanness. But before I prepare to duck and run, I have got to make my protest, let the snubs and clubs fall where they may; and if I know your fans, Mr. Eddy, they will, on my head.

First of all, may I remind you—and your fans—that SCREENLAND was the first screen magazine ever to interview you, when you went into pictures? Not only that, but an Honor Page was awarded you, and every time you burst into song on the screen, we burst into loud editorial applause. We liked you, Mr. E. We still like you. This obvious fact didn't stop your fans, however, from writing to berate us for according equal honors to your screen-mate, Miss MacDonald, or protesting because several issues of SCREENLAND appeared without stories about you. You have a slew of very sensitive fans, Mr. Eddy. They have more chips on their shoulders than Charlie McCarthy. But we fail to see why, having accorded you all possible honors, we cannot also come out in the open and criticize you just as we would another star. So, without further apologies, permit me:

Don't step out of character, please! It may be the influence of the Immortal Dummy, but it does seem that you are on the verge of becoming too coy for comfort—certainly too coy for Nelson Eddy. Undoubtedly with the excellent intention of offsetting any possible accusation of stolidity, or stiffly sedate performances, you are apparently trying to unbend, be more casual, more carefree, go even a little gay for the photographers. But somehow the results don't seem too happy.

The "folksy" line may be all right for some stars, but decidedly not for the maturely handsome man with the magnificent baritone and definite dignity and prestige. It may be funny to see some actors making deliberate faces, though I doubt that; but you are not the type. Nelson Eddy cutting capers, whether on the radio or in publicity pictures, is just about as effective,

to me, as *Snow White* impersonating Mae West. Of course we've had Grace Moore making her noble effort to be one of the gang with *Minnie the Moocher*; and Lily Pons putting on a Dietrich leg show. Let them. But you be smart; leave the clowning to others. It's all in fun, I know, but sometimes I think we may be having a little too much "fun" at the movies these days, when it comes to Myrna Loy and Bill Powell getting all messed up in "Double Wedding," and Cary Grant running around in a fluffy negligée in the new Hepburn number—we might welcome one upstanding star who had the courage to take his art seriously. The high standards which made you and MacDonald mighty at the box-office in "Maytime" and your other hits will crash if you permit any cheapness to creep in. You, Nelson Eddy, are an artist. Be true to your art.

Delight Evans

Don't miss our exclusive interview with Shirley's mother

By
Elizabeth Wilson



Big Plans for Shirley Temple's Future

The greatest
box-office star in
the history of motion
pictures is growing up,
will be nine her next birthday.
What will the little star do next?

It has happened again this year!

For the third consecutive year now Shirley Temple of the golden curls, hazel brown eyes, and cute dimples has been voted the most popular box-office attraction on the screen by American theatre exhibitors. The votes for 1936 and 1937, the second and third years, were extended to English theatres, and in that country, too, Shirley led all other players, adults and children.

There are all kinds of popularity polls. Countless polls are taken yearly by local newspapers, magazines, colleges and clubs, *but* it is the exhibitor's testimony and his account books' evidence that are definitely the infallible jury of public opinion. The exhibitor knows what player drew the largest number of patrons to his theatre, and the exhibitor alone. When his box-office speaks the decision is final, irrevocable. And so, it is accepted without a moment's quibbling that Shirley Temple, eight-year-old Twentieth Century-Fox player, is the Biggest Money Making Star in the entire movie industry. And has been for three years. Shirley can take a bow. Unfortunately,

however, it's the Garbos, the Dietrichs, and the Hepburns who take the bows.

Shirley Temple stands in the most unique position a child has ever attained in cinema history. Without excessive ballyhoo or build-up, without aggressively striving for fame or wealth, she has achieved both—and it has been done without sacrificing the least iota of her most precious possession, the happiness of childhood. Shirley may be the most famous little girl in the world, but she is completely unaware of her importance to the world. She is like any other little girl in any American city—healthy, happy, gay and energetic. But unlike other little girls she has for her playground one of the most fascinating places imaginable—a moving picture studio.

Mrs. Gertrude Temple, a tall, gracious woman, of exceeding patience and charm, is the buffer between Shirley and the world. Since the hour of her baby's birth in a Santa Monica hospital on April 23, 1929, Mrs. Temple has never been separated from Shirley. It is thanks to her wise mothering that Shirley is the same healthy un-

spoiled little girl today that she was in 1932 when she first entered pictures. "Shirley gets more out of life than any other child, and yet she loses nothing any other child has," says Mrs. Temple. "If I saw the least sign that she was changing from a normal little girl I would take her out of pictures in a flash. But she hasn't changed, and I'm glad of it. It has meant a great deal to her future. All that she ever has earned is hers, and will be ready for her when she grows up."

And Shirley is growing up! She will be nine her next birthday. She is in 5-A—Los Angeles Board of Education rating—and attacking fractions. (And I am pleased to note that she is rather mystified by them.) Shirley is no longer the precious baby who danced and sang and

her for it. Will this nation that made a star out of Shirley Temple stand by her as she grows up?

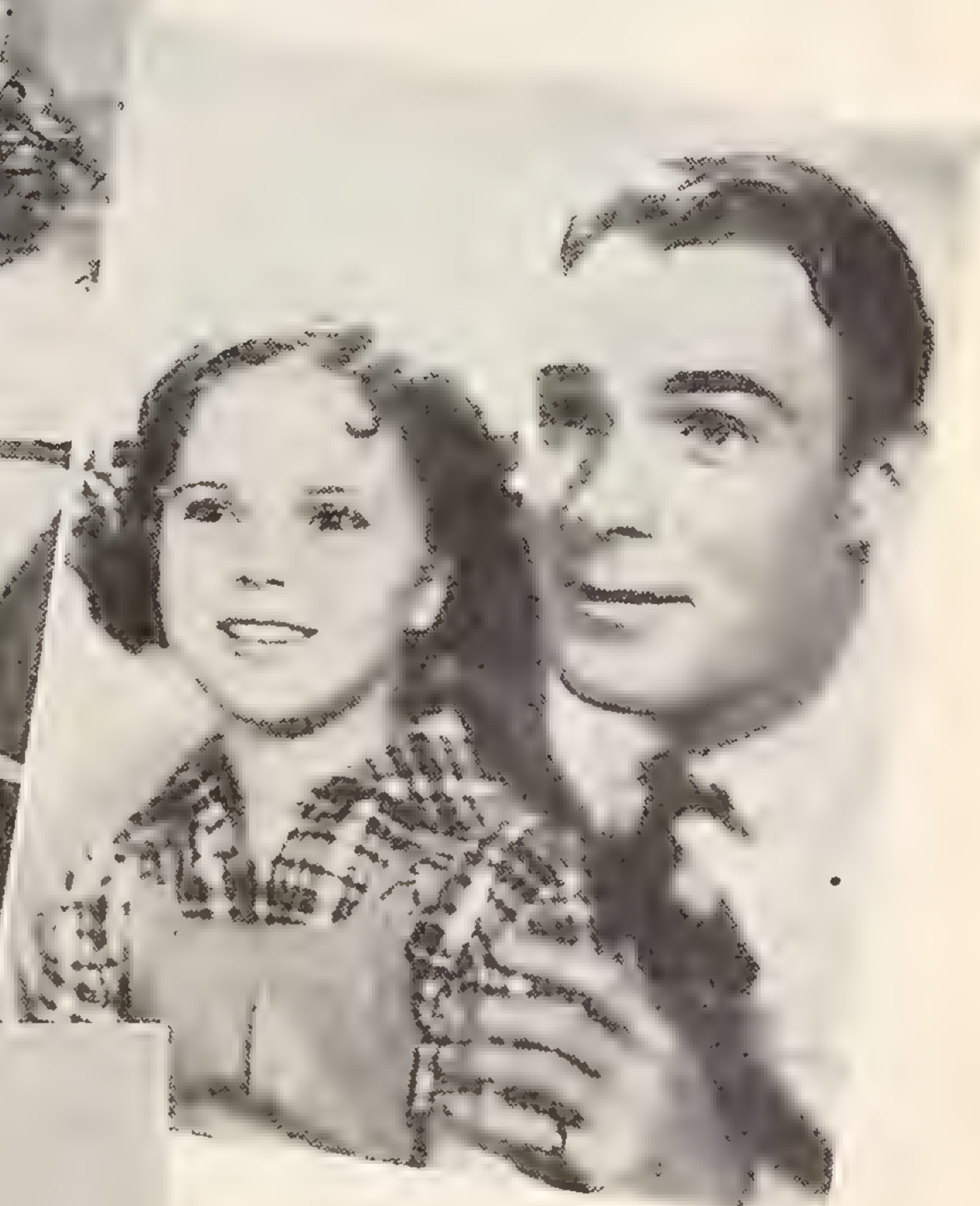
If they will, and I think they will for the public really isn't so fickle, it is my opinion that Shirley will continue on the screen indefinitely. She has three more years on her present contract with Twentieth Century-Fox. And after that? Well, if the public remains loyal to its favorite you can be sure there will be other contracts, plenty of them. Of course no one can tell what the far distant future will bring. But the "immediate" future is something else again. Mrs. Temple, a thoughtful, judicious mother, has made plans for the next few years for Hollywood's Number One Box-Office Star.

"Fate has been good to Shirley in her picture work,"

Shirley at play at Palm Springs, below; and at her studies with her teacher, right, in the schoolroom at the studio.



Randy Scott is Shirley's new leading man in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Center below, our girl grows up!



smiled her way into your heart in "Little Miss Marker," "Now and Forever," "Bright Eyes," "Curly Top," and "The Little Colonel." At the rate children grow up these days she soon won't be the darling little girl of "Wee Willie Winkie," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" (in which picture her famous curls are combed into pigtails for the first time). Soon she'll be a young girl in her teens. What then? What about Shirley's future?

Shirley came in the middle of a great depression, people were sad and discouraged, and the whole world looked pretty black and dismal. Immediately she smiled her way right into the hearts of a nation. When people left the theatre after seeing Shirley they felt more cheerful and encouraged. Her honest little charm, her sincerity, her unpretentious efforts made them believe in themselves—and they loved



says Mrs. Temple. "If she hadn't liked to dance and sing and act in pictures, she never would have done it. I have never made any formal plans for a career for Shirley. My only plans for her have been to give her a thorough education. I think that travel is a part of education, and I want her to have it. Mr. Temple and I are planning to take Shirley on a tour of several eastern States this spring, with visits in the South and New England if we have time. And next year, when Shirley is older, we hope to go to England and the Continent. But that, of course, will depend upon Mr. Zanuck, as we are under contract, as you know, for three more years.

"The plans at present are to leave on our vacation about the same time in March or April that Mr. Zanuck leaves on his vacation. We will (Please turn to page 74)

SCREENLAND SNOOP!



IT WILL take a heavy load off your mind, I have no doubt, to learn that romance goes on in Hollywood much as usual. There is a rumor going about that this year's crop of Dream Princesses have definite Narcissus complexes and are so much in love with themselves that they can't possibly become interested in a mere mortal like a man. There is also a rumor going about that a producer once told an extra girl that he would make a star out of her if she would go out with him some night. But you just mustn't believe such things about poor maligned Hollywood.

Anyway, I thought I would close my book (and just when the seventh body had been found too!) and gad about one night recently and see for myself what romantic whimsies the gay young people are going in for now. So I swirled my veil around me—you simply aren't chic in Hollywood these nights without a veil or a doodab in your hair—and did a giddy-up to the Trocadero which is neo-Greek now and very pretty too if you don't like Louis Quinze. It *was* a night. And I got an earful and an eyeful. And so, here I go, telling all I know.

The newest romance in Hollywood is that of Loretta Young and Stanley Kahn. Stanley Kahn, it seems, is "private people" and so the romance hasn't been publicized as much as if Stanley Kahn had been Robert Taylor. Loretta met Stanley while she was vacationing in New York, and he has scads of money, and when Loretta left New York to return to Hollywood Stanley followed her, just as they do in the movies. When last seen Loretta and Stanley were breakfasting on doughnuts and coffee at the Crossroads of the World (oh, Hollywood's modest about everything) on account Loretta had an early appointment at the House of Westmore directly across Sunset Boulevard. When a rich young man gets up early to breakfast with a girl before she has her shampoo it must be love. Anyway it will do for love until something better comes along.

And what of Joe Mankiewicz, with whom Loretta had been romancing these past months? Why, their

Gay goings-on in Hollywood, caught by The Snoop. Top left, David Niven squires Norma Shearer. Above, Marlene Dietrich and the Earl of Warwick. Right, Jack Warner, David Niven, Norma, and Nigel Bruce at the Basil Rathbones' party.

friends; not to mention the columnists, practically had them right at the altar. Well, Producer Mankiewicz, I am told, has gone to New York to try to arrange a reconciliation with his wife, the former Elizabeth Young, but no relation of Loretta's. Some say that Joe had that in mind when he broke off with Loretta. Others say that it only came to his mind when Loretta returned from New York with Stanley in hot pursuit. I say: I don't know.

Another new Hollywood romance that's causing a lot of comment is that of Kay Francis and Baron Barnoco. After all these years of going steadily (it must be three years at least) with Delmar Daves, Kay suddenly appears at the Troc, at the Countess di Frasso's Black and

By The Snoop (Otherwise Liza)

Beware the Snoop! Bane of Hollywood stars' lives, but your benefactor—for Snoop sees all, knows all, and tells practically everything. Begin to follow this new monthly feature revealing the real low-down on the romantics of the movie colony



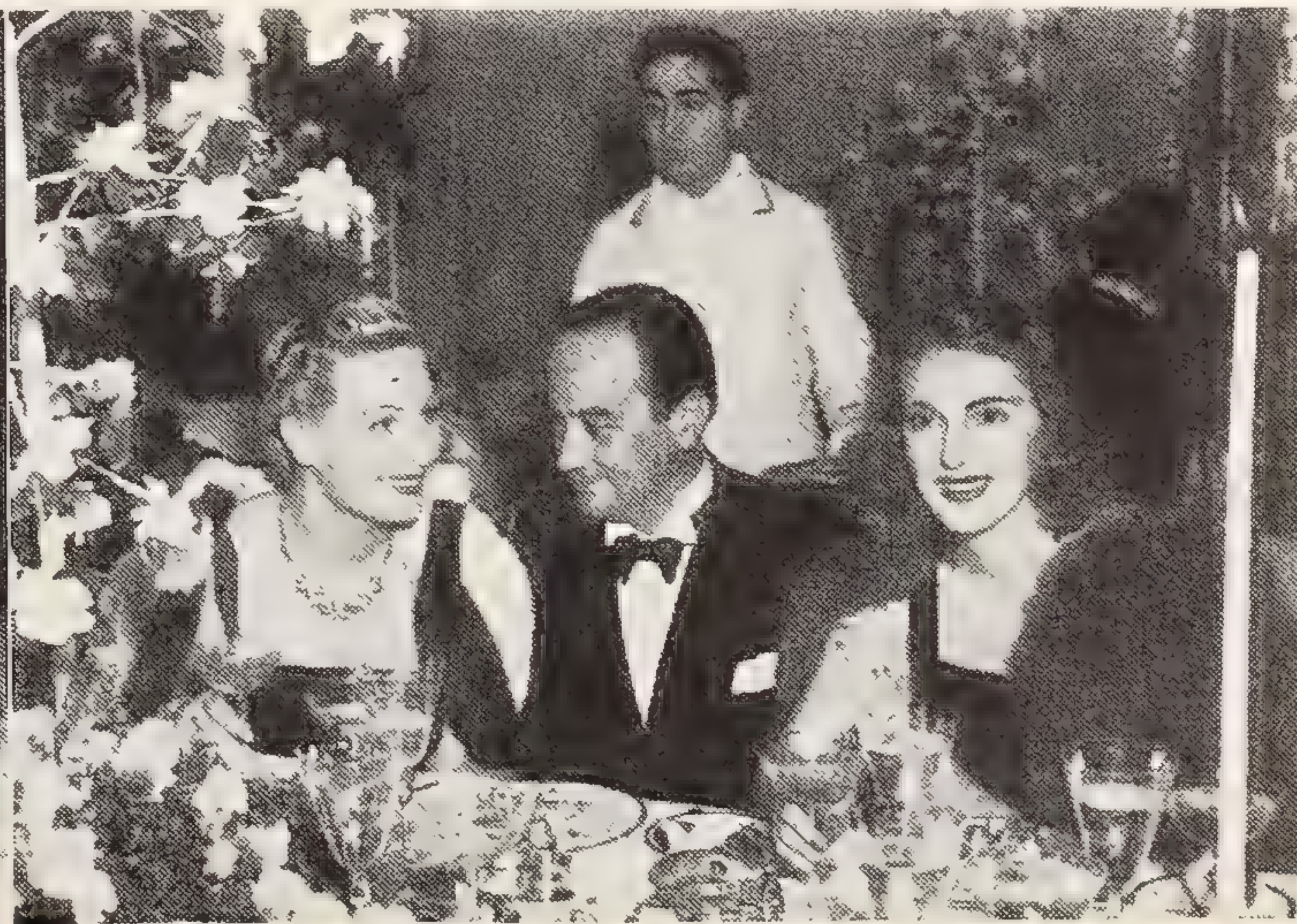
Len Weissman Photo



What's Cesar Romero whispering in Loretta Young's ear, above? Upper right, that Niven lad does get around—see him dancing with Simone Simon. Left below, new publicity romance of Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris. Right below, Binnie Barnes, Jean Negulesco, and Nancy Gross at the gala Rathbone party.

White Ball, and numerous other places, with the very distinguished looking Baron Barnoco. The Baron is a German, I understand, his title is quite *bona fide*, and he has lived in America for fifteen years. He isn't a fortune hunter. In fact, he isn't even head man in Kay's life. He's merely standing-in for "Del" who is out of town for several weeks on a much needed vacation. Kay's friends say that the Lady of Golpher Gulch is still very fond of big blond Mr. Daves who writes excellent dialogue for the screen. But anyway, the Baron is taking his standing-in very seriously.

Ah ha, my little pitchers, a Real Snoop for you! The Priscilla Lane-Wayne Morris romance isn't on the up and up at all—it's just a little something done for publicity. Studios always try to get (*Please turn to page 82*)



Siren of the Old South

*Please Turn to page 76 for
Complete Cast and Credits*

She lived and loved recklessly, until there came the day of reckoning. Read this vivid fictionization of Bette Davis' latest and biggest picture, "Jezebel"

Fictionized by
**Elizabeth B.
Petersen**



It was different this time, being engaged to Preston, Julie thought. Different from the last time she had been engaged to him and the time before that and the first time of all when she hadn't really known the fullness of her feeling for him at all.

For every time they were parted it had been harder until they got together again even though she knew all the time she had only to flick that imperious little finger of hers to send him running back to her.

Yet the last time they had quarrelled she had been frightened for it had been months before he had sought her again and she had known without his telling her, that he had fought her charm and her disdain and her wilfulness as if it were a scourge. And because she was perverse it pleased her, even while it maddened her that she couldn't completely control him.

She was smiling now as she sat in the Victoria beside her aunt Belle who was all the family she had, twirling her absurd little parasol as she looked up at the Dillard Bank and waited for Preston to come rushing at her summons.

But her smile faded just a little when Ti Bat, the small black groom, came back to the carriage alone.

"Did you tell him to hurry, Ti Bat?" she asked, and in spite of herself she felt the angry color rising to her cheeks.

"Yas'm, Miss Julie, I tell him," Ti Bat hopped nervously from one foot to another and the whites of his

eyes were like marbles rolling frenziedly in the small black face, for all the Marsden slaves could tell the signs leading to one of their young mistress' tantrums. "But he ain' come, that is, not jes' precisely. He say you please to go along, cause he can't see you till later."

The twirling parasol became rigid in Julie's small hand, and her ruffled crinoline swayed about her as she jumped out of the carriage. She heard her aunt call her name in quick appeal but nothing could stop her now. It was always like that when she was crossed in even the smallest thing. Almost as if there was something untamed in her, compelling her to tear into shreds the things she valued most.

"Pres, are you coming, or aren't you?" Her words came bitten and hard as she faced him in the small reception hall outside the directors' room.

"Now Julie," Preston Dillard held himself in check with a visible effort, "please try to understand. This is important!"

"I only understand that you promised," her voice was choked. "I suppose it isn't important that I've spent a month having my dress made for tomorrow night! And that you promised to come and see it fitted. In fact, I don't suppose it's important *what* I wear to the Proteus Ball!"

His smile came tenderly as it would to a child. He mustn't let her quarrel with him now, he told himself. For a week he had been fighting singlehanded against

the president of the bank and the other directors trying to force them to see that things were changing and that they needed another railroad in New Orleans. They clung so stubbornly to things of the past, they wouldn't see that river traffic had been declining in the last years and that if they didn't step up with the future their city and its prosperity and power would be doomed.

They had fought with him and jibed at him but he had held his ground. But it was even harder holding it with this fragile little wisp of a girl who for all the yellow of her hair and wide blue eyes, who for all her ruffled crinoline and absurd little parasol and tiny beribboned waist had a will stronger than all of them.

"Honey," the old endearment came almost beseechingly and for a moment his smile swept away the tired lines of his face, "right now I'm having the fight of my life in there, a grand fight! I've got to get back, but later, tonight."

"Don't trouble!" She edged away from his hand seeking hers. "I'm sure you'll be too exhausted from your terrific struggle. Good day, Mr. Dillard. I'm so sorry to have troubled you!"

Strange how underneath the surge of her temper she knew she was doing wrong. But the seeds of destruction were in her heart and Julie had never learned the need for self-discipline. Her eyes were almost black with fury as she stood before the pier glass in Madame Poulard's dressmaking establishment and even the new dress with its ruffles and ribbons and tiny festoons of rosebuds couldn't soothe her.

"*Mais oui! Ravissante!*" Madame smiled complacently for this was the loveliest of all the gowns she had made for the Mardi Gras ball. It was white, as was traditional for a young New Orleans girl yet unmarried, and there wasn't a girl in the city who could wear white as Julie could.

"I don't like the neckline," Julie's eyes clouded. "And the sleeves aren't right." She stopped as a midinette went by carrying a ball gown on a hanger, a gown of scarlet satin as strident and bold as the white one Julie was wearing was ethereal, and young.

"Why, it's the most becoming thing you've ever had, Julie," her aunt said soothingly. "If Pres isn't simply bowled over by it, I won't (*Please turn to page 76*)

The dashing, glamorous days of the Old South are recreated on the screen in "Jezebel," with Bette Davis as the alluring heroine, Henry Fonda as her lover—seen with her on opposite page. Below, high drama when Fonda brings his Northern bride (Margaret Lindsay) to "Jezebel's" plantation home. George Brent, at lower right, is one of the siren's conquests. Reading up: Richard Cromwell, Henry Fonda, George Brent in a tense scene; Brent with Bette Davis; and at top, the big scene of the picture in which "Jezebel" tries to win back the love she has lost.





Most amazing of Hollywoodians' secret fears is possessed by Edgar Bergen, and it concerns Charlie McCarthy, too; taking his ease with Boss Bergen at left. Glenda Farrell, upper left, loves cats but hates—well, read and you'll learn in the story. Above, Cary Grant seems to be recovering from just such an encounter with his Trauma as occurred in the episode our story reveals.



HAVE you any old acrophobias, nichtophobias, or zoophobias that you're not using? Don't be afraid to admit that you have a secret fear all tucked away somewhere. The stars aren't. After all, being afraid of great heights, afraid of the dark, or afraid of animals, isn't as bad as it sounds in those technical terms, is it? Why not compare yours with the Trauma Alphabet of Hollywood?

Don Ameche is afraid because he isn't afraid of anything! Tall talk, but you've got to admit he has just about everything it takes. Looks, personality, a charming singing and talking voice, perfect diction, social talent, and besides all that, he's a perfect husband and father. But he's always afraid it's too good to be true!

Joan Bennett is in a constant dither that someone might up and call her "Dearie." It infuriates her. Reminds one of the story about Ethel Barrymore. When a comparative stranger called her Ethel, she quipped: "Don't be so formal. Just call me Toots."

Edgar Bergen fears what the probing pros would call "demoniac possession." He's afraid that his diminutive friend will end by possessing him. Charlie has taken on such a vivid personality and has been such a motivating factor in Bergen's life, that the line of demarcation between Bergen's and Charlie's personalities is naturally becoming somewhat blurred in Edgar's mind. For Charlie has been through as many cycles as any human being. In Chicago, when Edgar first put the breath of life into Charlie's little wooden frame, he became food-and-drink, bread-and-butter to his creator; and now he has become champagne-and-caviar. Little wonder that Edgar has invested Charlie with all of the better human qualities.

Charlie helped him earn his way through Northwestern University. That was way back in Charlie's unsophisticated days, when he was just a fresh little mug with a heart of gold and a tongue of brass. Then they took the bumps together, literally and figuratively, playing one-

Simone Simon puts on an amused expression when she tells about the dream that resulted in a Trauma she can't shake off. Nevertheless the Petite Parisian would be terrified if her odd aversion ever caught up with her.



Have You a Trauma?

By Linn Lambert

Chances are, you have—but will you be as frank in admitting it as the stars are in revealing theirs?

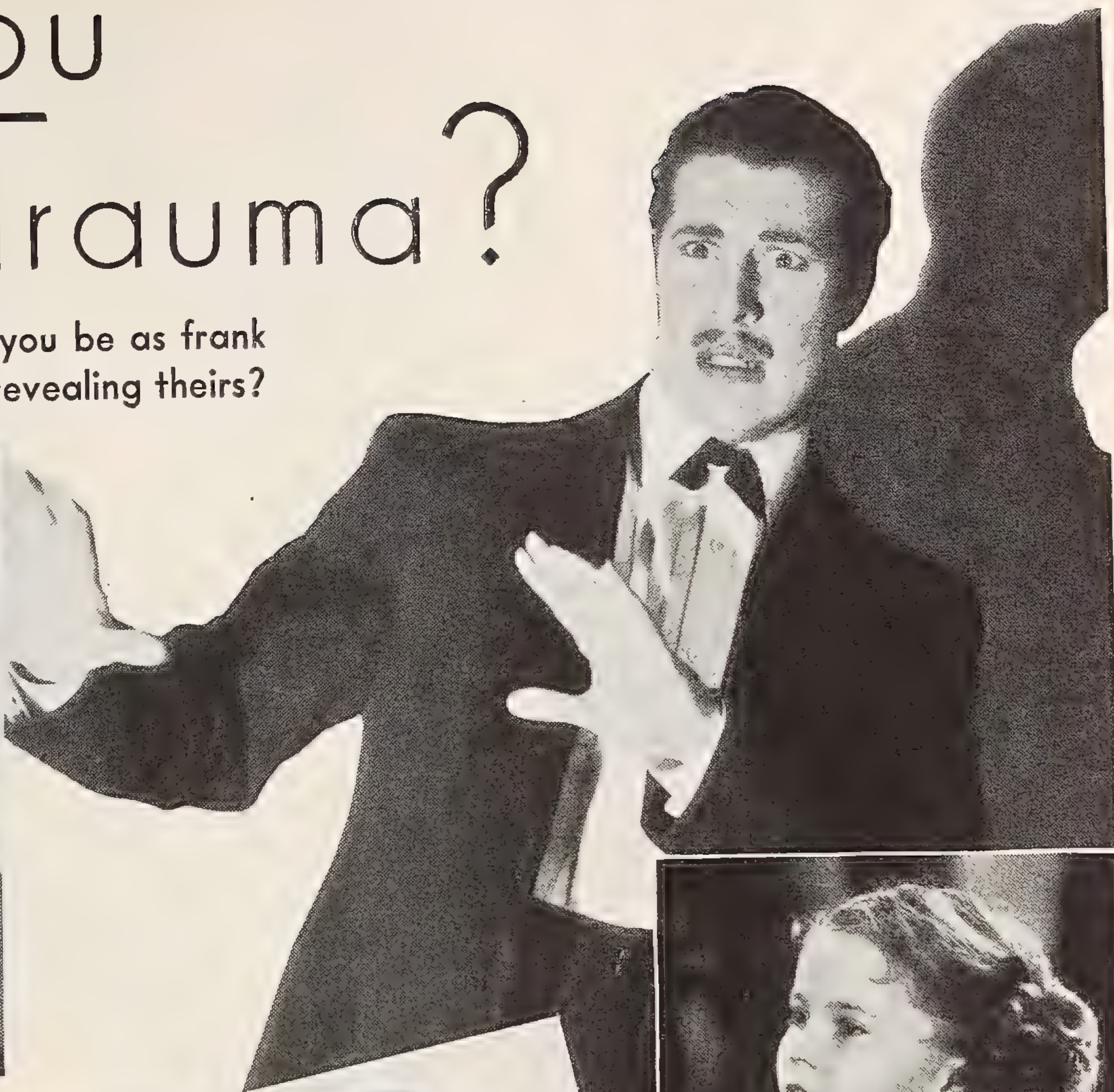
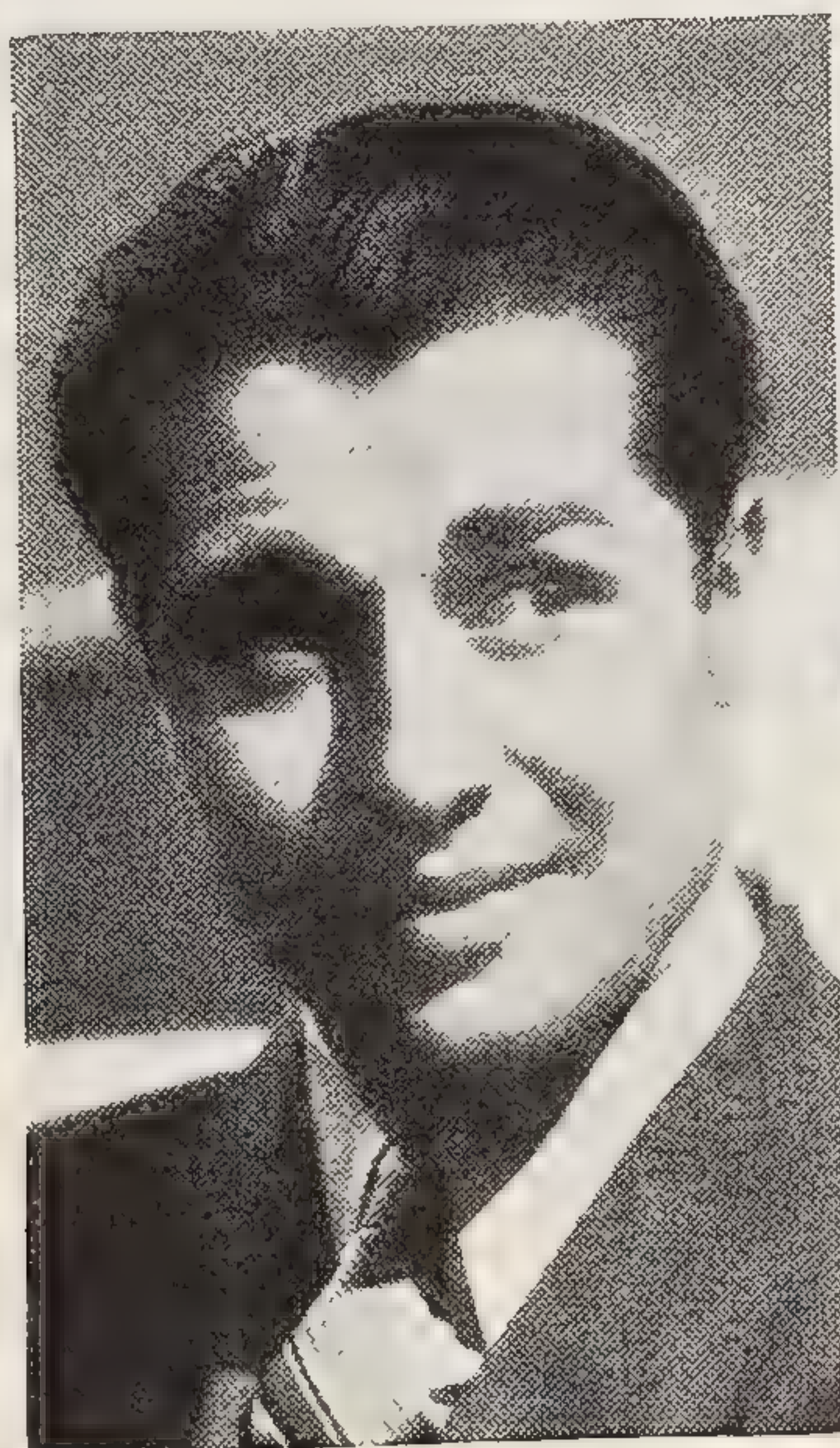
night stands and the four-a-day. But when vaudeville died, did Charlie just fold up and give himself up for old kindling? No. In his superlatively iconoclastic fashion, he went smoothly sophisticated,

donned white tie and tails, monocle and custom-made boots; a miniature Prince Charming with royal sap in every limb, a master of the Retort Discourteous, embryonic butt of W. C. Fields' pathological persiflage.

He has taken such complete possession that no one can tell who is the master and who the automaton, for it is utterly impossible to think of them as two separate entities. Charlie has his own stationery, with his silhouette on it, a secretary to answer the fan-mail, his own make-up expert, and can be depended upon to steal the show from man, woman, child or beast. Bergen's will is a mute testimonial of his feelings towards his profitable pal. He has bequeathed \$10,000 to the Actors' Fund of America to keep Charlie in good condition, and perpetuate the art of ventriloquism. But without Edgar, Charlie would just cease to exist, and *vice versa*. Oh, let's not go on, I'm breaking my own heart.

Grace Bradley fears people will stop smoking pipes. She owns a pipe factory, you see. Just to keep business going, she smokes one herself occasionally. That gal could smoke an underslung meer-schaum and still look dreamily dainty.

It probably was Glenda Farrell who originated that one about "Easter and Not an Egg" in the House! She can't stand the sight, sound, nor smell of an egg; as she says: "I have a vague (Please turn to page 73)



Don Ameche, calm at left above, and emphatic in describing his secret fear, above; Shirley Temple, above, Joan Bennett, left—what do they dislike? Ben Blue, below: Trauma demonstration.





MERRY

He's Robin Hood!

He's ERROL FLYNN!

By Ida

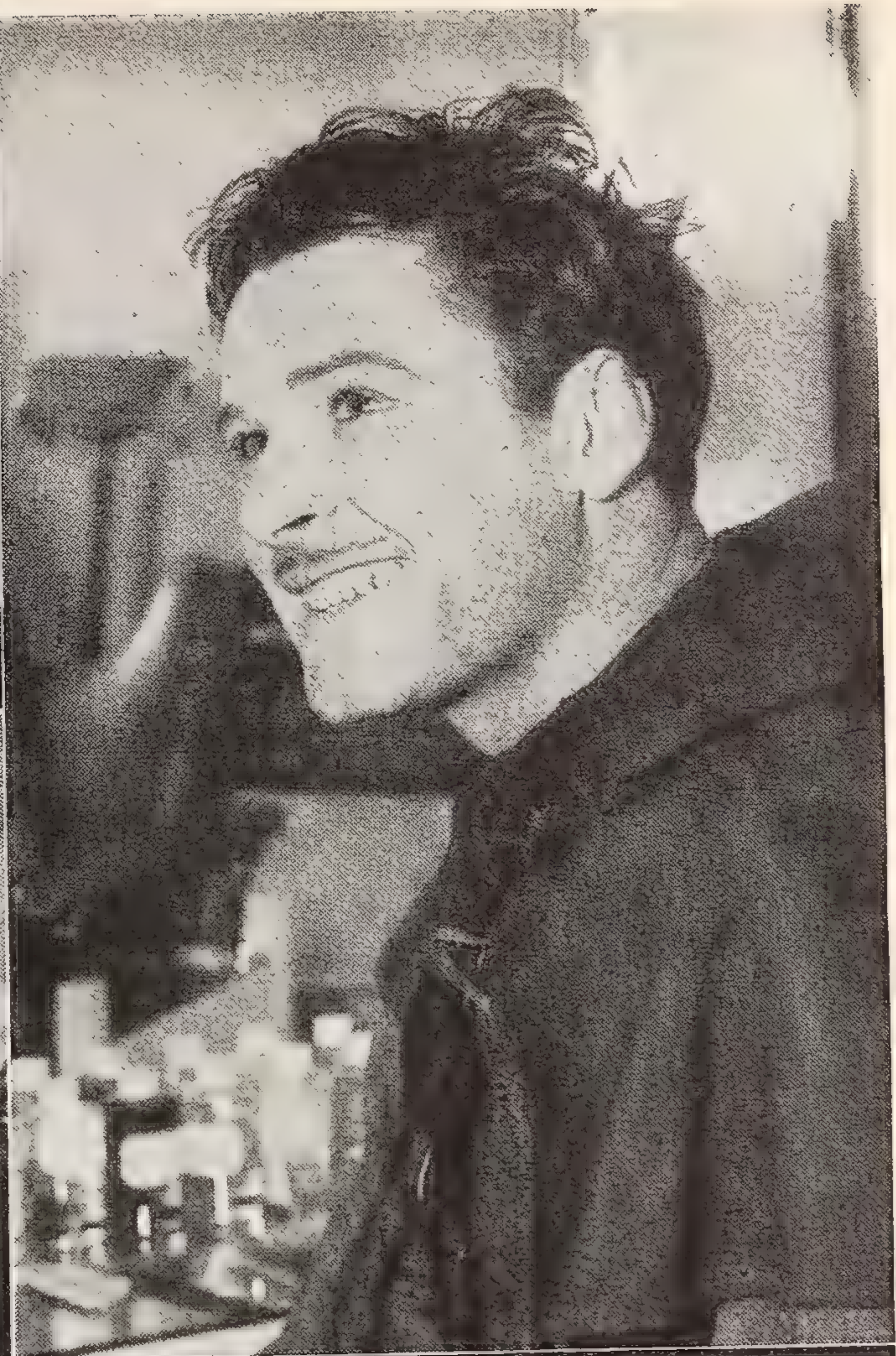
LONG and lithe and laughing, Errol Flynn strode out for his first scene in "Robin Hood." A shout went up from company and crew, part derisive because that's the tradition, part acclamatory because they couldn't help themselves. "Yay! Hero!" With a sweep of his feathered cap to his heart, Flynn made them a low mocking bow.

Basil Rathbone's eyes sparkled. To his English heart, the legend of the outlawed Saxon noble is near and dear. His tone was fervent. "If there'd never been a Robin Hood, they'd have had to invent him so Flynn could play him."

Most men, even actors, feel a lack of ease on their first appearance on the set in costume. Flynn wore his jerkin and tights as if he'd been born to them. Indeed, watching him, you felt that he ought never wear anything else. They set off his ease and grace of movement. But it wasn't that alone, or even primarily. There seemed something curiously akin in spirit between clothes and wearer—a lilt, a dash, a devil-may-care impudence that laughed in the face of life and that death couldn't touch.

He created a similar atmosphere in "Captain Blood." With all its spectacle, that picture would have been a meaningless clutter without Flynn's charm, Flynn's zest, Flynn's spirit, symbolizing the spirit of his environment, to fuse and weld it into a significant whole. With-

Flynn is the fiery Robin Hood to the life. On this page, with trusty cross-bow, and with the other merry men; at upper right, with Alan Hale as Little John and with Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian; and above center, with script girl and Herbert Mundin.



MAN!

He's Peter Pan
at Heart

Zeitlin

out Flynn, Warners would probably never have made the picture. For there isn't another actor now in Hollywood, who carries his head with such an air or his heart so high.

It's probably because the boy who lives in most men lives more freely, more joyously, with fewer inhibitions, in Flynn. If you called him an embodiment of Peter Pan, he wouldn't thank you. Yet, with the difference that he hasn't found the secret of staying small—and wouldn't know what to do with it if he had—the comparison has point. In the sense that growing up means a fettering of the feet to earth, Flynn hasn't grown up. Act first, think second, is the law of his nature. He'd rather get into a tight spot and take a chance on fighting his way out, than spend the whole of his life on an easy one. As far as he can, he lives in a never-never-land—that is, in a land of whatever adventure may lie along his twentieth-century path.

It may be the adventure of running away from school, as he did at fourteen, to exchange stodgy discipline for the lure of the South Seas. It may be the adventure of a trip to revolution-torn Spain. Or of feeling wind and spray on his face as he pilots his yawl through difficult waters. It may be the more homely adventure that any boy worth his salt can manufacture for himself in the course of a long, full day.

It was first the color and excitement of the movies, and second the money, that drew Flynn into them. That's a statement always

At right, fencing for dear life. Top right, a close-up. Top left, on the sidelines with Olivia; and then with Lili Damita (Mrs. Flynn) after a strenuous day on location.



Here's "Robin Hood" Flynn getting his whiskers trimmed by master makeup man Perc Westmore, right. Below, strong-arming Pat Knowles to the microphone—see story for particulars. At right below, Pat and Errol with their pets.



open to suspicion. In the case of Flynn, it's a fact. Offered twice as much in a bank, or three times as much to sit at an accountant's desk, he'd have grinned his crooked grin, thumbed his nose pleasantly and walked out. An adult is under the regrettable necessity of earning a living. The movies offer the means of satisfying it, together with a passport into the world of storybook romance. You can be a pirate to-day, a soldier of the king tomorrow, a rebel against the tyrant next week. You can work, make money, have fun, all at the same time. What small boy could ask more?

To Flynn, swordplay is fun. Shooting with the bow and arrow is fun. He gets paid for perfecting himself in these and similar arts. To be sure, he gives his employers their money's worth. Meantime, he uses the skill he's acquired in pastimes of his own.

In a deep forest of magnificent oaks and beeches, crossed by clear-running streams, he lived for six weeks. He fished salmon with the bow. He rode, he swam, he hunted boar. One day an excited boy ran into camp with news of a wildcat in a paddock nearby.

"Let's get him," said Flynn to Howard Hill, the archery expert, who can all but split hairs with his bow and arrow.

As they started off, they were halted by a voice behind them. "I'm coming too."

"And there was Damita," he chuckles, "armed with a big stick, running after us for all the world like a kid tagging the grownups."

"What do you think you're going to do with the stick?" he demanded.

"Defend myself to the end," she announced calmly.

Arno, Flynn's gray Schnauzer, reached the paddock

first and stood leaping and yelping like a maniac at the foot of the tree to which he'd driven the enemy.

Flynn drew a bead on him and shot. Hill stood by with his arrow, lest the cat should jump. Lili just stood. When the animal came down, he was dead. Once the men had satisfied themselves of that detail, Lili marched over and gave him a poke in the nose, "so Flynn shall not say I brought my stick for nossing."

Damita, incidentally, makes no effort to interfere with any of her husband's singular exploits. "I shut up," she says, "because it will do me no good to not shut up. Instead, I go with him if possible. (Please turn to page 72)

BOBBY'S Guiding Star

Here is the story behind Bobby
Breen's rise to fame

By
Ben Maddox



AN angry fifteen-year-old completely defied her family, and so now a new star is born in Hollywood!

"We're leaving!" she cried then finally. "You can't do anything for him. But I can. And believe me I will!"

There was the impact of sudden silence in the shabby living-room. Her mother and father and older sister and brother gaped at her and at the curly head in her arms.

"Don't worry," added the girl, large brown eyes softening as she took in at a glance their bewilderment, their fear of life. "I'll see that he gets his chance and I'll send money home to you. But we're going—tomorrow."

"How?" Her mother was querulous.

"I've saved our busfare to Chicago and seventy dollars besides. That'll keep up going until he gets his break!"

The boy in this extraordinary situation was a four-year-old, then just one more poor kid slated for a continual battle against poverty. Sally Breen, approaching her mid-teens and late of Toronto's Silver Slipper night club, had given the surprising speech. It wasn't mere talk, though, but a firm declaration of determination. It led, amazingly, directly to fame.

When Bobby Breen's name went up in the bright lights one person alone was really responsible. Not Eddie Cantor, as you may have supposed. Not shrewd professional promoters, either. Of course they've played helping rôles and it's Bobby's own rare ability which is drawing the applause. But actually the credit belongs to a comparative nobody who schemed and fought for



When Bobby Breen's name went up in lights one person alone was responsible for the final recognition accorded his talents—his sister Sally, with Bobby in the picture at top left. Above, Bobby, his mother and father. Left, the boy star at play.

Bobby. Against all odds Sally Breen literally transformed the child's fate. How she made her younger brother a star is one of those almost incredible tales of today.

Imagine setting forth on your own from Canada at fifteen to sell this modern world on another wonder child. Tackling this busy world that can't be troubled with nobodies! It proves once more that miracles can still happen if you swear to make them happen.

At nine Bobby is the new rave of the movies and radio. He has, authorities proclaim, the voice of an angel. He has, obviously, exceptional personality appeal to match.

Yet no one gave Bobby a boost until Sally insisted. Together the two practically ran away from home with nothing on their side but the boy's talent and charm, and her resolution. They were crazy, their family contended. A hopeless adventure, attempting to escape their birth-right! And none of the dragons and none of the severest slaps downed them. Not until you hear of this love story behind Bobby's rise can you fully appreciate the depth of one sister's devotion.

"The Breen family was getting nowhere fast," declares Sally now. "Someone had to do something or we'd have all starved." The mother and father couldn't cope with the illness and unemployment that swamped them. So at thirteen Sally, burning (*Please turn to page 94*)



Katharine Hepburn in the spotlight as usual.



Come what may, Marlene Dietrich keeps cool



Nelson Eddy is among those presented.



Rosalind Russell rates, and gets, the best.



Jean Arthur isn't on the medal list. Why?



You'll cheer Robert Taylor's award for sure.

Medals and



By
S. R. Mook

Birds

LAST year "Medals and Birds" celebrated its wooden wedding (did I hear someone mutter "wooden head"?) and I thought—maybe I even hoped a little—that that was the end. When you're young it's sort of fun to be sophomoric and go around screaming your opinions from the housetops. But five years pass and you aren't young any more and five years can change you a lot. And here it is *six* years since I started all this and I am looking at a sheet of paper the Editor of SCREENLAND has sent me. At the top of the page, "Medals and Birds" stares at me accusingly. Me, who hasn't had a good hate on in a year!



Bette Davis: favorite person, fine actress.

But shall a Mook let you down? Never! I'll work up a few hates and enthusiasms if I have to kill the whole bottle of Scotch. I was saving for the poker game Wayne Morris invited to my house for dinner, drinks and winnings. Bring on your

flowers, your chest of medals and VIVE LE BIRD.

The first flowers of the season—the American Beauty roses—go jointly to Carole Lombard and Myrna Loy because they are my two favorite actresses and because, as far as I'm concerned, they have the glamor market completely sewed up. And when a dame who used to specialize in pithy conversation as Carole did, can make a guy who "knew her when" *believe* she's glamorous—baby, that's not only glamor, it's ACADEMY AWARD acting.

The first medal of the year goes to Richard Arlen because he's had the first medal ever since this department started; because this year he practically started his cinematic career over again without becoming embittered, and because after playing in golf tournaments for years with no results, he finally won one!

To Irene Dunne go the petunias because she is one of the figures to whom the industry can point with pride. No breath of scandal ever touches her and because with not a cent's worth of glamor to bless herself with, she contrives to get into the most successful pictures of the year.

W. C. Fields gets a medal because he is my favorite comedian, because he's good copy and because when you interview him he really "gives" even though occasionally he may ask you not to print what he "gives."

Claudette Colbert gets the bed of calla lilies, with my compliments, not only because she is more beautiful off-screen than on, but because she has developed from a fine dramatic actress into one of the best comediennes in the business.

Fernand Gravet rates a medal because I like him personally, because he isn't swell-headed or temperamental as most foreign stars are, and because I think he's going to be the next screen sensation.



Alice Faye seems a little disappointed.



Kay Francis has good reason to be happy.



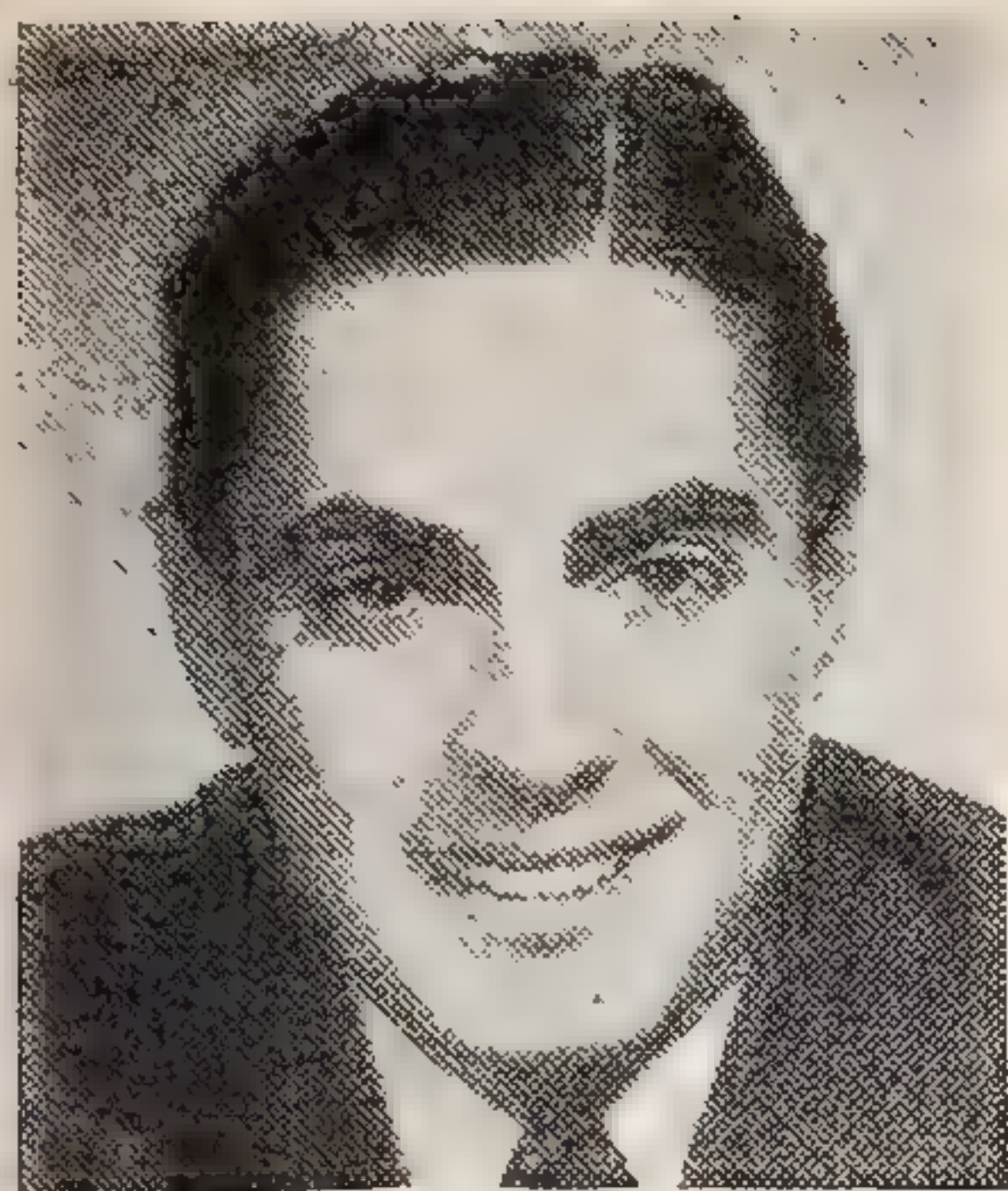
Anne Shirley prepares to take a nice bow.



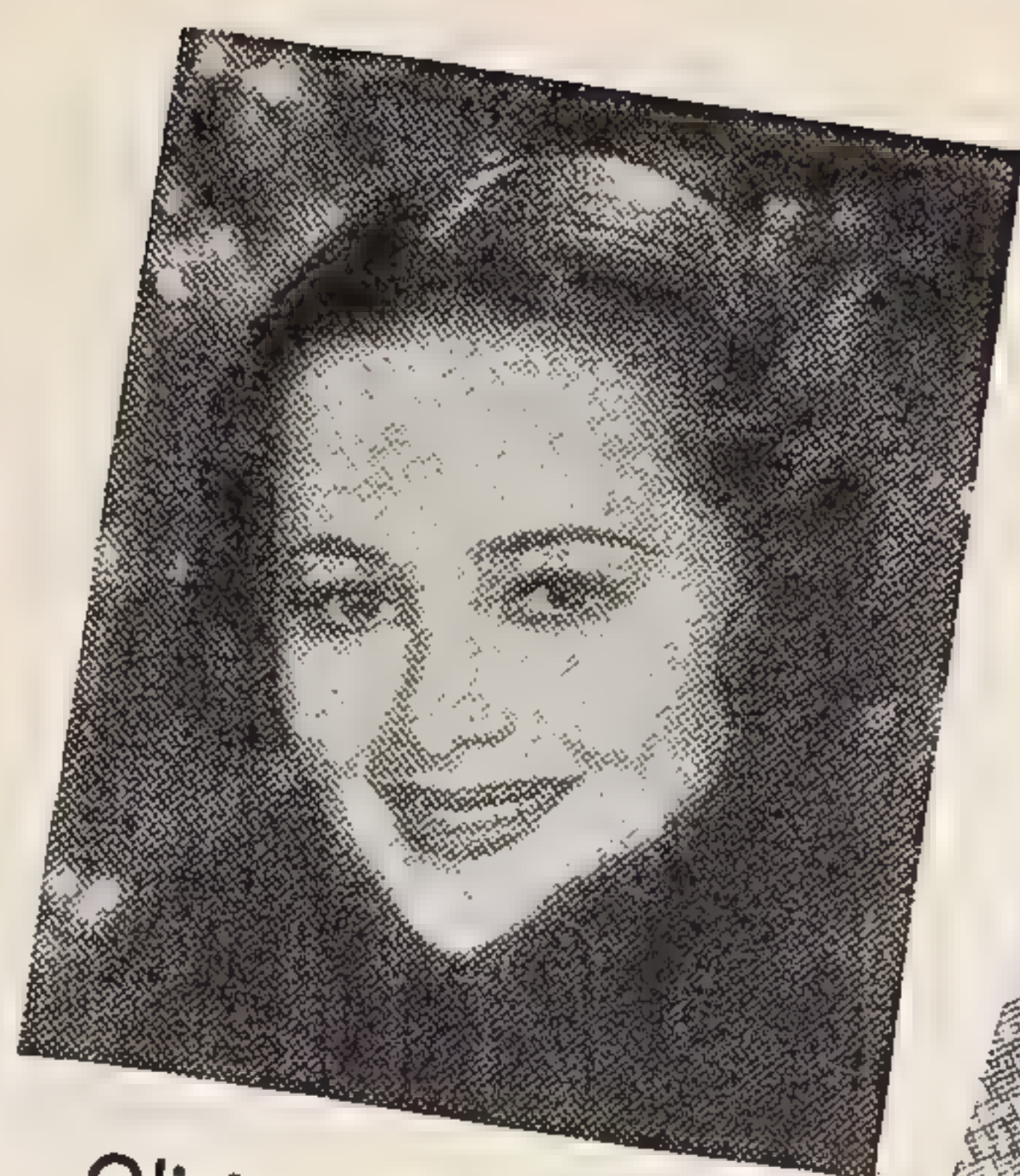
Jack Benny, as usual, is modest about it.



Ginger Rogers—it's a special award for her.



Tyrone Power smiles as he takes his bow.



Olivia de Havilland deserves her laurels.



Gary Cooper. Sure, he gets another medal!



Carole Lombard: girl who glorifies glamor.



Una Merkel makes believe she's surprised.



Joel McCrea, choice for a popular medal.



Annual frolic of a Hollywood Boswell distributing love and hisses according to his likes. You're free to cheer or jeer his awards as the stars march by

I'm handing over the bed of nasturtia to Joan Crawford because they're as vivid as her personality and because she gives as much thought and worry to her parts now as she did when she was fighting her way to the top. There's one girl who will never be content to rest on her laurels.

Oh, shush! If anyone is reading this it's only to find out who gets birds. So we might as well start handing them out.

Just as Arlen always gets the first medal, so Hepburn always gets the first bird. You were swell in "Stage Door," Katie, but aren't you *ever* going to get next to yourself and stop putting on that shrinking violet act? You're about as timid as a battleship.

And a bird for Nelson Eddy because I'm sick of reading about the "woman trouble" he has on every concert tour and because there ought to be a law against anyone who sings as beautifully as he does, being such a rotten actor.

And yet another bird for Jean Arthur because, with everything in the world to be thankful for, she's developed a persecution complex and all she does is sulk.

There! We'll proceed with the awards. The peonies go to Bette Davis because she is one of my favorite people, because she is the least temperamental star I know, and because when you query actors on who is the best actress in pictures those who don't say "Barbara Stanwyck" invariably say "Bette Davis."

Fred MacMurray rates a medal because he's such a swell guy and is still as tractable as when he first began getting the breaks. But, gee, Fred, can't you do *anything* about your acting?

The sweet Williams are for Ginger Rogers

because Ginger is also always so sweet. She's going to say something good about people if it kills her and—more important—she's the most graceful dancing girl on the screen.

An improved 1938 fourteen carat gold medal for Spencer Tracy because he is still the finest actor on the screen.

Virginia Bruce and Loretta Young can split the bed of camellias between them because that is the only flower I know comparable to their delicate beauty. Girls as lovely as these two need very little else to make life one grand sweet song for any man—or themselves, either.

A medal this year (of all things!) to Warren William—not because my opinion of his ability has changed but because he is making fewer and fewer pictures. I wish you all the luck in the world, Warren, and hope (*Please turn to page 84*)



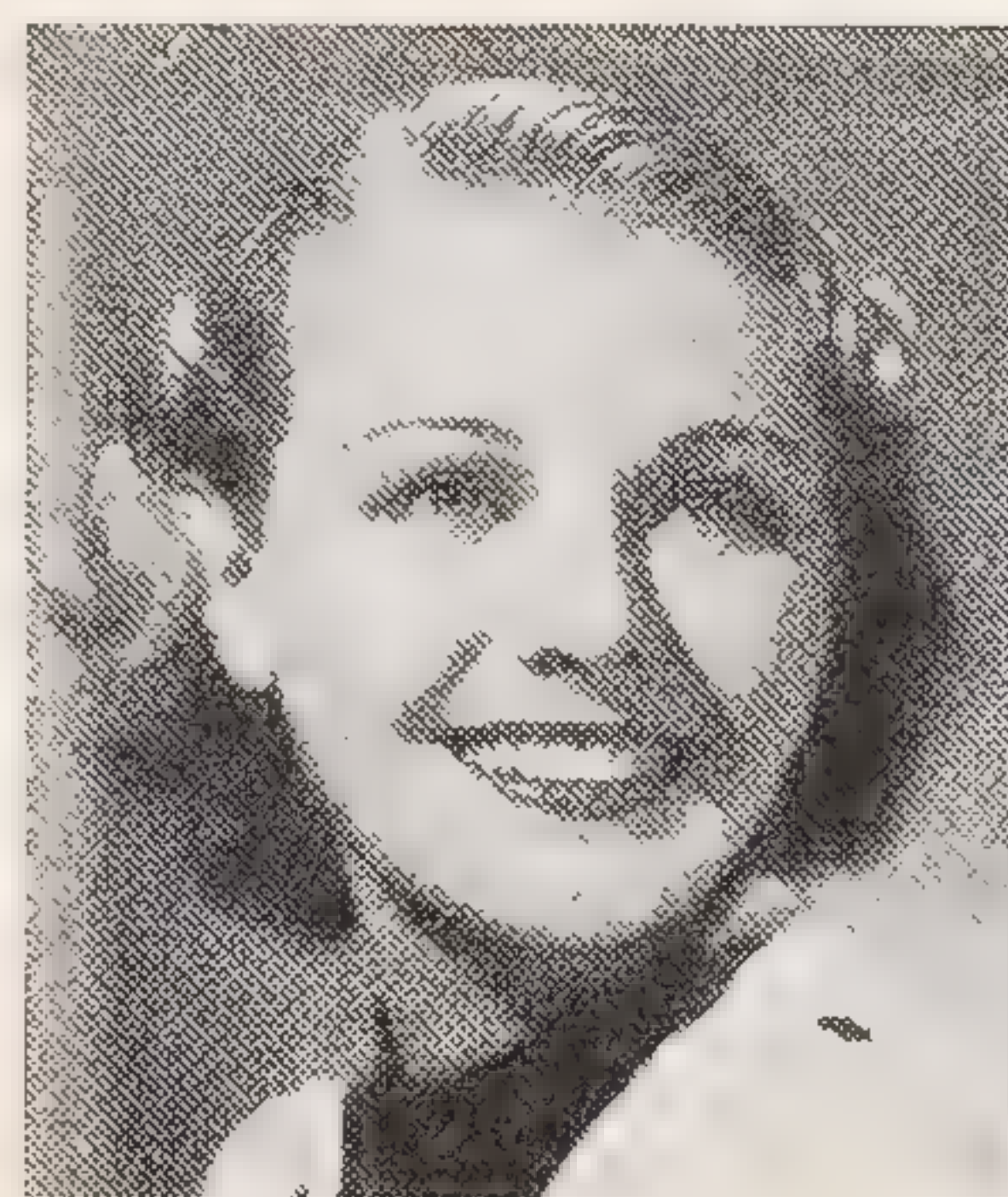
Claire Trevor—it's orchids for you, Claire.



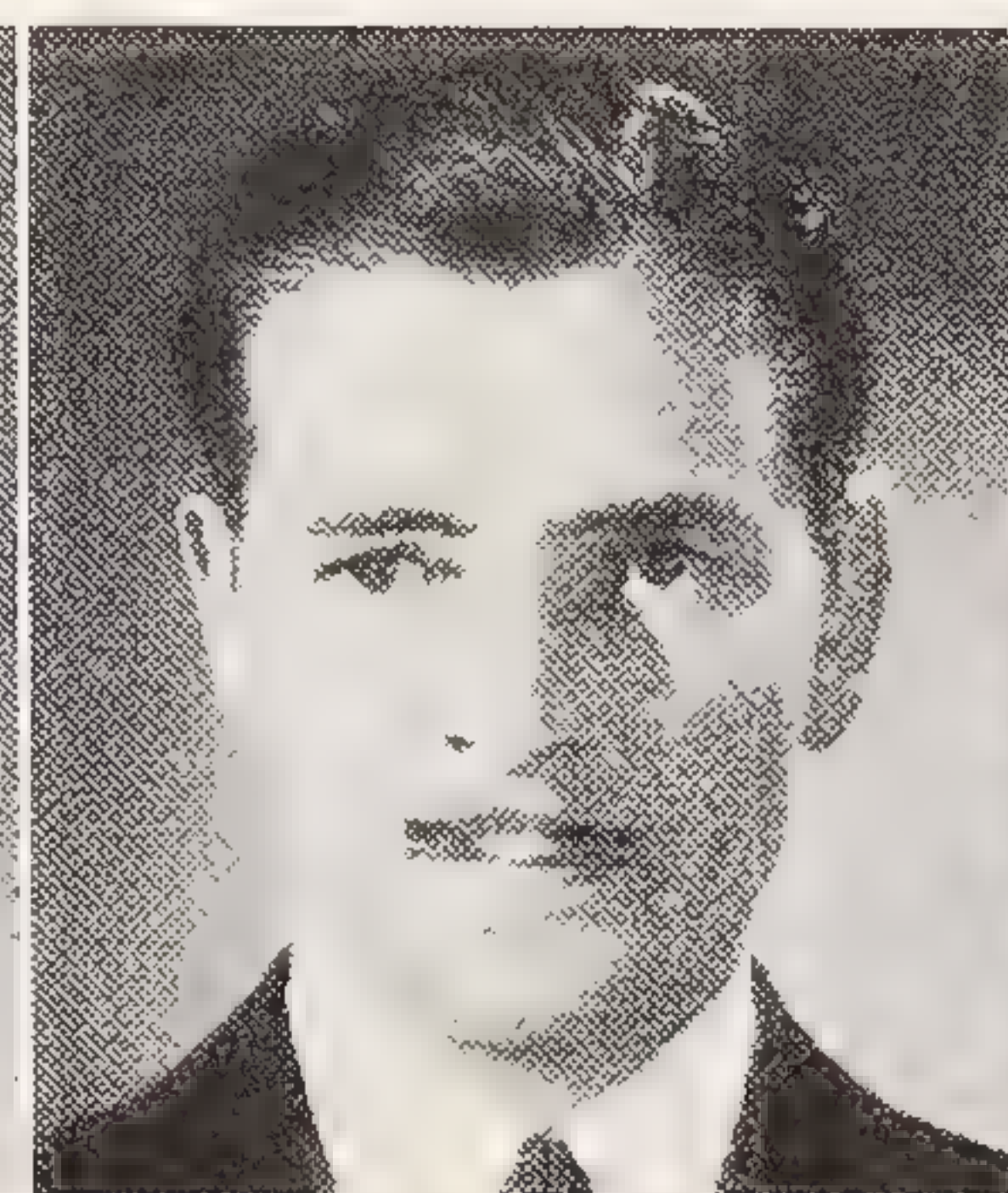
Irene Dunne, naturally, is picked for honors.



Helen Broderick wears the smile that wins.



Florence Rice: charm claims its just reward.



Ronald Colman continues to get prizes.



Martha Raye smiles, but does she mean it?



Confessions of a Come-Back

What's behind "Young Doug's" dramatic return to Hollywood importance? Here's his own vital, unvarnished story

By Dickson Morley

WHAT lies untold behind Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s return to Hollywood importance?

An inside tale worth telling! It has an unsuspected twist, too—this absorbing, well-hidden drama of the "lucky" crown prince of the movies. Amazingly, he has never been lucky at all!

Suddenly he lost out. He had so much, apparently. The sweeping devotion of Joan Crawford. A valuable, long-term starring contract. The prestige of being the sole heir of film-land's first family.

With appalling swiftness, with little warning, everything that mattered most to him seemed to crash down upon his head. He was finished with his exciting marriage, with Joan who had meant all there was of love to him. But emotional bewilderment was only part of what he had to face. Before that year was over, that bitter year, his star deal ended, also. A final, ironic slap of fate was the break-up of Pickfair.

Douglas dropped out of the bright spotlight. He went to England to begin anew, making but infrequent appearances here. Yet today, after a lapse of four mysterious years, he is once more a significant figure on the Hollywood scene. He's teaming to applause with the foremost feminine stars, is in great demand on the radio.

I found him on a busy set, looking and feeling better than he ever has. The hundred men and women RKO had lighting and photographing and accentuating him in "The Joy of Loving" mulled about us and Douglas wasn't distracted in the least. Irene Dunne had with-



That smile belongs to a young man who has been a part of Hollywood history ever since he was born. Today, after four experimental years, he returns to big movie jobs with zest, playing opposite Ginger Rogers, Irene Dunne. Left above, with his father, Fairbanks the first. Right above, when he was Joan Crawford's "Dodo."

drawn to her swanky dressing-room while the director went into an involved conference with an ace scenarist.

I said, "Wouldn't it be easier for us to talk if we retired to your handy dressing-room?" He laughed. "Perhaps," he admitted, "if I had one!" I remembered, at this reply, how he'd been when first a star. Then his set retreat had been conspicuous. He had the finest portable star lounge in Hollywood history. Joan gave it to him—the best was none too good for Dodo.

Dodo? This intelligent, capable actor called that often in public places? Yes, in his past. When he was rapturously in love Joan called him (*Continued on page 89*)



She started it all! "My Man Godfrey," "Nothing Sacred," and "True Confession" established Carole as the leading femme zany of the screen. Now she's teasing the popular Frenchman, Fernand Gravet. Although the stars had never met until the director introduced them on the set for the first day's shooting of "Food for Scandal," they began laughing and they haven't stopped since.



Left, the first scene "shot" for the Lombard-Gravet co-starring sparkler. Above, three close-ups of Hollywood's loveliest clown. At left, below, producer-director Mervyn LeRoy explains the next scene in one of the few serious moments on this carefree set. At right below, Carole and Fernand go into their giggle. The gay American girl and the debonair Frenchman share a flair for comedy.

Call Them "Laugh Teams" Now

The old Hollywood "love team" is dated. Today, a star like Lombard demands humor in her screen mates, and Fernand Gravet supplies the satirical note in heroes



C. Kenneth Lobden

As carefully posed, expensively photographed, meticulously retouched art studies go, these of Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland in "Her Jungle Love" are skilfull and eye-filling — especially Dor, at left, and at right below. With Ray, the Lamour loveliness poses exotically for the amorous episodes, at right and below. Now, is this your idea of satisfying Hollywood "art"?



Shall We Be Arty?

Here are typical "Hollywood art studies" of a beautiful girl, a handsome man, and nature being lush. How'd you like it?



It's up to you! Readers, and lookers, of SCREENLAND may make your choice. If you select the beautiful, but obviously posed type of art as exemplified on the opposite page, we'll give you most of that, not so much of this! Personally, we think the candid on this page are more fun. We know Dorothy Lamour is a real beauty, and admire her the more for submitting to candid camera inquisition when she's all bedraggled between strenuous scenes. Below, Dot and Ray rest while repairing ravages of swimming scene. Center, a candid close-up. At left below, the weary but game stars wait while a member of the technical staff tests for the cameraman.



Or Shall We Be Candid?



Now, here's the other extreme in Hollywood art, the frankly unposed, actually "candid" stuff. Which do you prefer?

Busby Berkeley, director of "Hollywood Hotel," had the pleasant task of telling Dick Powell just how to make love to Rosemary Lane. Below, and right, Mr. Berkeley is illustrating. As Mr. Astaire would say, "Nice work if you can get it."



Nice Work—

Go west, young man, and try to become a movie director, whose career is longer, and usually livelier, than any star's. Here's pictorial proof

You might think the director of a \$2,000,000 film for Sam Goldwyn would have his troubles. And you'd be right. But he also has his moments, as George Marshall, megaphoning "The Goldwyn Follies," proves in our pictures, beginning at left center and concluding directly at left. Mr. Marshall first gives ballerina Vera Zorina a little lecture on love-making, then warms to his work and proceeds to a soul-searing demonstration. We hate to report that it's all for a comedy love scene with one of the Ritz Brothers. Bam—another beeg illusion gone!



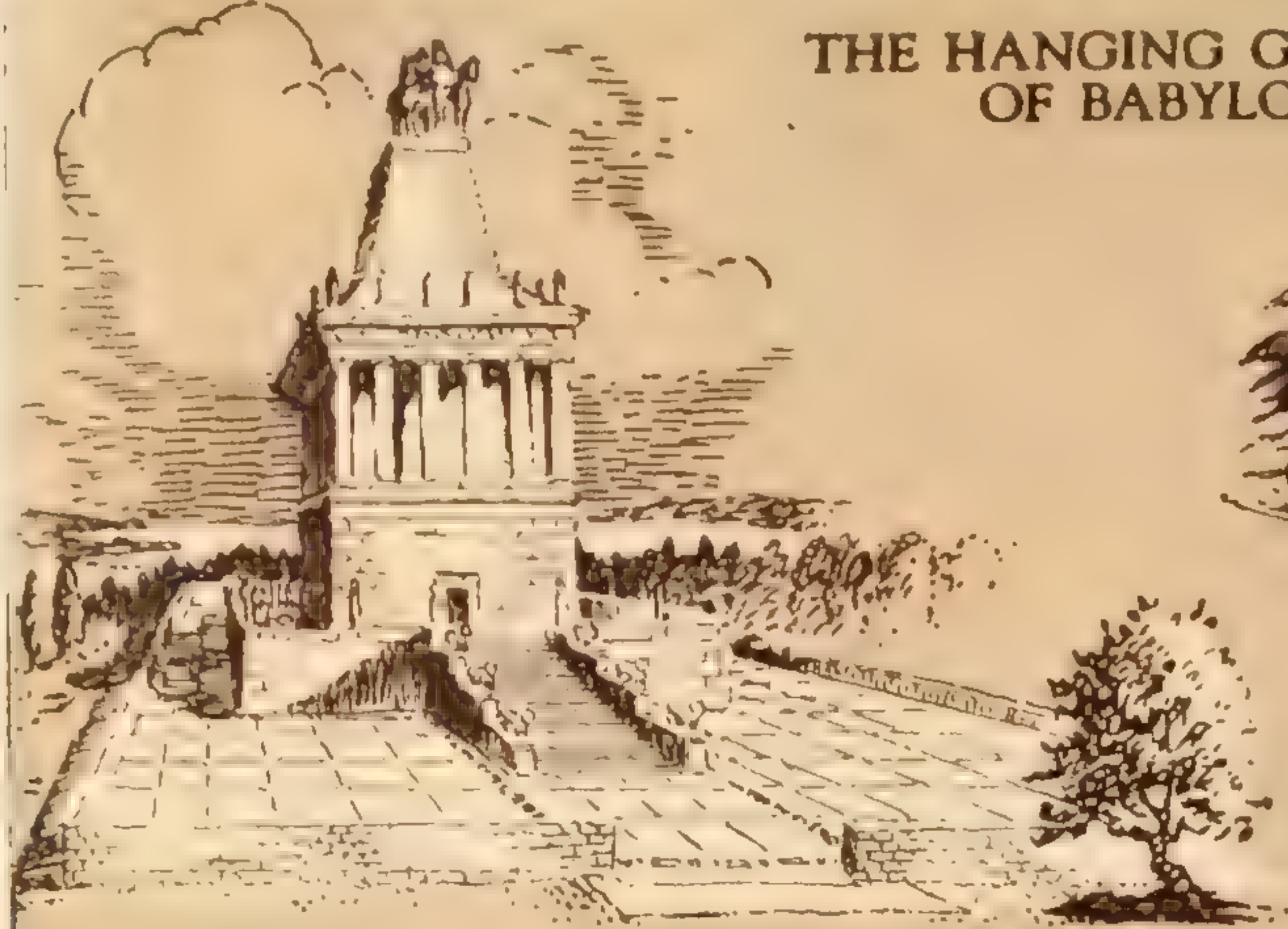
Director Lubitsch of the world-famous "touches" enjoys his work, and no wonder: roses from his star Claudette Colbert, cigars from co-star Gary Cooper. Left, a laugh between scenes of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"—yes, Gary at left. Then Lubitsch pacing for inspiration; and, at far left, the game of "Brushing the Dime" off David Niven's hand. Try it: put dime in palm of your hand and let someone try to brush it off with a whisk broom. Well, try it and see how easy!

And They've Got It!

Directing Myrna Loy and Clark Gable may be hard work to Victor Fleming, but it looks good to us—upper right center. Bob Leonard directs Jeanette MacDonald in western scene below; Priscilla Lawson (Mrs. Alan Curtis), center below; and Miss MacDonald and Walter Pidgeon, at right below—all for "Girl of the Golden West." Yippee!



THE HANGING GARDENS
OF BABYLON



THE MAUSOLEUM AT HALICARNASSUS

The 7 Wonders of the Ancient World

THE PHAROS OF
ALEXANDRIA



THE STATUE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA



SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S
PRODUCING GENIUS

Colossus of
cinema mag-
nificence and
daring enter-
prise—and
mispro-
nounced words
—but never a
dull picture



GRETA GARBO'S EYES

That old Pharos of Alexan-
dria boasted a beacon, but
none so glowing as Garbo's
eyes, and art



PAUL MUNI'S DISGUISES

The Pyramids remain a mys-
tery—but could those Egyp-
tians ever have penetrated a
Muni disguise?

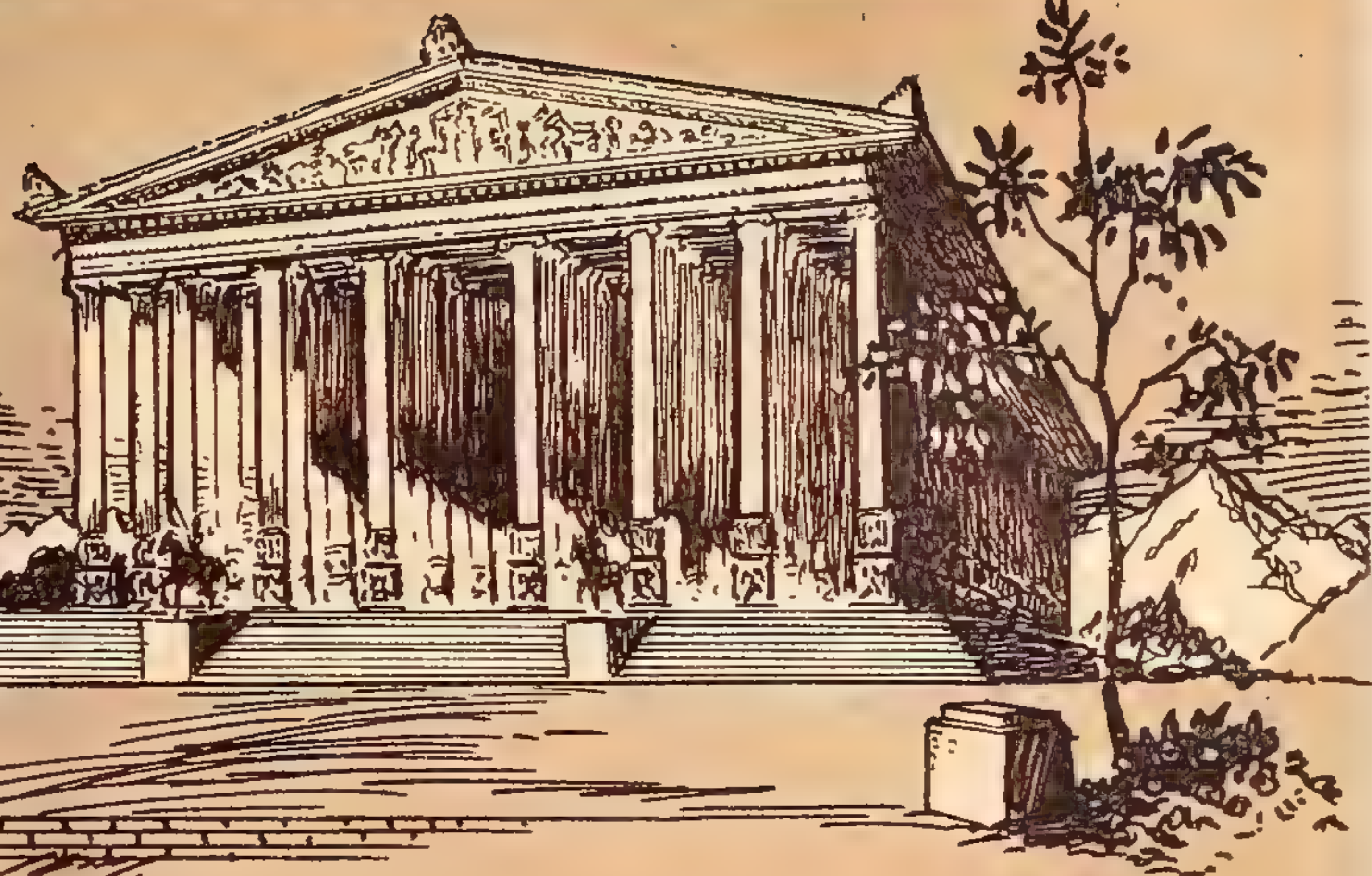
FRED ASTAIRE'S
DANCING FEET

Speak of hanging
gardens, but give
us Fred's suspended
poetry in motion

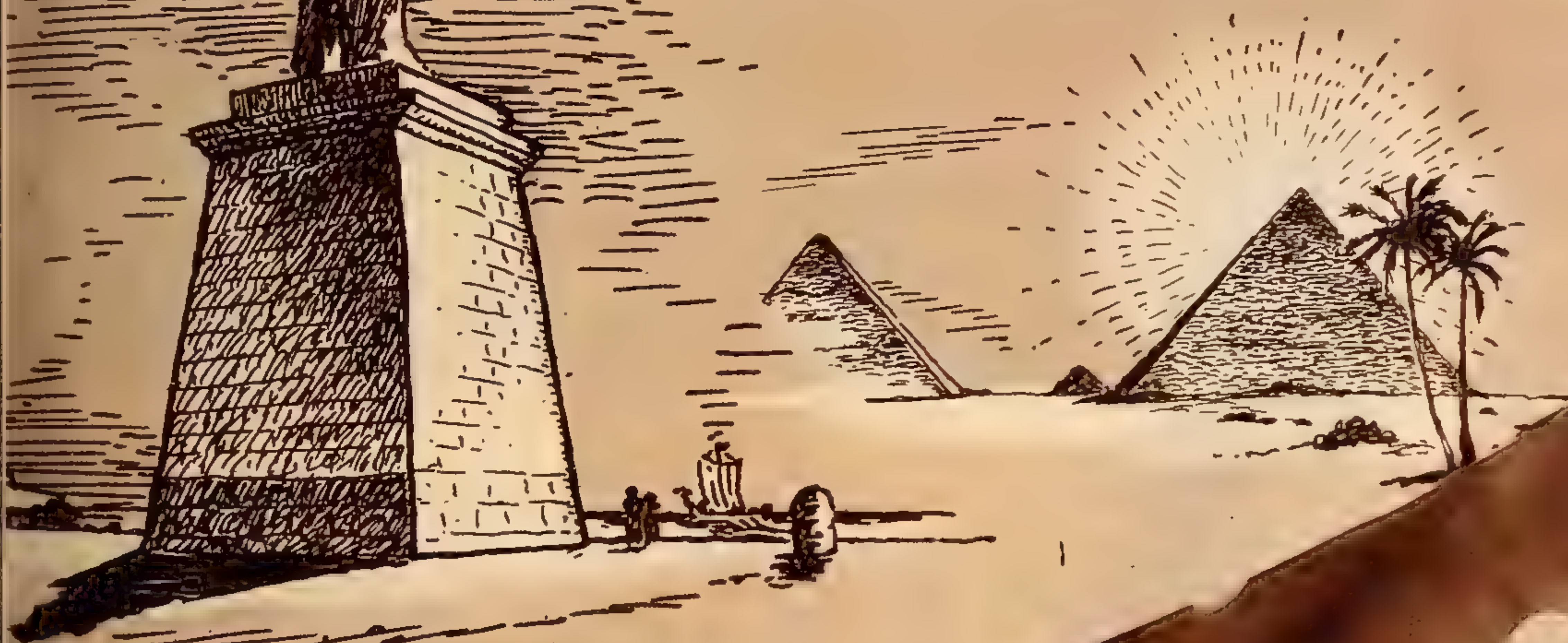
The ancients thought they had something there, but to hear Hollywood tell it, they never had anything!



THE GREAT PYRAMID



THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHEBUS



THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES



MARLENE DIETRICH'S LEGS

It was about the statue of Zeus that it was written, "The sight of the figure would make a man forget his troubles." The same goes for matchless Marlene

The 7 Wonders of Modern Hollywood



SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S CHARM

That Temple of Diana was exquisite, but Shirley is a miniature temple of ageless art

ROBERT TAYLOR'S SEX MENACE

Mightier than ancient wonders—consult any 'teen-age girl fan



Rushing the Season



On this good earth there's nothing more exciting than the thrill of sailing, says Dick Powell, who, as you see above, has become a right good seaman. He's handling his own boat, the Galatea—a 64-foot yawl. Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald like to explore the countryside on horseback, left, and they are busy getting their favorite saddle horses into good trim for a Spring of activity on the bridge paths.



Carole Lombard, left, and Ginger Rogers, below, don briefly smart togs and go very near the water—Carole to the seashore and Ginger to a mountain lake for some canoeing.



Hollywood, as usual,
takes the lead and hurries
ahead into the sunshine
to speed up Spring and
bring on playtime



Wayne Morris couldn't wait for Spring to get into a real tennis stride. Here Wayne is, below, out on the practice courts receiving and returning all the hard shots his instructor can think up and shoot over the net. Right, Ann Sheridan and her husband, Eddie Norris, are enthusiastic about fishing off the surf, and it looks like they know how to hook and pull in those finny fellows that swim about Pacific shores.



Eleanor Powell does some bicycling on her holiday from the studios, as shown below. Right, a brand new note in beach and play wear is struck by Frances Drake.





IF—you have the youthful lure
of Priscilla Lane (above)

You, Too,
Can Crash
Hollywood
IF—!



IF—you have the lus-
cious voice of Ilona
Massey (above)

IF—you have the vi-
vacity of Marjorie
Weaver (left)

IF—you have the poise
of Gail Patrick
(right)





IF—you have the
seductive fresh-
ness of Lynn
Carver (above)



IF—you have the
beauty of Do-
lores Del Rio
(right)



you have the clean-cut
sincerity of Claire
Evor (above)

you have the ret-
assé charm of Myrna
y (right)

you have the exotic-
n of Anna May Wong
r right).

BIT—have you?



SIDESHOW

The candid camera turns on between-scenes byplay and you see some fun the screen missed

Cause and effect takes a funny turn naturally, with W. C. Fields. What a doctor ordered tasted bad, smelled worse but Bill downed the dose, far left, and then decided he was entitled to go play with his toys. It's the logical follow-through, says Bill: when they order you around like a boy, for the good of your health, be a boy and maybe some good will come of it. A borrowed motor bike can be fun, at that.



Above: Edward G. Robinson receives a visit from his son, Manny on the "A Slight Case of Murder" set, and leading lady Jane Bryan joins the group; next a close-up as the star gives some good advice to Bobby Jordan, whom you saw in "Dead End." Next, time out for lunch; and finally, Eddie entertains his youthful cast-mates with a stirring yarn.

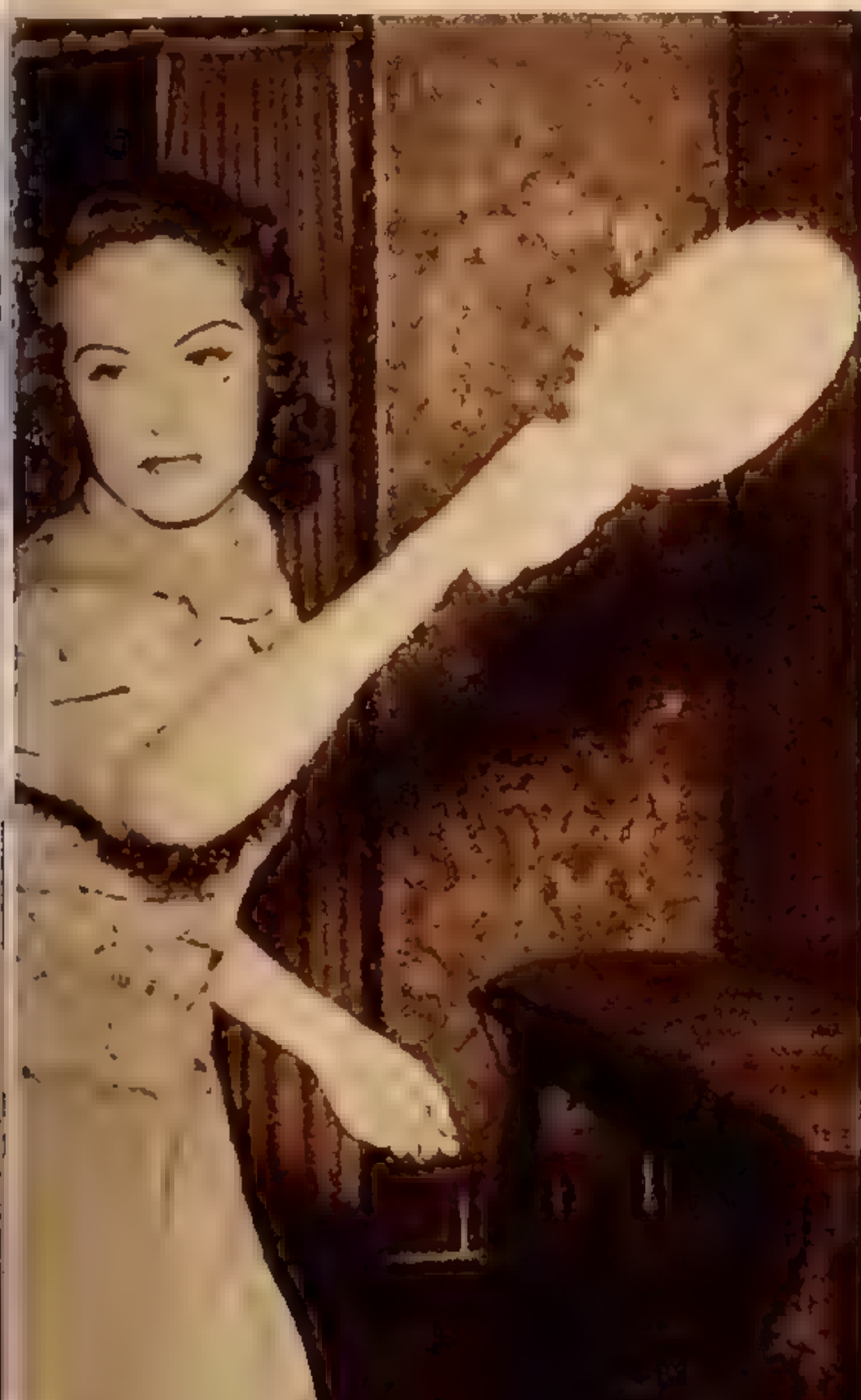


SCENARIOS

Etter Lillie, of stage, radio, and sometimes the movies, didn't need a script to show her how to be funny on the set. In "Dr. Rhythm" she discovered Rudy Devine, a fellow player in Bing Crosby's new picture, and tried the broadening facilities of an oxy-tank, and then went on from there to a mammy song by easy stages to something really angelic.



Stories in action! Left, opposite page, Claude Rains gets a 12th century head of hair from a hairdresser on the staff of Perc Westmore, for his part in "Robin Hood." Below from left to right, Fay Wray works her play up to a winning shot in a ping-pong match that gave her the laugh over her opponent in the sport at which Fay excels.



This Way, Folks!



It's a carnival of fun when the three ring circus comes to Bing Crosby set, with a side show between eve camera take for "Dr. Rhythm"



Ling and the boys grow younger; below, Rufe Davis, Sterling Holloway, Andy Devine and Crosby recall their (movie) school days. Bing, Andy and Big Ann the elephant swing it, top right, and win the affection of the chimp, center. Bing and Andy talked about it so much at home their boys, Bing's son, far right, and Andy's, lower right, came to see the show. Above, Andy undergoes repairs. Right, Bing, needing some rest from the circus on the set, relaxes.



"THE KID COMES BACK"



*The laughing,
larruping hero of
"Kid Galahad"!*

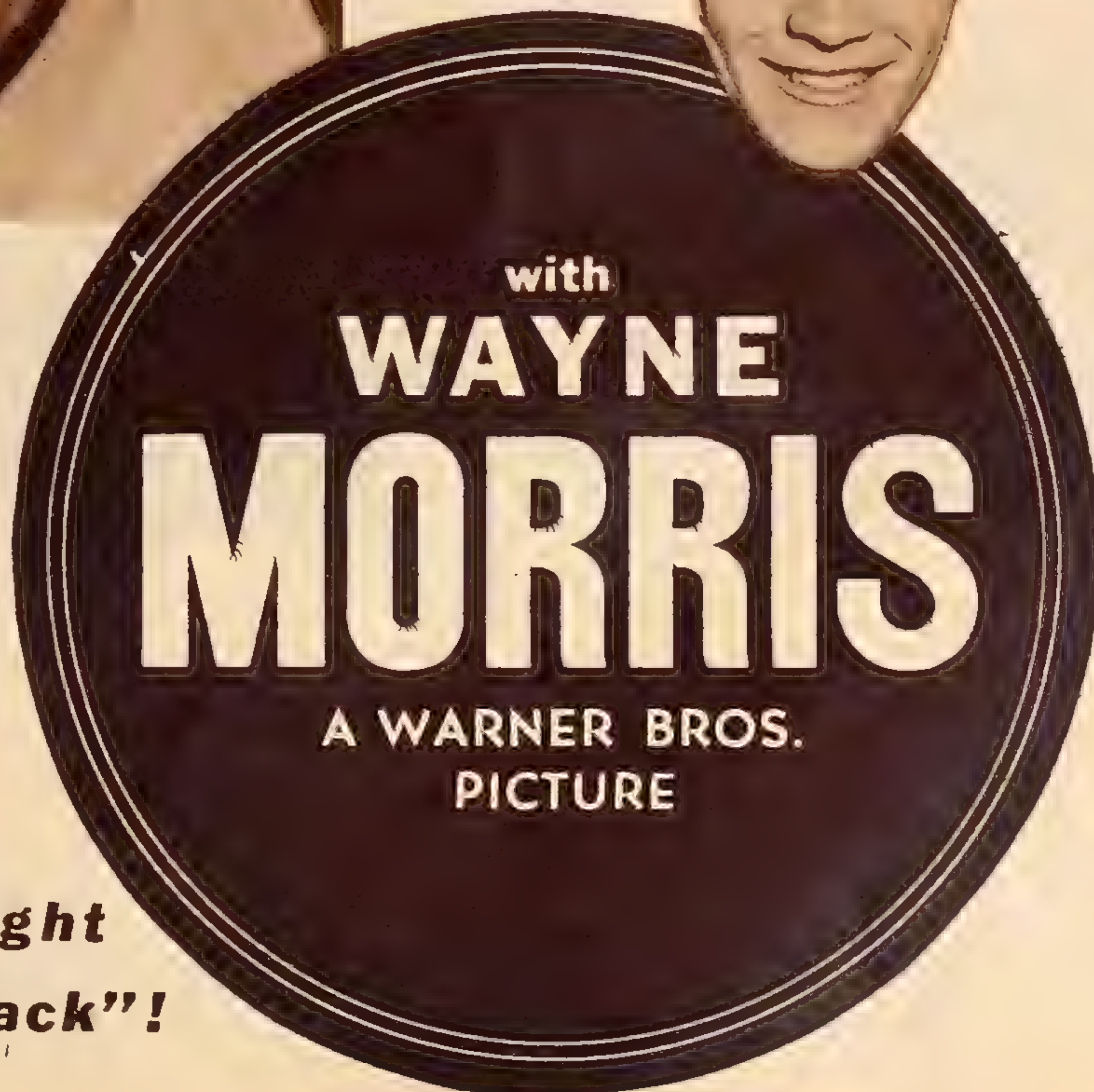
*The heart-break-
ing, chin-busting
gob of "Sub-
marine D-1"!*



Speeding to stardom faster than any other screen hero in years! Here's the daring, dashing new thrill in boy friends, with the devil in his eyes, a wallop in his mitt and heaven in his arms! Winning millions of hearts in every role he plays! See him now—more exciting than ever—in the tingling romance of a fightin' fool who knew how to love!

•

***Shooting another love punch straight
to your heart in "The Kid Comes Back"!***



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "Having
Wonderful Time"

Ginger Rogers, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., her leading man, a big company of players, and a vast crew of technicians, journeyed to Big Bear Lake in California's beautiful San Bernardino Mountains to make all the outdoor scenes for the screen version of the stage play, "Having Wonderful Time." The brisk banter of the dialogue, the crisp youth and freshness of the actors, the very modern motif played against one of Mother Nature's better backdrops—all augur success for this important new picture.



New Glamor for "Gamby"

By
Tom Kennedy

How a brilliant ballet star decided to "show Hollywood" by turning to drama, became the pet of royalty, and embarked on a new career. Maria Gambarelli's more-fascinating-than-fiction story

Maria Gambarelli, christened "Gamby" by the late beloved "Roxy," was the baby of the famous "Gang." Now she becomes an international screen figure and heroine of the glamorous "Command Performance" related in this exclusive story. The two close-up portraits show her as the star of the European picture, "Dr. Antonio."

HOLLYWOOD wouldn't believe her, so the little ballet dancer whose name had blazed alongside that of the Garbos, Shearers, and Crawfords in electric headlining attractions at one of New York's most famous picture theatres, went sailing away to Europe to play a dramatic part in a picture—just to show Hollywood she could.

You know the little ballet dancer by a nickname that became famous over the radio, as well as her full name of Maria Gambarelli—the same "Gamby" who thrilled audiences at the Capitol theatre during the Roxy regime of pictures, symphony orchestras and elaborate ballet presentations.

Gamby came sailing back to these home shores not so

long ago and, this being a story not about defeat but one of a thrilling triumph, she was not disillusioned, despite the fact that snuggled close to her as the most prized token of her trip to Rome was not a sample reel of the film she made there, but a portrait enclosed in a silver frame with a royal crest set in gold on its upper border. The portrait is that of Italy's queen, bearing Her Majesty's signature "Elena" across its lower right corner. A queenly reminder of that most thrilling of triumphs that come to the artist receiving the distinction of selection for a "command performance at court."

Many a storybook, play and picture has enraptured the public with its dramatic theme resting solely upon the stirring climax wherein the heroine achieves the ultimate success of appearing before the king and queen in their palace and winning the applause of royal assemblages. We found the little Gambarelli's recital of her Command Performance in court at the Eternal City as exciting as it was illuminating of the thoughts and emotional reactions that fill the mind and palpitate the heart of an artist on such a supreme occasion of her career.

The stories of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Cinderella" oddly merged to make a fictional parallel we unconsciously sought for this story the petite blue-eyed dancer unfolded as she told us what happens when a star gives a Command Appearance.

Wide-eyed, in vivid recollection of the bewilderment that comes with the realization of nearly every performer's ambition to make a Command Appearance,

(Please turn to page 86)



IN OLD CHICAGO—20th Century-Fox



BEST screen show you can find anywhere—don't miss it! Movie spectacle in the gaudily grand manner, it is also curiously convincing. Mr. Darryl Zanuck's *Chicago Fire* is a four-alarm epic, but it is not the whole show of his big picture. What we might call the prelude is good, too. "In Old Chicago" is solidly built on a foundation of strong, believable human drama—its O'Leary family become the most believable flesh and blood people of the screen season; caring what happens to the tribe is the real reason for your excitement at the Fire—which lasts a good half hour, singes your soul and almost your eyelashes, and sends you out wanting to decorate today's brave and efficient fire laddies on both cheeks. It's a magnificently awesome sight, Mr. Zanuck's fire. But his robust, romantic melodrama of old Chicago before the big blaze, recorded with so much gusto and bluff good humor, also is something to see. Tyrone Power plays a handsome rogue, pride and despair of Mrs. O'Leary's heart, in dashing, daredevil fashion—his best performance to date. Alice Brady is a grand Ma O'Leary—her best job, too. Alice Faye as the notorious but nice *Belle Fawcett* sings and acts vibrantly—how you'll like those Rabelaisian love scenes!



MANNEQUIN—M-G-M



SEEING Spencer Tracy as a Cinderella Man has almost unnerved me, so I can only advise, as to "Mannequin," that all Joan Crawford's fans must not miss it, and all doubters must look twice before they leap to the ticket window. You see, it is the super-Cinderella picture. Not only is Joan Cinderella again, which is all right if you can take it; but Spencer Tracy becomes the Cinderella Man, his first altogether unbelievable acting job, and not his fault, either. He's a self-made tycoon with a heart of gold—all right so far. He falls in love with Joan, very much all right, too. But when he takes to seeing her ghost on the terrace, and mooning around generally—then not even the Terrific Tracy can make me believe it. Manufactured to formula as all Crawford pictures seem to be these days, "Mannequin" may appeal, with its gimcrack glamor, to some eager addicts. It has a lavish fashion show, Joan in many guises, and the false appeal of the rags-to-riches plot. There are some scenes at the start in which the star shows considerable emotional power and poignancy, with Alan Curtis, the newcomer, playing her caddish lover in acceptable style. In fact, Mr. Curtis didn't seem a cad. He's the film's most honest contribution.



Reviews of the best Pictures by

Delight Evans



SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS—Disney-RKO



MOST daring picture on current screens! What, you say, a Walt Disney picture, and daring? And I repeat—yes, definitely daring. Producer Disney has taken the boldest step of his brilliant career in making a full-length fairy-tale with cartoon characters. He succeeds in this as he has in everything he has ever undertaken—for Disney is a real pioneer in a new art medium; a great artist with the biggest canvas ever stretched. Here is the good, old familiar fairy-tale by the Grimm Brothers, told in terms of animated drawings, all in color—with more suspense than any other screenplay of the season—well, perhaps we can except "In Old Chicago," if you insist—and more true humor, and charm, and liveliness, and imagination, and beauty. You will, I swear, be captivated by the little heroine, enthralled by her adventures in the wood, her encounter with the Seven Dwarfs, her bewitchment by the wicked queen; you'll rejoice at her rescue by Prince Charming—in a word, you'll be young again. New and delightful Disney animals—rabbits, deer, other woodland creatures—to charm you; Snow White herself is a miracle of girlish grace; the Dwarfs—well, you'll be humming their jolly Hi-Ho song and counting 'em in your sleep.

SUPER-SHOWS:

"In Old Chicago"

"The Buccaneer"

RARE TREAT:

"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"

BEST MUSICAL:

"Hollywood Hotel"

SMASHES:

Tyrone Power in "In Old Chicago"

Alice Brady, Alice Faye in "In Old Chicago"

Fredric March in "The Buccaneer"

DISCOVERIES:

Franciska Gaal in "The Buccaneer"

Snow White



THE BUCCANEER—Paramount



DIRECTOR Cecil B. DeMille's annual spectacle does not disappoint. It's another super-show from the veteran showman, produced with speed and spirit, acted with admirable gallantry by a splendid cast. Mr. DeMille, bless his heart, soul, and puttees, is still making true movies. Of course, they are more sumptuous than of old; they boast sound effects—in fact, the finest, noisiest sound effects anyone could ask; they employ bigger and better actors, enlisting in this case not only Swashbuckler Number One of the Cinema, Mr. Fredric March, but a graduate of the Moscow Art Theatres, a new Continental charmer, a British beauty, and Ian Keith and Montagu Love—an histrionic circus if there ever was one; but in spite of all these impressive modern improvements, DeMille pictures never forget to keep moving. There may be too much carnage in "The Buccaneer" for your special taste, as for mine; but since it's a picture about the pirate, *Jean LaFitte*, swashbuckling is quite in order, and DeMille makes the most of it. It's really a grand show. Mr. March is immeasurably better than in "Anthony Adverse." New charmer, Mlle. Gaal, stresses her charm. Akim Tamiroff and Margot Grahame are excellent.



HOLLYWOOD HOTEL—Warner Bros.



THIS is double-barreled entertainment—fun for film fans, fun for radio fanatics. For the first time, Hollywood turns the table on radio and puts an air program upon the screen. Louella Parsons' popular "Hollywood Hotel" hour is lifted bodily from the broadcast lanes into the jumping gelatines, with all the attractions intact, including Louella—who becomes the first lady chatterer to take the leap from etherizing to movie emoting, and with apparent ease and assurance. The radio program is only part of the entertainment which this picture has to offer, however. It's a breezy burlesque of both the radio and movie industries, with those "inside" glimpses of Hollywood; with Dick Powell at his ingratiating best, and the Lane Sisters, Rosemary and the more familiar Lola, providing potent girl appeal. Lola plays the temperamental movie star to end all such caricatures, and plays it to the hilt. Sister Rosemary is the actual heroine who impersonates the star—how this girl can put over a song. Speaking of songs, there's a slew of singables here. The high spot for me was Benny Goodman's number; for others, it may be Raymond Paige's specialty—both standout. You'll giggle at Hugh Herbert, enjoy Johnny Davis and Glenda Farrell.



MAN-PROOF—M-G-M



THE Society for the Rescue of Myrna Loy from Silly Pictures will welcome "Man-Proof." It gives our Myrna a chance to stop giggling for a moment and, in the absence of Thin Man Powell, to pull herself together and give a sensible performance. Oh, I don't mean *too* sensible. But she does NOT get herself smeared up as she did in "Double Wedding," and she DOES manage to sustain a genuine characterization, something I always suspected she could do if the scenario would give her a chance. She plays a thoroughly modern young woman who fancies herself cured of an infatuation for Mr. Pidgeon, particularly after he marries her rival, Rosalind Russell; but no sooner does she congratulate herself upon her emancipation than the endearing Loy wackiness crops up and she discovers she really loves Mr. Pidgeon, after all. From then on "Man-Proof" becomes fairly brisk entertainment, involving Mr. Tone's hopeful constancy, Mr. Pidgeon's lovable caddishness, Rosalind Russell's good sportsmanship, and always the Loy charm, which proves it is not dependent upon Bill Powell but can stand on its own. For women, "Man-Proof" should be fun; for men, too, if they like Myrna Loy, and if they don't, they're nice.

SCREENLAND Glamor School

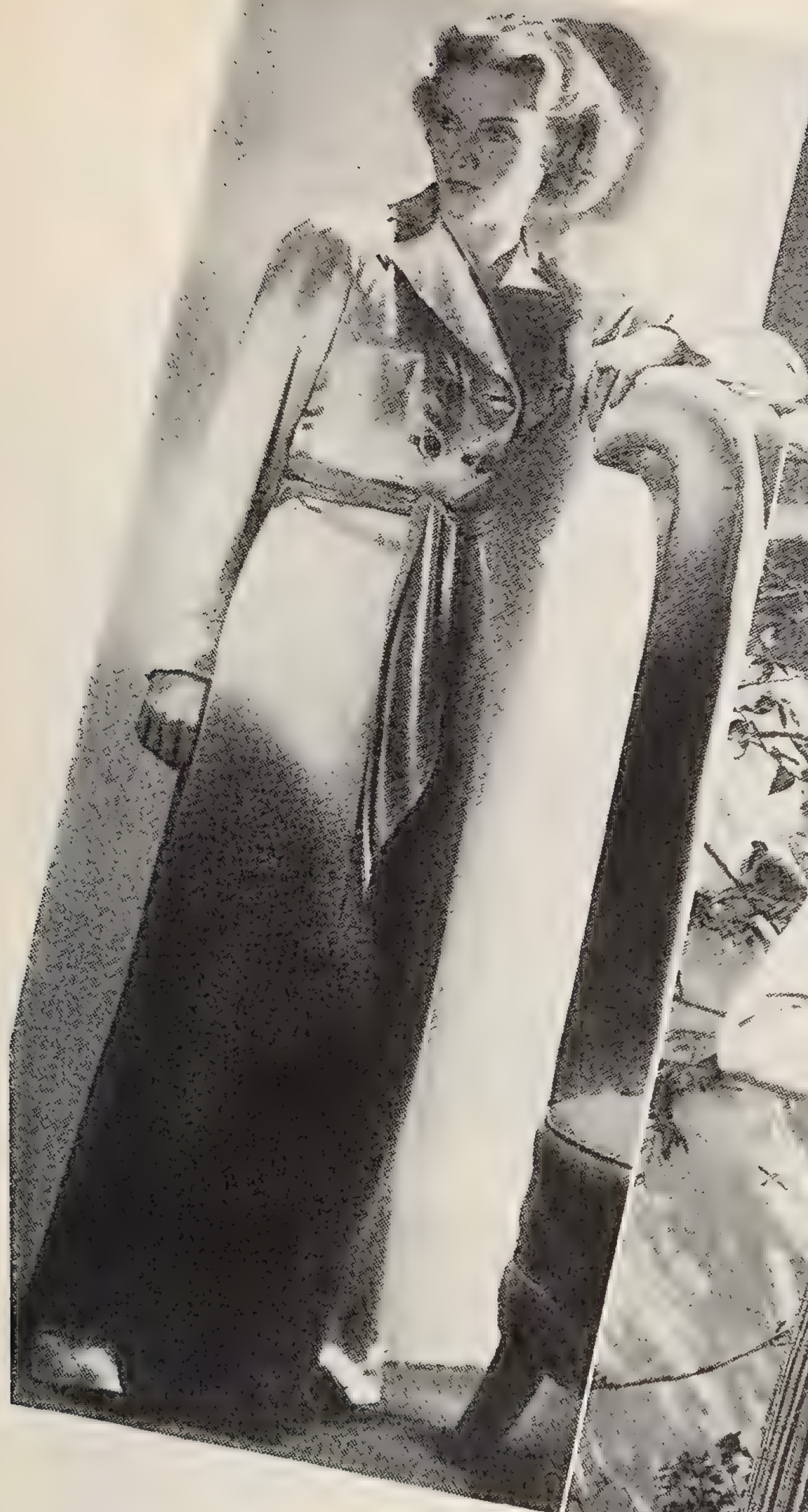
Edited by

Annabella

Your true Frenchwoman is born with clothes-sense, and Annabella, noted star of so many important Continental cinemas, is no exception. Her boudoir robe, at left, is a bewitching concoction of triple-sheer crepe with tiny puffed sleeves, basque bodice laced with satin, and a full circular skirt. Her white satin jacket boasts bands of maribou. Below, Annabella's pet play suit which she brought from Paris: one-piece natural linen with enormous white pearl buttons. At left below, her white suit with broad black lapels with bright embroidery.



Linen and shantung are a popular combination in France, and Annabella, below, tops her blue and white plaid linen skirt with a tailored jacket of heavy white silk shantung. See her open sandals of black lizard? At left, her sleek pale ice blue satin. Right, her black and white dinner suit by Schiaparelli, gracefully glamorous.



The far-famed chic of the Parisienne is no legend, but the sober truth—for the French girl is as practical as she is smart. Annabella's favorite house coat, pictured at far right, is extremely simple—of heavy ribbed silk in bright blue, with white zippers used as utility trimming on the snug-fitting long sleeves, the high pockets on the bodice, and for the entire front of the coat. You'll be seeing Annabella with William Powell in "The Baroness and the Butler."

French charm and chic personified is Annabella, now in Hollywood co-starring with William Powell. Here are the smart—and eminently practical selections from her personal wardrobe which Annabella chose to model for us in true Parisienne fashion



Simone Simon adores dashing prints. At far left, white butterflies chase themselves on her wine-colored silk frock. At left, her royal blue silk dress dotted with tiny white stars. Below, Ann Sothorn chose black and orange Persian brocade for her high pleated turban banded with black velvet ribbon, and her pouch handbag.



June Lang, at right, is the spirit of youthful gaiety in her waltz frock of iridescent blue and green moiré taffeta with its wide lapels, shirred bodice, saucy bows, and graceful skirt which flares into a train. You get a glimpse, too, of June's gold sandals inset with multi-colored stones.

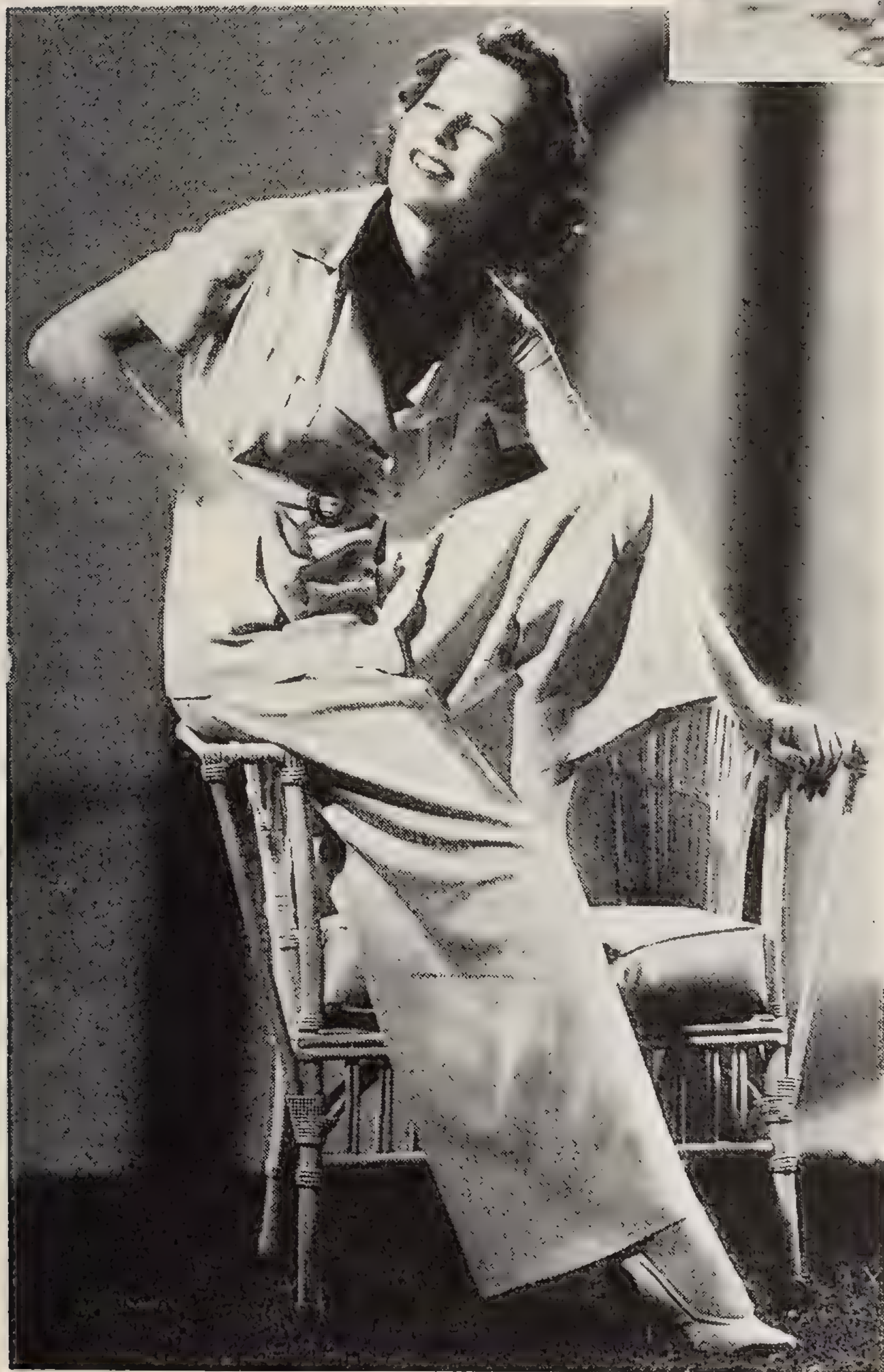


Screen
Style
Slants
Gay or Grand!

The British beauty, Vivien Leigh, below, who appears in the siren's rôle in Bob Taylor's English film, "A Yank at Oxford," wears a coat of cream serge stitched with nigger-brown silk and fastened with brown grained wood buckles. Wendy Barrie, at the bottom of the page, is gay in her natural menclo cloth slack suit.



Very grand and formal in the authentic Chinese fashion is Anna May Wong, at left, in her personally designed tunic of white satin brocade with a gold butterfly pattern. Pippings of gold braid are fastened with tiny gold butterflies and a gold lamé cape matches pleated trousers of the same fabric. Miss Wong, internationally distinguished for her exotic beauty and gorgeously simple clothes, as well as for her fine acting, poses below in another creation from her personal wardrobe—this time a dress of black satin piped in antique embroidered braid, and a black gauze cape which is striped in blue, red, and green silk thread.



Arlen Rides a New Hobby

TAKING pictures as a hobby was all but forced on Dick Arlen!

"Actors get so fed up with still pictures that it's a wonder the sight of a lens doesn't give us hydrophobia," he commented, as he emptied an envelope of negatives onto the couch between us. "Every time you think you have a free hour, along comes a man with a little black box, crying: 'Hold it!' or 'Would you mind just putting on this hat? or standing on the running board of this car? or downing a mouthful of this breakfast food and looking pleased?'"

"When I first broke into films, I thought anyone who owned a kodak he didn't have to use because it was his job, must be crazy.

"I remember one year I went to New York to do a picture and the gang at the studios there presented me with a camera, a make called 'Pressman,' sort of Graflex type with a big box that you look down into to find your sub-

ject. I thanked them, and was glad they liked me well enough to spend their money on me, but privately I wondered why anyone wanted such a thing. It seemed to me that a fellow who spent half his life in front of a lens ought to avoid spending the other half behind one.

"Then I got married. Joby had a box camera she liked to use sometimes, and I thought she was cute with it, but a little screwy.

"But cameras wouldn't let me alone. People gave them to me—I found a Leica on my Christmas tree, and an Ansco among my birthday gifts. Of course I said: 'Thanks. Just what I wanted!' and put them safely away for what I thought was keeps.

"Then came the candid camera fad. I suppose it had been here all along, but it didn't bother me until I found that wherever I went my friends were all bringing out their little machines and going 'click,' and exhibiting their results and boasting about the shots they got at the

races and why yellow filters are better than red ones, or the other way around. It began to sound interesting, and I got out my cameras again.

"It's just one of my hobbies, though, even now. I like golf and boats, too. The trouble with my pictures is that after I've taken them and looked at them once, they sort of disappear. People pick them up, if they happen to be in them, or I lose them.

"Up to now, I haven't had any amazing success with the Leica. I can't tell much from the tiny negatives and by the time they're blown up I've forgotten what stop I used, so I don't know how to regulate the next one in reference to that. I expect to master it shortly, though."

Dick would have liked to try his luck with pictures when he

Snapped by Richard Arlen: Virginia Bruce, her daughter, Susan Ann Gilbert, and Dick's son, Ricky. Bottom right, the Bing Crosby twins. Below, Lake Louise. Center left, hunting scene. Bottom, Charles Farrell and Jack Oakie.



Dick battled the candid fever long and bravely, but now—next to golf and sailing—he gets his biggest kick sharpshooting with a camera

By Ruth Tildesley

was in England, but he didn't have any of his cameras with him.

"There's so much fuss at the customs if you have a camera," he explained.

"You must have a permit to take it into a country, and then they want to see your pictures, and if you didn't happen to take any they want to know why. Joby said she wouldn't go through with it; she was sure we'd land behind bars; so we played safe.

"However, I did take a camera with me into Canada when I was on location and got what I call my prize shot one day when we didn't have to work. We had gone duck shooting. The dog was sitting up in the boat and the ducks we'd bagged were tied to the sides; it looked like an interesting shot and I got it. I remember liking the look of the hills in the background. But after all, it wasn't the hills that made it a swell shot, it was the water and the reeds—gives it a sort of etching quality.

"Maybe most amateur photographers get their best stuff by luck. I often think mine comes when I'm not expecting a lot, when I just point the lens at something and go 'click.' I know that when I fuss over shots, changing filters and measuring the light and so on, the results don't justify the excitement.

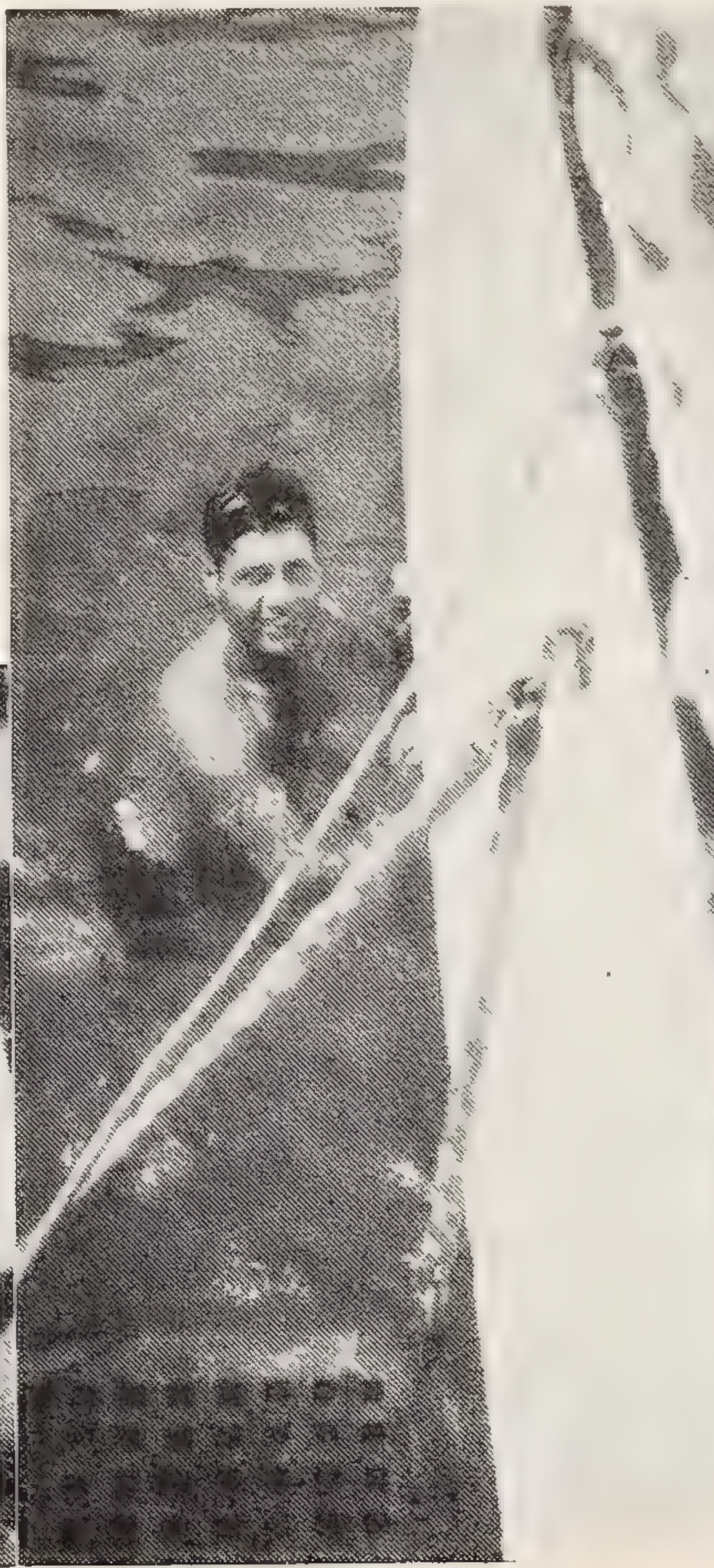
"Here's an example of a lucky shot—taken through a plate glass window at Lake Louise, with the silhouette of the window, the terrace, the lake, the mountains, and the snowy slopes beyond. I happened to have a light red filter on the Ansco and I used that.

"I had the same filter on it for this shot taken the other way—from across the lake, showing the hotel in the distance. See the cloud effects? You must have a filter to get them.

"But I got this shot of Joby by the lake after the sun had gone down. We were walking, and I thought the snow banks across the water looked interesting, so I said: 'Stand still a second,' and it was all over (*Please turn to page 92*)



Dick owns, and uses, a variety of cameras, and his enthusiasm for snapshotting is shared by his wife, Jobyna Ralston, who took the shot of Dick, below, from the deck of their boat. Lower left, Gary Cooper and Jack Oakie.



"When I got married," says Dick, "Joby had a little camera. I thought she was cute with it—but screwy, because I couldn't see how people who were acting for cameras could have fun working one." But now it's different. Above: Joby, taken by Dick; and Dick and Babe Didrickson, famous girl athlete, on the golf course, taken by Joby.



Star- Dust Baby

Fate fashions an amazing climax for the daring adventure of a Hollywood glamor girl

By
Margaret E. Sangster

CHAPTER IV

KATRINE lay on the drawing room floor and cried until she was very nearly exhausted. She never did things by halves—she had a simply dandy case of hysterics. When she was reduced to a pulp—and her frock was ruined—she became as still as a tomb, and started to pull threads out of the design in the oriental rug. They pulled hard—it was a very good rug. After she had demolished a couple of inches that it had taken a man nearly a year to weave, she began to think.

Thinking, at that moment, wasn't easy. Katrine had a lot of actions and reactions to justify. She started backwards, as usual, and asked herself why she had taken a sock at Bertrand—the French Count whom she had half-heartedly planned to marry. After all, Bertrand had only been a parrot—repeating what she herself had already

said. He hadn't told her what words would bring that stark white look to Peter's small, drawn face. She'd needed no prompting.

No, Bertrand had been slapped—but through no fault of his own. Going back to her slum childhood—where the fittest had survived by sheer muscular supremacy, but a person who kicked another person in the tummy was out—Katrine realized that some innate sense of fairness and

decency had made her strike blindly at the little Count's smirking face. She had hit him because he was phony. And because—deep in her consciousness—she hated phony things.

Of course Bertrand's title was genuine—she'd had that searched the moment the guy came buzzing around. It was an old name and a fine one, dating back to the Crusades and Joan of Arc and all sort of grand opera motifs. It was the fawning grin that he gave her that was phony, and the way his hand clung damply to her wrist, and the way he kissed her fingers.

Bill Naughton never did any finger kissing—but then Bill was *real*. And Naughton was a good name, at that. No title went with it, but it was a good name . . .

Katrine yanked viciously at a bit of yarn—are oriental rugs made of yarn?—that wouldn't give. Bill Naughton led to Peter by a straight, undeviating line. Peter—well, the kid wasn't phony, either. And he had no name, at all—except the name that, through fate and by benefit of a court of law, she herself might one day give him . . .

Katrine, lying on the floor, began to kick her feet up and down—which was a sure sign she was feeling better. She started to have a little emotional orgy

about Peter—who would one day bear her name. Not Mollineaux—which didn't belong to her legally—but Malloy. Malloy was a name like Naughton—sturdy and standing for this survival business . . .

Peter! He hadn't asked to be adopted, at that. By the merest chance he had chosen her likeness from a fan magazine—chosen it to worship—and the coincidence was too much for Bill, on a baby shopping binge. Naturally she had been disappointed when Peter appeared instead of a tiny blonde girl, but nobody could blame her for that. She was only human. In fact, (*Continued on page 97*)

Illustrated By
Welton Swain



Please Turn to Page 97
for Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

It was Katrine who reached Peter first. She jumped from the car while it was still moving and knelt at the side of the boy before Bill could bring the machine to a full stop.

There's glamor in British film studios, even as in Hollywood. Meet some film favorites in a different setting in this sparkling story

By Hettie Grimstead

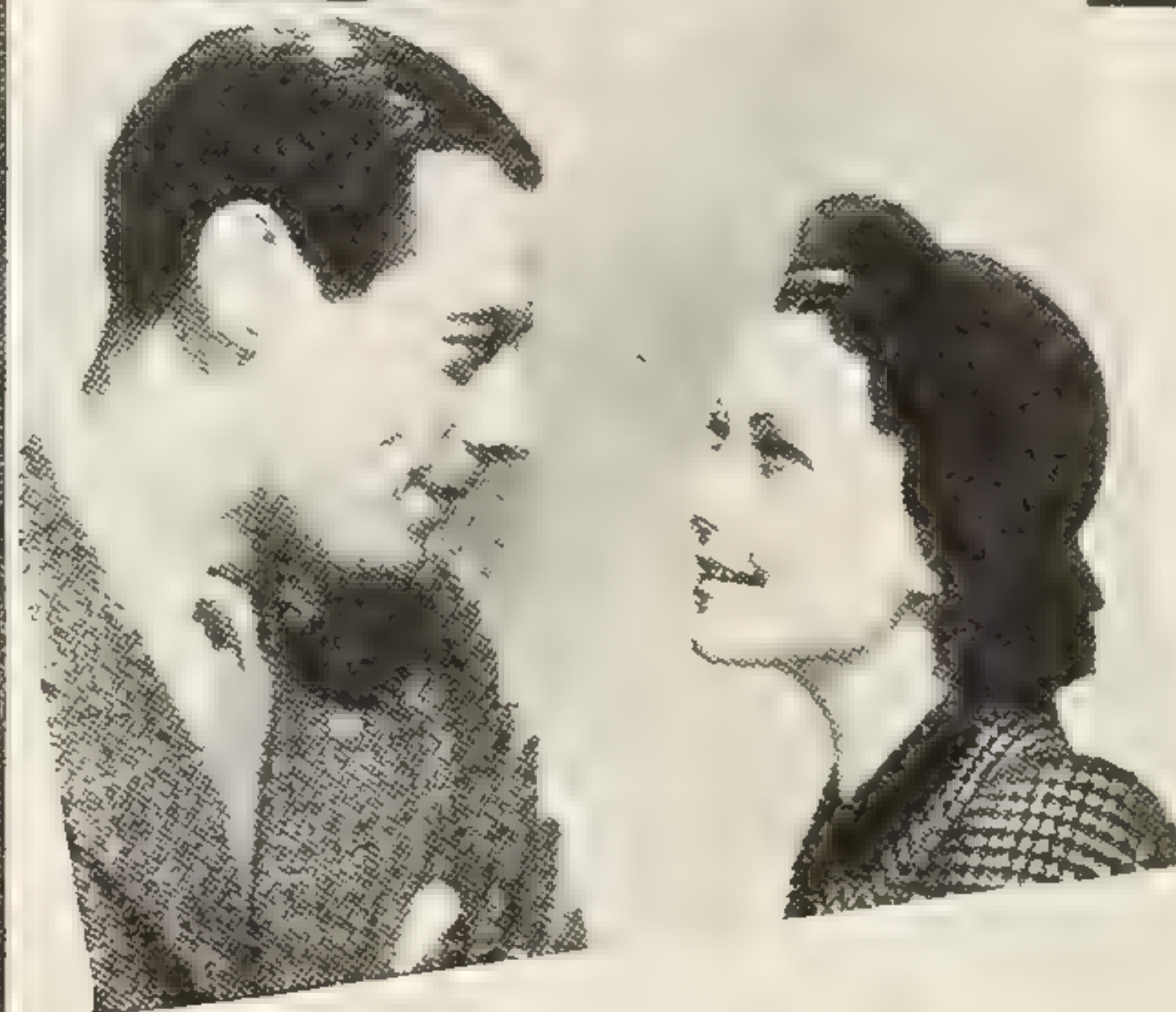
London

ONE of the nicest things about our stellar visitors from Hollywood is the way they remember us when they are back home in California again. Dolores Del Rio writes regularly for the lovely woolly things hand-knitted by a London stylist—she's just ordered a peach-pink jacket of exquisite wool lace to wear for spectator sports. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gets all his suits by mail from England, and that ardent antique glass collector Neil Hamilton often cables a famous West End shop enquiring for details of their rare pieces.

Before Marlene Dietrich sailed for New York she visited her local boot-maker and had the famous feet measured for some pairs in the latest London models. He has just despatched her very high-cut town shoes in black matt kid with a row of six little black and white buttons down each side. Accompanying instructions say that Marlene's million-dollar legs should be encased in bright ginger-brown stockings when she wears them.

Otto Kruger, who divides his time between fishing and films, habitually sends for rods and tackle to a tiny old-fashioned shop in St. James's where King George and the King of Norway and Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., are also on the list of customers. At the moment Otto is able to choose his tackle in person, being here to make another film at Elstree Studios. It's a gay comedy of school life called "The Housemaster" and you will see Otto careering around in college gown and spectacles with never a suggestion of his customary screen self-sacrificing. "Am I tired of being a noble martyr!" he remarks feelingly. This time he actually gets the girl and beats all his rivals to it. Phillips Holmes and demure little Rene Ray are in the picture too.

Otto unfortunately crashed his car driving to the studio in a London fog the other morning so he
Please turn to p. 92



Starting at top, Otto Kruger; then Neil Hamilton, collector of old glass; above, Rex Harrison, new bet, and Vivien Leigh. Left, Genevieve Tobin; right, Maureen O'Sullivan. Left, below, Roland Young, Jessie Matthews, Jack Whiting, and whoopee; below, Noel Madison, Mr. Young, and Mr. Whiting, and ah, me!



Paris

There's gaiety in Parisian picture circles, what with native players and visiting Americans. You'll enjoy this French slant on cinematics

By Stiles Dickenson

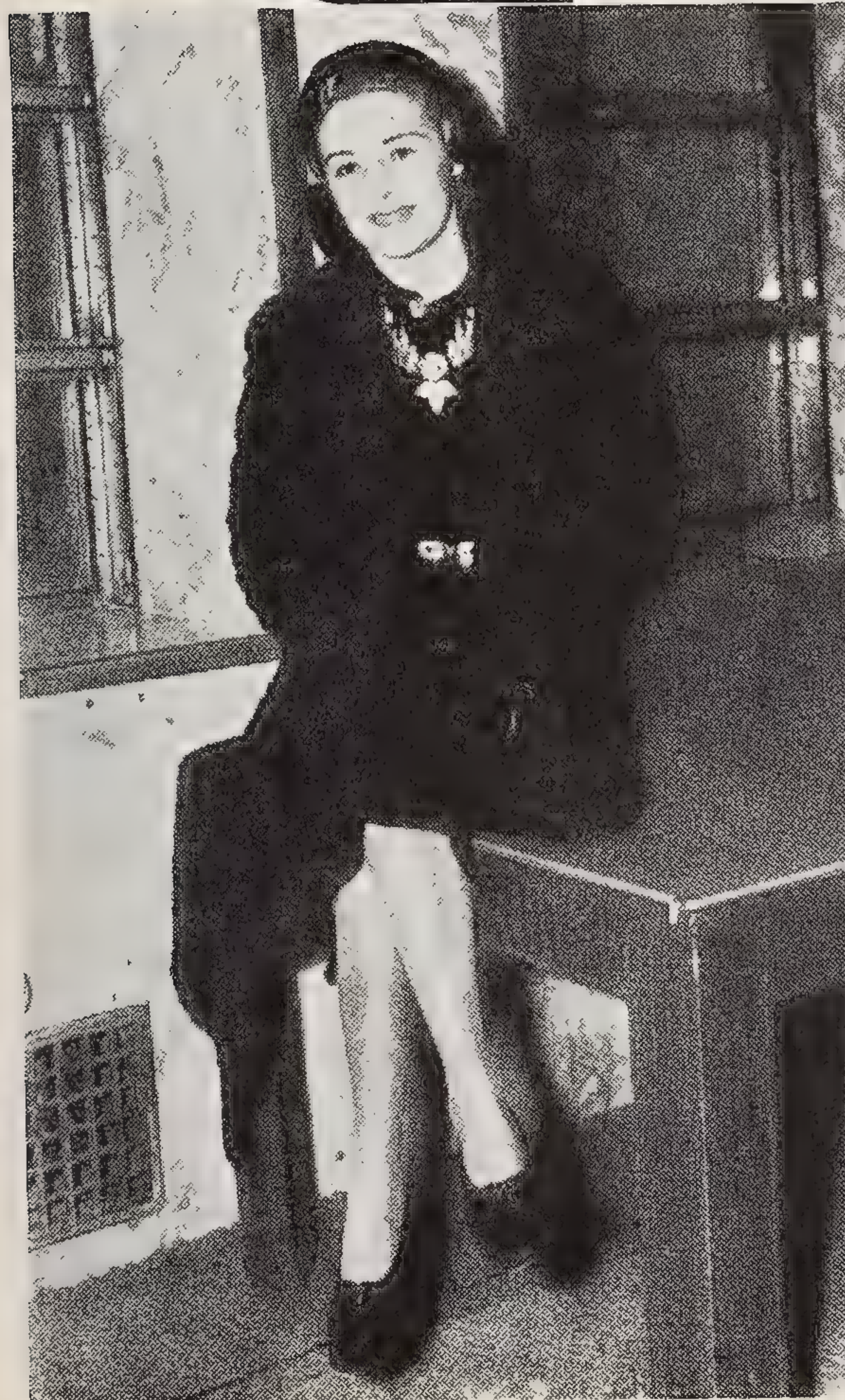
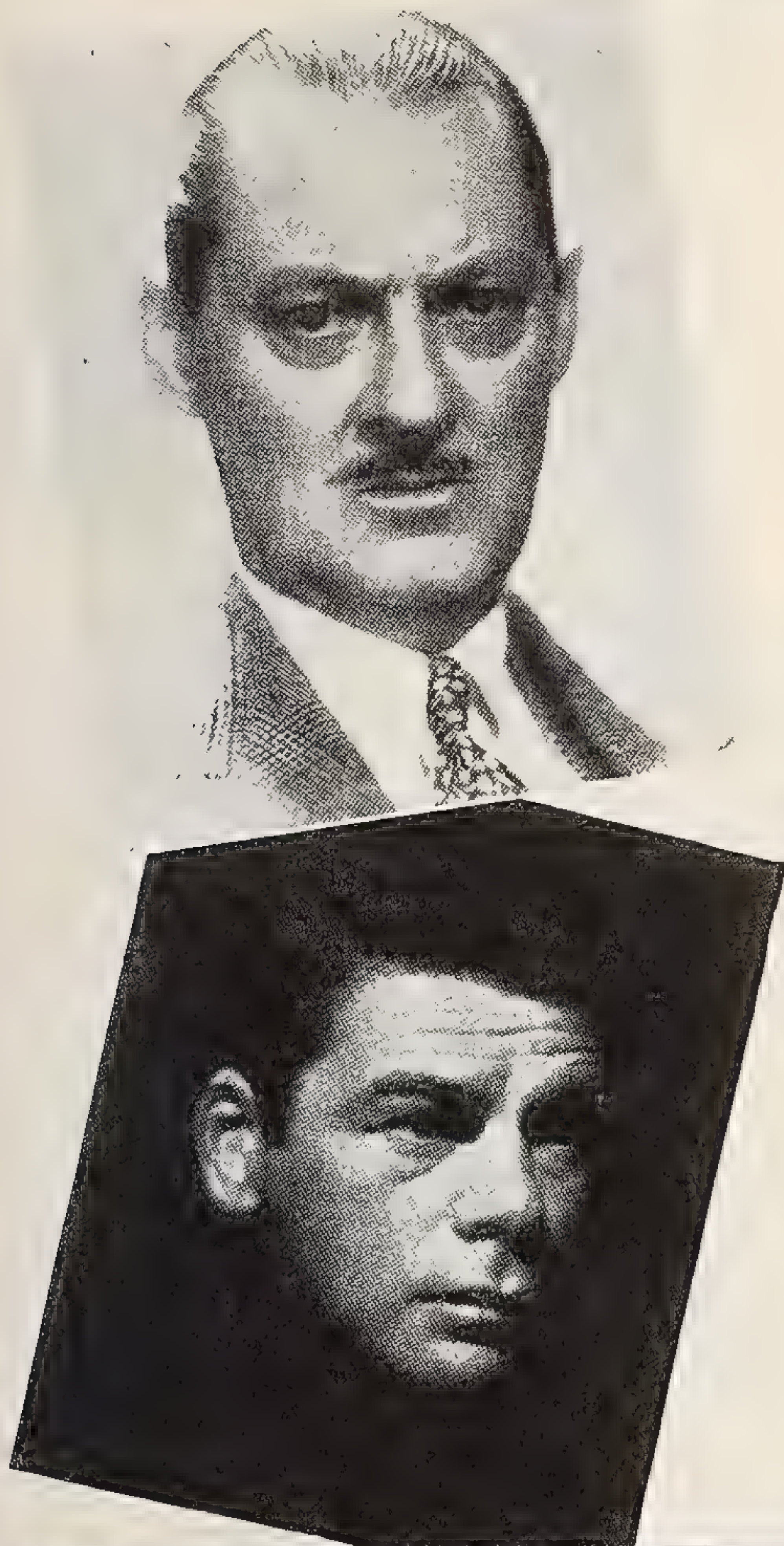
ONLY the radiant presence of Madeleine Carroll saves this department from being labelled "Gentlemen Only" this month, what with writing of Robert Taylor, Paul Muni, Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Milestone.

Robert Taylor must have taken off his make-up on the plane coming over, so quickly did he appear in Paris after finishing the last scene of the picture he made in the London Studios. Evidently Paris has great charms for him—so much so that he cancelled his original sailing date on the "Normadie" so as to stay over here a bit longer. Paris fell in line with the rest of the world and Bob's every move was followed by adoring crowds and written up in the newspapers. At the same time he was here, "Camille" (called "The Romance of Marguerite Gautier" in France) was being shown in the theatres and all the tear-stained audiences have fallen for the Taylor beauty. Must say that he bore up very well with all the adoration and still seemed a cheerful, unaffected youngster. He was intensely eager to see and do every-

thing he possibly could in Europe in a short space of time—and he succeeded very well in spite of the curious crowds his now-famous face assembles. Usually Paris just gives a smiling nod to visiting celebrities and lets them alone to enjoy themselves—but not so with the Taylor. Even the blasé habitués at the Bagatelle, the smart night club of the moment in Paris, got excited when he appeared there and poor Bob had to autograph dozens of menus and scraps of paper. He then set off in a plane for a hurried bird's-eye view of this Europe. The Scandinavians went wild at his approach and the illustrated papers showed him being presented with huge keys made of flowers. That's saying "Welcome to Our City" very romantically, I should say.

Lionel Barrymore came from Hollywood to play (*Please turn to page 75*)

Lionel Barrymore, left, was a beloved visitor to la belle Paris. Paul Muni, left below, interested the intelligentsia. The new girl in town, below, is Charles Boyer's latest leading lady, Michele Morgan. At left below, popular Madeleine Carroll. At bottom of page, find director Anatol Litvak—Miriam Hopkins' husband—and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni at Paris party in Muni's honor.





WHAT Eleanor Powell Has Lost!

And what she has found! Here's a heart-warming story of the currently popular dancing personality with self-told facts never before revealed

By Charles Darnton

Our new pictures of Eleanor happen also to be exciting advance fashion news! The Powell smile is surrounded, above, by the very newest sun hat of blue and white plaid straw, with a big red apple beneath the brim. At right, Eleanor proves her love of children by helping Robert Spindola, "Donkey Boy" of "The Firefly," fly his new kite.

GOING to see Eleanor Powell in her Beverly Hills home just before she was leaving for a month's New York vacation was like going to a family party. What with herself, her mother, her grandmother, and her dog in the living room it was quite a cosy little gathering. But at first, with nobody in sight but the glacial butler—he had on an ice cream suit—it looked as though the occasion might prove a bit stiff and formal.

Nonsense! Things warmed up the moment Mrs. Powell, glowing as a red apple and nearly as round, bustled in and wanted to know if I minded her calling me by my first name. Mind! I loved it. She made it very homey, sitting on the arm of my chair and singing the praise of her gifted daughter who herself was singing for the first time in her new picture, "Rosalie."

Swish! In breezed Eleanor, spick and span in blue silk pajamas and talking a blue streak. Smack!

"How do you like it?" She meant the house,



not the kiss. "Think of me having this," and she waved spaciously, "after all I've lost!"

What, in particular, I wondered?

"Four toenails! One in each of my pictures, 'Broadway Melody,' 'Born to Dance,' 'Broadway Melody of 1938,' and now 'Rosalie.' My 'Rosalie' one is just beginning to grow in again, see—"

She whisked off a sandal, and all of a sudden the arm-rest of my chair became a foot-rest. What price dancing was revealed by a dainty bare foot, one of the two most wonderful of their kind in all the world.

"And maybe you think that doesn't hurt!" She shod it tenderly, then bounced into a chair. "I said to the doctor, 'How many toenails does God allow you?'"

Higher statistics not forthcoming, we left the question in the more or less heavenly air.

"Now I'll tell you something," she volunteered, having indeed shown me something. "I've always been kind of different. Maybe it's because I was a premature baby."

Here, then, was an Eleanor Powell story starting right at the beginning and promising to go through with more personal details than are dreamt of in the philosophy of "Who's Who."

"Just a seven-months' baby, that's all I was, so I had

tined to become a rich part of it. This was most welcome, since her bland presence and pat comment gave it authoritative background.

"But with everything I lost, the pleasures of girlhood because of working all the time," Eleanor was saying, "I've just found something new—my singing voice. It's now in pictures for the first time. People thought it was me they heard singing in my other pictures, but it wasn't. All I did was 'sync,' match my lips with the words of a song, you know. Eddie Sutherland, the director, once said I was the best 'sync' in the business."

"Must be quite a trick," considered Grandma.

"It was always easy for me," said Eleanor. "But I was never satisfied with it. I wanted really to sing. Marjorie Lane had always sung my songs for me. She was waiting to do it in 'Rosalie' when she married Brian Donlevy. Then he had to go to London to make a picture, and Marjorie wanted to go with him, so she asked me if I'd try to have the studio let her do a recording of my one number, 'Strange New Rhythm in My Heart.'"

This was done, and away went Marjorie to England. But when we got to that point in the picture, Van Dyke, the director, shook his head. He said the song wouldn't do as it was, that he wanted something different—you know how blunt Van is—wanted a swing to it like this, zip!"

She swung her lissom body into swaying undulations, breath panting, eyes flashing, fingers snapping.

"You see, Marjorie is a ballad singer, and she sang the number standing still, just as she'd been used to doing at the Troc and over the night spots where she'd made a big hit. The recording was beautiful, but Van said, 'Somebody else will have to sing it. What's the matter your doing it?' he (Continued on page 88)



That Spindola youngster made such a hit with Eleanor that she bought him the boats you see in the picture, below. New fashion notes: Eleanor's Aztec print frock of red, yellow, green, and blue; and her white straw hat with bright bandanna.



to be brought up in an incubator. I had no toenails, no fingernails, and no eyelashes. They didn't begin growing till three weeks later. I certainly must have been a funny looking thing without any trimmings. When they—oh, here's grandma!"

It was an unexpected pleasure to meet Mrs. Susie Torrey, a dear, gentle, white-haired old lady whose eyes twinkled merrily through her steel-rimmed glasses.

"I was just telling Charlie," explained Eleanor, "that when I was born I didn't have any toenails or anything."

"That's right," confirmed Grandma, comfortably settling herself. Evidently the good old soul enjoyed that form of Hollywood torture mercifully called an interview, serenely unaware that she herself was des-



The Gary Coopers, proud parents by reason of the recent arrival of a baby daughter, and one of Hollywood's most popular couples, step out to the preview of an important new picture.

Into a woman's world of teacup conversation, steps a man servant, and Billie Burke stops listening to Constance Bennett to gaze back at Alan Mowbray; scene from "Merrily We Live."

Here's Hollywood

WHEN Joan Crawford was in the fiercest pangs of new love she used to hook rugs with astounding zest. Janet Gaynor, due to the Tyrone in her life, is making her own hats. She produces the sauciest little numbers. When Tyrone's slaving before the cameras and reading scripts becomes tiresome Janet hies out to Warner Brothers to visit Margaret Lindsay on Maggie's set there.

JIMMY STEWART hadn't had a date for three months. Then suddenly he realized that Rosalind Russell existed. Ever since came-the-dawn the two have been considerably intrigued. Like all the more vivid colony romancers, these two are held together by sophisticated wit. Roz is a Dorothy Parker, minus Dot's cynicism—a volatile, talkative, gay person. Jimmy's slow, his humor dry. But both of them have just settled in new houses, so how could they get married?

CAROLE LOMBARD will have an income as well as high old memories after stardom. A girl working in a shampoo parlor reports it's really no gag about Carole minding her companion-manager Fieldsie when it comes to spending. The amateur sleuth happened to be idling at a magazine stand at Hollywood and Vine when Carole was bent on buying a new magazine there. "But you already have that one at home," stated Fieldsie firmly. "I haven't!" shrieked the Lombard. "I'll take it," she added to the clerk. "Oh no, she won't," muttered the stellar watch-dog, giving the star a push onwards.

Trio! In song, three's not a crowd, so Fanny Brice, Allan Jones and Judy Garland get along famously in swing; with Fanny hitting a few solo notes.

Going places and seeing people who put romance in the news from Movie Town

By Weston East

OF COURSE the Wayne Morris-Priscilla Lane romance is booming, but don't take their devotion too seriously. Remember that last month the lady of his dreams was Eleanor Powell. And before Eleanor there were half-a-dozen other cinema beauties. The lad's a demon for variety. Priscilla, incidentally, met him socially in a different way. Someone suggested to Wayne that it would be a snappy idea if he asked her out. He sat down and wrote her a letter. Evidently this gallantry, in these days of fast telephones, was overwhelming. Or maybe Priscilla knows a swell date when she sees one. Anyway, she responded post haste.

WHILE Claudette Colbert is honeymooning at last in the South of France, her pals pass on their favorite tale about Claudette. It seems a fan wrote for a photograph and Claudette was all sympathy





Alice Faye and Tony Martin, who chose the tropical setting of a popular Hollywood café to dine and talk things over, had just the right lighting when this twosome shot was snapped.

Dancing at a Hollywood party, right: Anita Louise and Darryl Zanuck. The young star and the famous producer were among the many celebrities seen at the Basil Rathbones' recently.



when she came to the paragraph about his being a cripple. She hurried off the best likeness she had. By return mail she received thanks and the comment: "Your picture now hangs in my room with fifteen photographs of my wolf-hound who died under tragic circumstances."

HOW high do movie wages bounce? Consider this inside figure in the case of the Ritz Brothers. Night club entertainers not much more than eighteen months ago, they have just received a contract calling for three pictures within a year's time at \$80,000 per film. By next month every blonde in town will realize she simply must have a Ritz in her private life.

SO ROBERT MONTGOMERY swore he'd never build a home in Southern California. Not Bobbie, Mrs. Montgomery's smart son. He was going to make his pile and get out. He bought a Connecticut farm

with a Colonial farmhouse, and there he's been retiring for three months of each year. So what? So now he's just fallen for California harder than anyone else. He's had a huge home designed—there are six gorgeous bedroom suites, for instance—and therein he's settled permanently. He talks about how keen it'll be for his children Bob and Betty. He points out the antiques Mrs. Montgomery found. He's consulting an expensive landscape gardener this week!

WHAT'S in those notes that Myrna Loy and Bill Powell keep sending to one another? Myrna's working at Metro, the old homestead, while Bill is making "The Baroness and the Butler" over at 20th Century-Fox with Annabella. At least four times a day notes are exchanged between them, and the minute the recipient reads one it's obvious that something most amusing is contained therein. The most likely explanation, Hollywood, is that Myrna is

helping to keep Bill cheerful. He was still none too recovered from Jean Harlow's death when he returned from the vacation that was supposed to make him forget. If a few scribbled lines can put him in stitches he won't harp so on what might have been.

WHILE Kay Francis and Humphrey Bogart do hot scenes for the cameras, their most recent mates have found one another in New York City! Kenneth McKenna, K. F. husband No. 3, and Mary Phillips, H. B. wife No. 2, returned to the stage when the movies weren't too kind—and now they've learned to care. Meanwhile, to keep you straight, Humphrey has bought a house and gives indications of turning family man at last. Mayo Methot is his reason. And now, to further mix you up, he's back to work after a fight with Warners, too. They suspended him when he objected to playing a supporting rôle in a Wayne Morris film.

NEXT year you can hear Jeanette MacDonald sing in person. She's decided to make a formal concert tour, just like Nelson Eddy. Only it's going to be much more of a task for her, because she'll have to worry about her looks—take a hairdresser and maid and a wardrobe along. And she has a love to leave behind. Still, it's a step up, professionally speaking, and Gene Raymond understands ambition.

SO YOU think Joan Crawford is slipping? She got on a train the other day and they held the streamliner three minutes while her baggage was loaded on, too. What does that prove? Well, *what?*

THERE is nothing casual about Dick Powell's return to radio. He remained muted until the proper set-up loomed, and now he is relying on his "best friend and severest critic." Joan Blondell loyally forgets her own stardom, even about dashing



Triangle! Warren William seems menacingly confident, though Virginia Bruce gives him the cold shoulder for Melvyn Douglas, in "Arsene Lupin Returns."



Severest critic! Hugh Herbert's wife tweeks his ear, and the comedian knows the joke he tried out during lunch at the studio isn't funny enough.

home to the baby, every Wednesday at 6 p.m. She hurries to the broadcasting station to park in the front row center. Dick wants to be able to glance down at her often, to be sure he's doing exactly as they've planned.

DOROTHY LAMOUR celebrated her first day off in two months by grabbing her best suit out of her closet and going to Santa Anita for the afternoon. She always has to work Sundays, on her radio program, you know, so she's not even had the ordinary let-up. Her husband Herbie Kay didn't land a Grove engagement with his orchestra; he's making music in Chicago.

CAROLE LOMBARD'S learned to ride Western every Sunday and to roast a nifty duck; she jounces happily in a station wagon when she might be languishing in a limousine. All for Clark Gable's company! Now she's resuming her interest in flying. In "Test Pilot" Clark's had to fly so much for the director that he has enough hours in the air to get his pilot's license. Carole took lessons out at the municipal airport a year or so ago, and

she's on the verge of starting over. She'll never let it be said that she isn't a swell sport. She isn't going to be a fool about the top salary she's commanding, either. The other day, on the set, she inquired how much the owner wanted for a sheep dog acting in her picture. He replied, "Five hundred dollars." A prop man popped an inquiry, and the answer was "A hundred and fifty." Carole didn't buy Snoopy, and Snoopy's papa is no doubt sorry he underestimated this star.

UNCENSORED data on the younger set: for those who are bored reading about the too-sweetness of youthful wonders—Mickey Rooney dropped in to the publicity department at Metro recently for an interview. "Where have you been, Mickey?" asked the press agent brightly. "Smoking my pipe," replied Mickey tersely. "Why, how long have you been smoking?" demanded the amazed p.a. "For three years," retorted the honest Mr. Rooney. (He's seventeen now.) Item Two: it's a fad to drop into the Troc and sing a song

Dilemma! Below, Frank Morgan in a dither that has delightful aspects—the one on the left, Mary Astor, for example, as well as the one on the right, Florence Rice. Below, right: Newlyweds: Alan Curtis and Priscilla Lawson, both in films, study homekeeping.



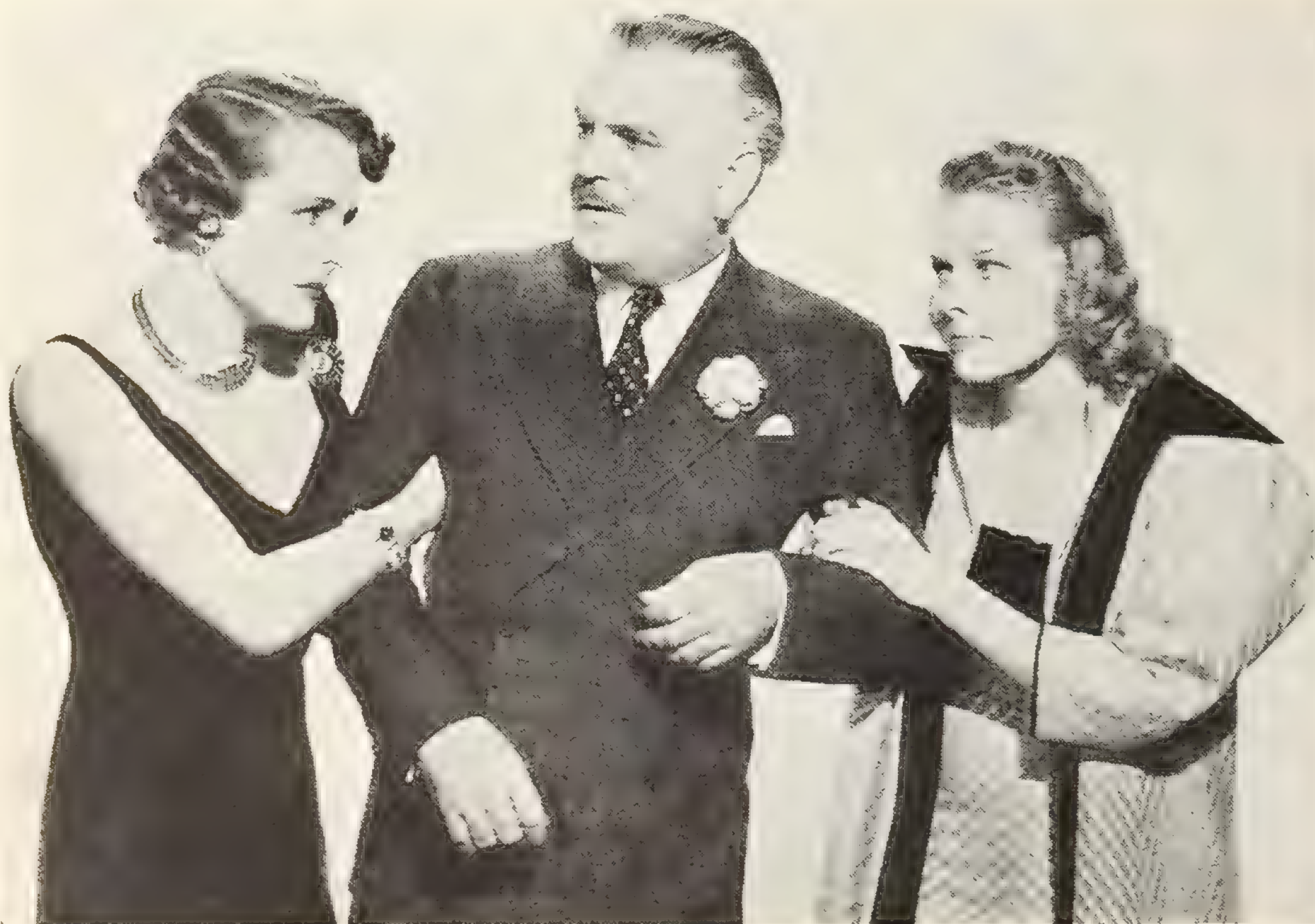
Comedy relief! Edward G. Robinson turns from drama to humor, very successfully, judging by Rosemary Lane's smile—at Warners' recent party.

for your fellow guests, if you're a celebrity and able to croon. Who's fashionable now but Bobby Breen! When he went Troccin' he stood up and gave all he had.

NEXT best thing to Charlie McCarthy, in the estimation of the more discerning women about Hollywood, is Eddie Bergen. His wit, his flair—ah, superb! Consequently, he's shrewdly invited to the best parties. For more exact details about his fascinating ways, check with Andrea Leeds. The ace Samuel Goldwyn girl is most favored with his attention.

SINCE the Mae West radio *faux pas*, the stars are being doubly cautious about their air acts. The exception is Bob Burns. He alone doesn't prepare his comedying in advance. At the final rehearsal, a couple of hours before it's time to go on with Bing Crosby, Bob is still *ad libbing*. He trusts to his own instincts when he rallies with the cues flung at him.

BETTE DAVIS was so pleased when she heard how well she could sing in "Jezebel" that she had records made from the playback and has been distributing





The bicycle not built for, but used by two, above, fits in with Olivia de Havilland's costume and George Brent's haircut; frolicking between scenes. Table talk by George O'Brien, right above, amuses Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, and Pat's wife, at a studio party.



same to her intimates. "Mah goodness," she whispers in Southern accent at the beginning of the record, "who'd ever have thought little me would be a song bird?" She concludes with, "Ah hopes you stood it, honey lamb."

ROBERT YOUNG patriotically claims it could only happen at his studio: Metro has been quizzing expectant mothers to cast the dauphin of France in Norma Shearer's new epic. The son of Marie Antoinette has to be of tender age at a certain stage of the film and the shooting schedule having been worked out it's up to someone to line up a baby of exactly the proper days. Well, Bob, it's a good story, anyway!



Clara Bow confides some "IT" secrets, which Martha Raye seems to find new or startling, or, more likely, both.

ALLAN JONES rates our award for being the ideal husband of the month. When his new child was born it wasn't in any great hospital, but right at home in the fully-equipped room Allan had designed for his wife Irene. He insisted she be at home where he could constantly watch over her himself.

BASIL RATHBONE'S son, just come of age and to Hollywood to change English life for American, is dying to get into pictures. Papa Basil therefore lets him visit him whenever the cameras are grinding. But Rodion doesn't want to be an actor, even though he has the looks. He majored in electrical engineering in college and so hopes to wangle into a technical department. The fashionable Rathbones threw a formal dinner to introduce Rodion socially, rustling up Anita Louise, no less, as his partner.

GRACE MOORE can't be stopped. Hollywood had practically decided that Grace was going to be the victim of poor vehicles, that she was washed up again. Then came news of the fine Georgian home she was building in Brentwood. A whole hill-top. Gracie always does things with a splash, and this was quite a splash for one who was nearly licked. Next she was heard starring in a radio drama, not simply singing but acting most competently. Now she's being starred at the Metropolitan, and—Miss Jeanette MacDonald—here's something you can try for when you can find time to get around to it! Gracie's returning for more pictures, and the plots aren't going to be that same old one, either.

BRIAN AHERNE has only to fall in love to complete his metamorphosis. He's become so jolly, so anxious to please. Once disdainful of curiosity about himself, he now beams at the press. Once scornful of Hollywood—Irving Thalberg was soundly rebuffed when he dangled a keen long-term contract before Brian—he has now agreed to work steadily for Hal Roach. He's become an aviation enthusiast; now he's flying around Mexico on a between-pictures jaunt.

VERY spryly, and successfully, Jackie Cooper has made the jump from child to youthful rôles. While growing up, Jackie has kept his place in the limelight, and his first young man rôle netted him citation by the National Board of Review for one of the year's outstanding performances—as Chuck in Monogram's "Boy of the Streets." In proud recognition of Jackie's feat, his company gave a party in his honor at a swank New York hotel recently.

WONDER-what's-become-of-Sally dept.: Corinne Griffith is moving into the beautiful home she and her business-man husband have built in Washington, D. C. Buster Keaton is directing Francis X. Bushman, the first Taylor of the screen, in a two-reel comedy at M-G-M, where Buster was once a star himself. Alice Terry has redecorated a small house in Hollywood and is living quietly there until husband Rex Ingram returns from his archaeological expedition into Mexico. Rex, who discovered Valentino and Novarro, has done so well in his study of antiquities that the museum in Cairo, Egypt, has turned over a room to him. Evelyn Venable, now mother of two children, has returned to acting—she's making "In Old Kentucky" for Monogram. And if you watch current films closely you'll see many old favorites in bit rôles; like Bryant Washburn as chauffeur in "Crashing Hollywood."



Singing in the woodland—birds please copy—are Kenny Baker and Lana Turner, located on a location stroll, above.



Gladys Swarthout, suit star of Hollywood, illustrates the soignée effect of tailored chic. The suit demands good posture and a spirit of vitality. In circle, Miss Swarthout's favorite day coiffure, because the smooth back hair is especially good with a flat forward or beret type of hat. Today, back hair is just as important as the front, so please look backward in your hand mirror!

From the Neck Down

You can take off inches here, put them on there—build a new figure by posture

By Courtenay Marvin

SOON, we shall put aside the Persian lambs, the caraculs and the furred coats that have seen us through the winter. Then we may have a few figure surprises. In spite of their luxury, chic and warmth, winter coats do something to us from the neck down. They seem to pull down the figure, to slacken our posture generally, so that the trim little suit into which we emerge is rather a disappointment. The truth is, we don't look trim in it.

The tailored suit, like the bathing suit, demands a good, buoyant figure, and so I sought out Gladys Swarthout for a word of counsel. Miss Swarthout is a screen, opera, and suit star! She adores suits and knows how to wear them. Here are her words: "After winter, I think we all need a general pick-up, physically and mentally, before our figures and faces have the right fashion points that give individual style and vitality."

This general pick-up, this springtime feeling, is not a matter of routine exercises or diet, unless you are overweight. It is merely a matter of taking hold of yourself and putting some spirit and verve into the way you

stand, walk, and sit and express yourself in action.

Now curves make the feminine figure, but *where* you have them makes it good or poor. Often we go too far in at the back in a swayed curve, which in turn makes another curve, a front one in the form of too much abdomen. This happens when the back pushes the front forward. And shoulders that should be a nice, straight line curve or droop in a depressed manner. We might well begin at the chinline and mentally check up on ourselves in the following order.

After winter, the fairest of necks have a dull look, and the skin often seems coarser than the face. The constant caress of fur collars, cold wind, and weather do this. A week of nightly treatments will lighten and refine this skin until it is a lovely background for spring pastels. First, bathe the neck with warm water and soap. Miss Swarthout, by the way, is a soap and water fan. She likes that fresh, cleanly scrubbed look. Use a complexion brush or rough cloth with plenty of suds and rub until the skin is pink and glowing. Rinse, dry, and then apply plenty of cream. If your neck is aging, lined or crepey, use a special neck cream. These creams are especially rich and really do good work. If your neck is in fairly good condition, then your regular face cream will do. With creamed palms smooth down from the jawbone to the collarbone, then up. Work from the sides as well as at the back, and

give about ten firm strokes to each. Avoid pressure over the very front. The cartilage and bone there are sensitive. Sleep with the cream on. Remove in the morning and dash on very cold water. This is a real neck beauty cocktail! If your neck is very discolored—if you have been South, for example—use a good bleach cream after the general treatment outlined. First remove the lubricating cream, then apply the bleach and sleep with it on. There are chin straps, very helpful for the wandering chinline, too.

Recently, I attended a lecture by an outstanding figure authority. "As we grow older," she said, "the head has a tendency to push forward, as if looking for something, instead of remaining in a straight, upright position." You should have seen the heads that immediately adjusted themselves to a good lift—all a little self-consciously! A good lift is necessary to style and appeal. Not that arrogant, very-very-grand-lady manner, but a natural, eager, vital lift. These are the heads that wear hats with spirit and style. You'd be surprised, too, how this lift smooths out contours and unbecoming shadows. It makes you look good—radiant and full of the joy of living.

Here are fashion points of the suited figure to remember: straight, fairly wide but relaxed shoulders. A firm, lifted chest. Relaxed arms. Straight back and smooth abdomen line.

Before you start straightening up your figure, I'd suggest two helpful props—a brassiere that really meets your special needs and a light but firm supporting girdle. They will not only give you a better figure but good support that encourages correct posture. And they help prevent you from slumping.

To put forth your best suit figure, stand. Let weight rest on the balls or broad part of the feet. To be sure you have this, lift heels from the floor. If you can maintain balance, then you have. Now try to imagine that a strong band is pulling you down and under from the back waist downward and coming up over the abdomen, lifting you here, not pushing in. When you feel this muscular control working, relax your shoulders, then move your arms slightly so that palms are just a little back of the hipbones. That, readers, is good posture! The effect is amazing, as you'll see if you watch yourself in a mirror. Back has a good straight line. Shoulders straight, but not rigid, abdomen smoother, chest high. You have an alert, interesting look. There is nothing hard or tight about this figure.

If Hollywood had just picked you up on a nice little contract, this, in part, is some of the posture training you'd go through for hours. And it's worth it for what it does for you. Whether you're tall or short, large or petite, it is posture that gains admiring glances in business office, schoolroom, or grand ballroom. There is just something about it that gets attention—and the right kind.

If you will keep some body consciousness in mind when you sit and sit well back on your chair, you will never have that discouraged, all-in look that comes when you sit on the edge and collapse at the waistline. This sitting is a great aid in keeping a slim waistline and neat hips, and since so many sit poorly, those who sit well again command attention. A figure authority has taught me to sit for hours at a desk without tiring. Sit well back on the chair and bend forward from the spine base in a direct slant, no shoulder droop. When at your desk, sewing, or driving a car, remember this. It works.

Miss Swarthout has a good figure, small, well-rounded, and alert. She believes clothes should have a feeling of action. Her skirts,

(Please turn to page 83)

Yours For Loveliness

Looking Toward Spring



Aurora Bobbed Hair Pin Curler curls in twenty minutes

THE Aurora Bobbed Hair Pin Curler saves the hair situation time and again. Sketched above, this innocent looking affair is practically ambidextrous. It will make you one or a dozen curls and you use it cold. For unruly ends, for wayward wisps, dampen, roll up, catch with a pin, and in twenty minutes you're beautifully curled. Our pet costs a trifle.

Coty's Air-Spun Loose Powder Vanity gets an enthusiastic award of merit from this department. It has everything—style and beauty, big powder well and two fine puffs, plus a packet of powder in rachel-nacre tone. The case, in burnished gold effect, looks like a fine watchmaker's art. The center disc comes in red, blue, green, ivory, black, or plain metal for initials. The vanity is palm-size, so you'll always have plenty of powder at hand—and it won't spill. Surprisingly modest is the price for this personal prize.

If you've always felt that the home shampoo must be followed by a vinegar or lemon rinse to free the hair of any residue and add a sheen, here's a time-saver and a beautifying-conditioning shampoo treatment—Admiracion! Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo, that cleanses perfectly without lather, is the secret of many lovely heads. But—if you like a headful of billowing lather, if that makes you feel more shampooed, then try Admiracion Foamy Oil Shampoo. Both do a fine cleansing job, are easy to use and need no final rinse. They leave hair soft, manageable, shimmering with life and color. For scalps below par, try the two-purpose Admiracion Hair Tonic before and after shampoos. It's a scalp tonic and hair dressing combined. Our lady below is having a go with the Foamy type.

Fifth Avenue Modes has a bright idea that helps you stretch your dress budget and that is a blessing to the hard-to-fit figure. It's known as the Finish-at-Home Plan. This means you choose your favorite fashions from a catalogue



Coty's Air-Spun Loose Powder Vanity is a real gem



Winx Mascara gives eyes a soft, new beauty touch

and order to individual measurements. The garment made, except for hem and fitting seams, comes to you complete with instructions, thread and all finishings. If you can sew a seam, you're practically safe. Perfect fit and good savings are thereby assured. The fashions are well chosen, too!

Good news for the Elizabeth Arden followers! Velva Cream Mask now comes in a less expensive size. This quick treatment, so easy to use, so effective in results, is the secret of many fine, youthful skins. For helping to erase lines, refining texture, giving the contours a general "lift"—all the benefits you'd expect from a lengthy facial—this preparation deserves much applause. It's truly a helpful idea for that new Springtime face. After a hard day, it's your salvation for big occasions.

That new hat deserves attractive eyes. In fact, the eyes will make the hat. For the most telling touch, there's nothing like the subtle use of mascara. Among the good brands is Winx, a great favorite. It is easy to apply, tear-proof, non-smarting. If you aren't a Winx-er, here's a sensible thought.



Try the n Foamy Oi hair

Merry Man!

Continued from page 30

Much better than to sit home and worry."

The shooting schedule called for his appearance in virtually every scene. He worked so hard that nine o'clock generally found him in bed. Hard work had no effect on his healthy good humor. He laughed all day, at anything, at nothing—because Gene Pallette made a noise like a sheep—because Herbert Mundin slipped on a wet leaf and went sprawling—because Olivia de Havilland, catching sight of Pat Knowles in the blond wig of *Will Scarlett*, promptly dubbed him Scarlet Sister Mary—because Basil Rathbone, playing *Sir Guy of Gisbourne*, answered cheerfully to the name of "Nicky de Ginsboig."

He is not of the poor-spirited breed, however, who wait for fun to come to them. He also goes out to make his own. In this, Patric Knowles is his sidekick and chief abettor. "I don't understand why he thinks I'm crazy," Flynn will tell you with knitted brows. "Because *he's* the one who's *really* crazy." To the bystander, there's little to choose between them.

One evening the two men took Lili to the only night-spot in town—a little restaurant where the floor show consisted of a single dancer, and tone was added by having the lights turned so low that you couldn't see her.

Flynn turned to Knowles. "Did we pay money to see this show?"

"You ought to know."

"Then we're going to see it."

Exit Flynn, to return ten minutes later with three flashlights. The girl was dancing again, "though the only way I knew it was by this pall of gloom, supposed to be mysterious, but just damned annoying." He pressed flashlights into the hands of his companions. "When I say apple," he whispered, "turn them on."

As the music reached a moment of reverent hush, "Apple," said Flynn in a loud voice, and three lights were shot full upon the performer.

She stood blinking in bewilderment for a moment. Then Flynn rose. "You're very pretty," he said courteously. "This is merely a protest against your being kept in the dark."

Her jaw dropped. "It's Errol Flynn!"

"The biter bit," murmured Knowles, as the customers surged round them.

But Errol had swept Lili up with one arm and escaped into the night.



Shuffleboard became the popular pastime of principals in the "Robin Hood" cast during a location trip. Here, Basil Rathbone and Olivia de Havilland have a game.

With the aid of Herbert Mundin and some others, he also framed Max Adelbert Baer. On Flynn's British tongue, the German Adelbert becomes *A-dell-buht*. It was by this elegant title that he would invariably address Maxie, who would cock a suspicious eye and growl: "Where the hell does he get that *A-dell-but* stuff?"

"It's your name, isn't it?"

"Adelboit," said Max firmly, "an' I don't talk about it."

Maxie was refereeing some wrestling matches in a nearby town and, at his request, the company attended in full force. "Now if I ask some o' you guys to take a bow, don't be bashful, will ya?" he encouraged them in advance.

Flynn gathered a few choice spirits and set forth his plan. On the appointed night the beaming Maxie called them up, keeping Flynn for a climax. The latter mounted the steps like a bashful schoolboy, acknowledged the applause with a deprecating air and then, as if overwhelmed, dipped coyly behind the referee. This was Mundin's cue. He hauled off and smote Maxie square above the belt—a blow which took that worthy so completely off guard that he sat down abruptly and was straightway buried under the flailing arms and legs of Flynn and his muscle men. A few moments of pandemonium, from which Flynn and his victim emerged, still on the floor, Flynn's right arm clasp the other's shoulder, his left hand holding Maxie's high, his voice shouting: "*A-dell-buht! The winnah!*" The effect was colossal. And if you don't think it's funny, ask any of the boys in your family from six to sixty and listen to their howls of glee.

After dinner Flynn would generally devote an hour or two to the development of Arno's character. Perfectly willing to dash after a wildcat, he was less eager to tackle his own kind. He may have been too proud to fight. He may have gone soft, having spent some weeks with family friends who babied him. In any case, whenever a certain sheepdog hove into sight and offered hostilities, Arno would whisk a disdainful tail and seek shelter with his master.

His master didn't relish the spectacle of a he-man he loved deteriorating into a sissy. With no desire to urge aggression upon his dog, he did feel that he should be prepared to defend himself. So he made it a practice to wait with Arno for the arrival of Blackie. If Blackie showed himself peaceable, well and good. If, as more often happened, he seemed bent on taking a chunk out of Arno's throat, Flynn would bar his own dog's

escape, give him a talking to and stand by to see fair play.

At first Arno put his tail between his legs, threw Flynn heartrending glances which the latter ignored, and let the other dog maul him. There was nothing gradual about the cure. The idea seemed to hit him between the eyes one day, he lit into Blackie, wiped up the floor with him, all but dusted his paws, and walked off serenely beside his master. Which of the two was the prouder, it would have been hard to say.

It's possible, though not easy, to divert Flynn into serious channels. One thing he'll talk about with a degree of sanity is the picture. It's his most important since "*Captain Blood*." Warners have begrudged neither time nor money to the making of it. Aware of how well beloved are the story and characters, they have cast it with special care, so that each player seems the inevitable choice for his part. Only the casting of "*Gone with the Wind*" has stirred greater interest. Olivia de Havilland is *Maid Marian*, Una O'Connor is her serving-woman, Claude Rains is *Prince John*, Basil Rathbone is *Sir Guy Gisbourne*, Ian Hunter is *King Richard*, Patric Knowles is *Will Scarlett*, Alan Hale is *Little John*, Eugene Pallette is *Friar Tuck*, Herbert Mundin is *Much*, Melville Cooper is the *Sheriff of Nottingham*.

"Of what our story will be like," says Flynn, "I'm the worst judge in the world. I think it has charm. Whether it's serious enough or good enough or too good or too serious, I shan't presume to say. For one thing, I never look at rushes, I went the first day to see if my tights buckled at the knee. Once satisfied of that, I quit. I don't enjoy myself on the screen. That's no affectation of any sort, I promise you. I keep looking at myself and saying (an untransferable sound between grunt and snort). I stay away, if only to avoid my ears. This time, thank God, they're covered with hair. I was appalled by my first glimpse of my ears. They've got marcel waves in them." (Ed.—He's being either facetious or hypersensitive. His ears are nice.)

"One thing I can tell you. They're deliberately avoiding any similarity to the Fairbanks version. No flying or leaping. Nothing fantastic. Realism's the word—to create the illusion that these guys lived and breathed at a time when the tailors made clothes like that.

"Another thing I'm sure of is that the action won't lag. In color, you can't slow up. Walk slowly past a beautiful crimson



Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable, cast-mates in "Test Pilot."

vine, and no one's going to look at you. They'll be craning their necks and muttering, 'Out of the way, lug.' When I go past that vine, I go like this—" his hands whisked.

The action begins with Robin still on the legal side, and ends with the return of Richard Coeur de Lion. "In one way," says Flynn gravely, "it's a bitter disappointment. They won't let me die. I love to die in pictures. There's something so sweetly final about it. The more movie heroes put out of the way, the better pleased I am. In fact, I'm in favor of starting a pogrom among movie heroes."

He and Pat Knowles started something closely resembling a pogrom against themselves. Work on location was finished. The company would be heading south next morning. Damita had departed a day or two earlier.

Flynn took Pat aside. "If we fly back, we'll gain a day."

"That's a useful thing to gain," agreed Pat.

"If they say, why didn't you tell us, we can always say, you didn't ask us."

The various manoeuvres necessary to bring off this coup delayed their start. Meantime, they'd discovered that the only plane they could charter bore no lights. They took it anyway. "Live in the day," said Flynn. "In the past a little, in the future not at all. That way you can squeeze each moment of its own particular juice, and life doesn't rush past you."

They lost sight of the fact that the days had grown perceptibly shorter. They also lost their way. It grew darker and darker. Realizing by this time that they couldn't make Los Angeles, they headed for what they hoped was Sacramento. It grew still darker.

"We may have to light our way down with matches," said Flynn. "Got any?"

"No."

"That's funny. Neither have I."

"Well, there's one comfort. We're bound to squeeze the juice out of this moment. How does it taste?"

"Slightly acrid."

Flynn insists that it wasn't as reckless as it sounds. Maybe not. They must be good pilots, since what they hoped was Sacramento was Sacramento.

For some reason they missed the light-flooded airport, but caught sight of some lesser lights in a field beyond. They landed safely. Next morning they took off and flew to Los Angeles.

They gained no time, but they lost nothing either.

The gods look after their own!

Have You A Trauma?

Continued from page 27

recollection somewhere in my subconscious of being frightened by an egg at one time."

And would you think Cary Grant would throw fits at the sight of catnip? All his life he's had to keep away from catnip and similar weeds because he is allergic to them. And Then Life Caught Up With Him. While working on the "Awful Truth" at Columbia, Grant was garbed in a ridiculously long nightshirt and was down on all fours toying with a cat as an excuse for following the feline into Irene Dunne's bedroom. Cary was frisky enough, but the cat was a bit on the bored side. After they had tried calf's liver, fresh cream, and funny stories to no avail, they sent for a lot of catnip. They tossed it into every nook and corner. Result: Very giddy cat and much giddier Grant. A studio nurse applied smelling salts. To Grant, I mean; and last seen, both cat and Cary were doing well.

Bill Robinson is afraid of almost drowning. "Almost is worse," says Bill. "And don't let anyone tell you that you do down but three times. No, sir! My dunking experience occurred at a seaside resort years ago, but I've never forgotten it. And rhythm saved my life. Sounds like a title, but I mean it. You see, after I recovered from the first frozen panic, and just when I thought I was going down for what must be the last time, I heard the faint strains of faraway music. I thought sure I was done for then. But soon the thought registered that it was the tinny, mechanical rhythm of a merry-go-round. Not being able to swim, I had already despaired of being saved, as there was no one else in the water, and there was too much noise on the beach for my cries to be heard.

"But when my feet heard that music, they just naturally started tapping out the rhythm. In this way, I stayed afloat long enough to attract attention." But these drowning sequences with music are hard to find, so no wonder Bill has this secret fear.

Simone Simon—bugs. Of course I mean she's afraid of bugs. She won't permit a letter sealed with wax to be opened. She had a hideous dream one night that some enemy sent her a deadly spider under a wax seal, so vivid she never got over it. And snakes! We hope she never goes on a location set under the direction of that inveterate practical joker, Woody Van Dyke. One of his favorite gags is to have someone slowly draw a rope over his supine victim, while he yells "Snake!"

Ben Blue is afraid Ben Blue is lost forever and only exists as a composite character. It's like this: Several years ago, Hal Roach was searching for a new comedian, but the best. Ben was being tested, along with W. C. Fields, Ed Wynn, and many others of like calibre. The producers sat back and said, "Now be funny." After agonizingly watching these funny-men work hard all day, Ben went home with the admonition ringing in his ears "to come back tomorrow and be funny."

Walking the floor that night, he hit upon a characterization—a composite of the lot of them. So the next day he used Hardy's double-takem, Chaplin's walk, Ed Wynn's swish-buckling hip gesture, and so on. He was signed. A year later, the gateman on the Roach lot wouldn't let him in, saying Laurel & Hardy were the only comedians on that lot. Ben is now doing all right at Paramount, but he must bring out the mating instinct in producers, for they're still putting him in pictures with other big comedians like Jack Benny and W. C. Fields.

When Ben had his own night club on the continent, the then Prince of Wales was a steady customer. One night Ben got a call from the Prince, asking him to come out and tell him and his guests a couple of stories which the Prince couldn't tell correctly. Naturally Ben went. Listening to the Prince laugh, Ben unwittingly mimicked it—that's how the Blue laugh was born. It amuses the Duke as much as it does everyone else.

Norma Shearer is afraid she'll become a Venus de Milo. The exquisite Shearer chews and chews her little fingernails when in a thoughtful mood. Remembering the postcard that Alexander Woollcott sent a friend, showing the Venus de Milo, with a little note by Alex The Raconteur to the effect that "this is what happens to people who bite their fingernails," no wonder Norma is afraid of becoming a Venus de Milo.

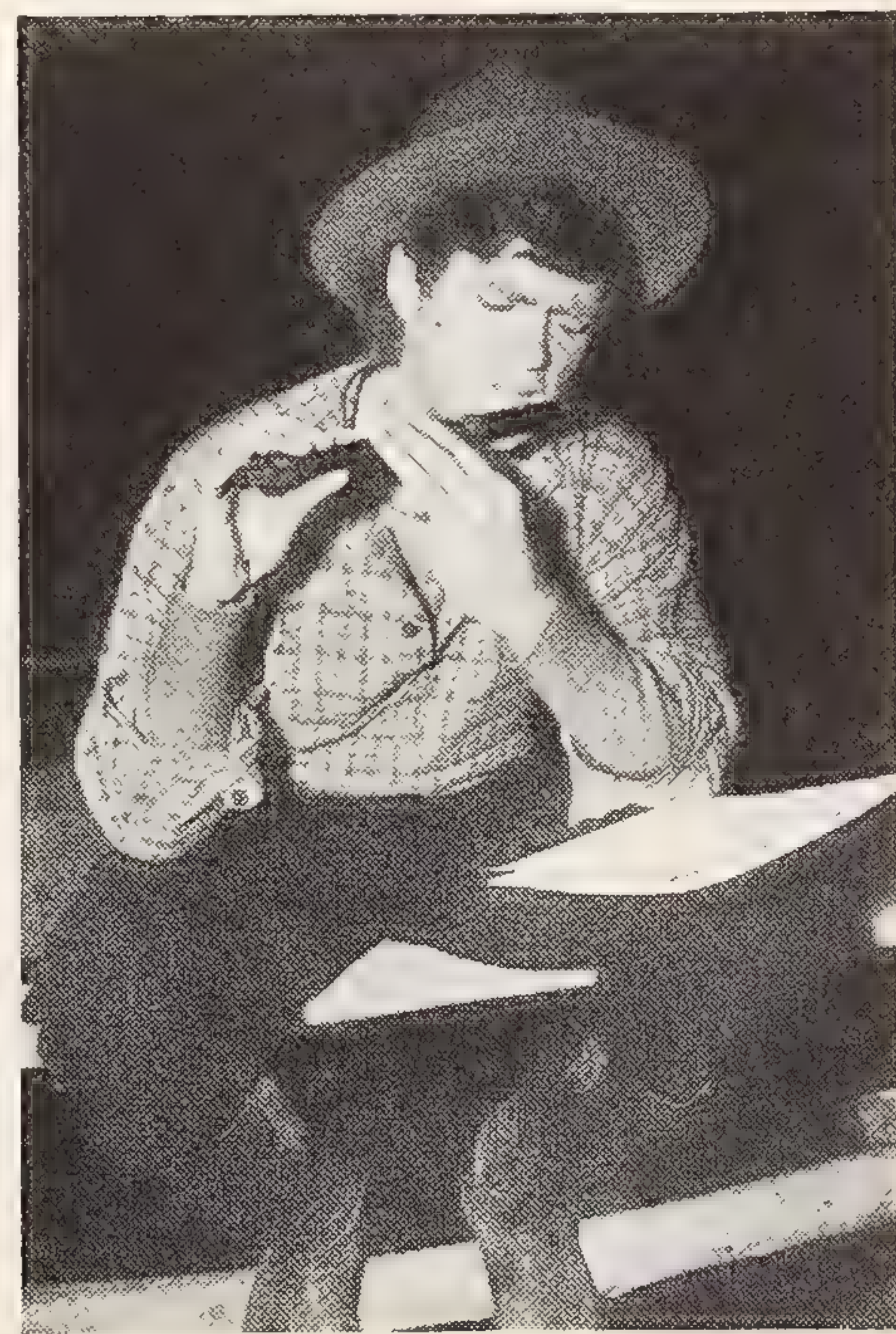
With Shirley Temple it's elephants. She sincerely believes that elephants never forget, and to add to the horror, she has recently read about a circus elephant who was tormented by a child, and years later, as he was being paraded through the streets, he caught sight of the child and went berserk, charging through store windows as though they were so much paper, in search of his prey. Now Shirley realizes that there are many little Temples around the country, or children who resemble her as closely as possible, and she figures that somewhere, sometimes, one of these prototypes might have incurred the wrath of one of these beasts, so she goes on having elephant-trouble, in spite of the comforting words of her pal, Bill Robinson.

And all directors in Hollywood are afraid of crickets and similar insects. Recently, on the "Marco Polo" set, Director Archie Mayo had to stop shooting because of a cricket. They were unable to find the annoying insect, and finally Mayo cried excitedly: "Somebody keep that insect quiet. Do you realize this is costing a thousand dollars a minute?"

"Cheap," chirped the cricket.

"O.K. O.K.," said Mayo. "Two thousand, but not a cent more."

Another good one they tell about this very plump director, is the one connecting him with the blimp that drifts its advertising way over Hollywood. At a party one night, he received a wire, sent by a friend, which read: "Why don't you stop floating over Hollywood with the word Goodyear painted on your belly?"



Hillbilly harmony with a flute is essayed by Buddy Ebsen.



Life of a Hollywood leading man! Dick Baldwin, comparative newcomer, busy, and glad of it. His work is romance, as with June Lang, left, and Simone Simon, right.

Big Plans for Shirley Temple's Future

Continued from page 21

be gone about two months. Shirley is very eager to visit Washington, so I imagine that will be one of our first stops. When Mr. Hoover (Mr. J. Edgar Hoover of the G-Men) was in Hollywood he promised Shirley that he would show her his machine guns and that she could ride in an armored car when she came to Washington—and Shirley was so excited over the invitation that she can hardly wait. She has also expressed a desire to visit the mint and see money being made. In New York she wants to go to the Zoo first thing as she has a great love for all animals. Then she wants to see the Statue of Liberty and the tremendously high buildings that she has heard so much about. Boston seems to be a bit confused in her mind with the Boston Tea Party which she has been reading about in her American history.

"At some point or other during the trip we will go to Canada to visit the Dionne Quintuplets. Shirley knows each little Quint by name and I am sure that the visit to Callender, Ontario, will be the high spot of the trip for her. I'll probably never get her away."

That Shirley is so fond of the Dionnes makes Mr. Zanuck very happy. There is a rumor going about the studio that "the big boss" plans to put Shirley in the next Quintuplet picture. And wouldn't that be fun?

But back to Mrs. Temple: "I would like to return home by way of Bermuda, Havana, and the Panama Canal, as I have a feeling that the trip will be rather strenuous and I'll need a rest. I do wish

that the cities would treat us like normal, curious sight-seers and let us go around the stores and have a good time all by ourselves.

"Shirley has never been on a train, and of course like all children she is extremely thrilled over the prospects of riding on one. She has never traveled at all, except by boat to Honolulu.

"Now please don't think that this will be a personal appearance tour, because it won't. It will just be an educational trip for Shirley as well as pleasure. However, it has long been one of my ambitions to take a leisurely trip across the United States and let Shirley greet people at the railroad stations. Everyone could see her and it would not be necessary for anyone to pay admission to see her. I can assure you that during the entire trip there will be no personal appearances made on any stage, and that Shirley will do nothing for which there will be a paid admission.

"I have a horror of personal appearances and radio work for Shirley. During the next few years I can promise you that she will not appear on any stage or over any broadcast. I am very proud, of course, of Shirley's accomplishments—what mother wouldn't be proud of her little daughter?—but I am more proud that Shirley is refreshingly unchanged as a little girl. Shirley is happy with film work. It does not interfere with her education in the least, and it gives plenty of time to play both at the studio and at home. She is happy. And I intend to keep her that way. The minute she starts personal appearances and radio it would be work of another sort. She is too young for such hard work now. When she is old enough to choose for herself, then it is she who will determine whether she wants to be an actress or do radio work or sing or write or teach school—or be a housewife."

Mrs. Temple has turned down well over

a million dollars for Shirley in bids for personal appearances and radio work. A London impresario wanted Shirley to play six weeks in London during the Coronation of King George VI, and he told the Temples to name their own price. Shirley was offered \$12,000. for a single day's appearance at a New Jersey Fair. She was offered \$10,000. a week at the Texas Centennial celebration. There have been many more offers, equally sensational. The name of Temple is such magic that Mrs. Temple was offered \$15,000, for the use of her name for a syndicated newspaper column on "Advice to Mothers"! And naturally every broadcasting company in the country would drain its coffers to get Shirley to speak just a few words over the "mike." Not a single day passes that an attempt is not made to obtain Shirley for one form of commercial exploitation or another. During the last two years more than 15,000 different projects have been suggested by promoters! Fortunate indeed is Shirley Temple to have a sensible woman like Mrs. Gertrude Temple for a mother.

"During the next few years I plan to have Shirley continue her music lessons, her dancing and her swimming lessons," resumed Mrs. Temple. "I want Shirley to develop like a normal child and I have always tried not to give her too much to do. She has been eager to take piano lessons for some time, but not until this last year did I permit her to undertake this additional study. Now she takes three lessons a week. She is also taking French lessons and preparing for that trip to France we expect to take one of these days. She only makes three pictures a year now, which gives us six weeks or more between pictures, so she has ample time for lessons. Her school work takes three hours a day and when she is making a picture she does her school work on the set in her new trailer dressing-room. The State law permits children of Shirley's age to be on the set not more than eight hours a day, three hours of which must be given to schooling. Shirley's contract with the studio calls for her presence on the set only seven hours a day, and requires ample rest periods. Her teacher, Miss Frances Klamt, is assigned to Shirley by the Los Angeles Board of Education. Shirley and Miss Klamt have great times together.

"I believe the studio is planning to put Shirley in several modern comedies during the year. 'Little Miss Broadway,' a modern comedy about a back-stage child, has been announced for her next picture. Mr. Zanuck chooses her pictures. I have nothing to do with that. I would very much like to see her do a fantasy in color, something like 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.' Which picture, of course, I took Shirley to see during the Christmas holidays and she enjoyed immensely. She was most impressed by the wart on the old witch's nose!"

Mrs. Temple plans to have plenty of play time in Shirley's life as she continues to grow older. The Temples have bought the lot next door to them on Rockingham Drive in Brentwood and Mrs. Temple has told friends that when Shirley becomes a young lady she expects to build a dancing pavillion on the lot so that Shirley may enjoy her dancing parties to the utmost. The "next door neighbor" of the Temples is ZaSu Pitts (Mrs. Edward Woodall), and strangely enough it was ZaSu who first predicted Shirley's future fame. Shirley had a "bit" in one of ZaSu's comedies, "Out All Night," several years ago and at the end of the picture ZaSu told Mrs. Temple that she had never worked with such a remarkable child. "She is going to be really great," said ZaSu.

Shirley is quite a "party girl" already and is always having her young friends in for an afternoon of fun. She plays easily with children and never attempts to dominate them. But having been brought up with two older brothers, and roughed about by them, Shirley naturally becomes quite tomboyish at times. She liked the slingshots she received for Christmas—she received three of them—better than any of her other presents, which all goes to prove that little Miss Temple is no sissy. Sidney Chaplin, son of the famous Charles, comes over to play "cops and robbers" with her quite often. Sidney, they say, orders her around something awful, but she likes it.

Her favorite play-mate is little Mary Lou Islieb, who acts as Shirley's stand-in. Mary Lou is the daughter of one of the Temples' old friends and has known Shirley all her life. When the kids are making a picture they play together and work together on the set. Never has anyone heard either of them speak of moving pictures to the other.

"I have no maid or nurse for Shirley," continues Mrs. Temple. "I want her to continue living the same home life she has always lived. No one can tell, of course, what the future will bring. Shirley may continue on in pictures through the awkward age—it depends largely on whether or not the public wants to see her—and then again she may not. Whether she does or not, I am certain that picture work has not spoiled her in any way, and that she will not miss it if it ever is denied her. I am trying to give her the same background as other children—for instance, she has household duties. She has to keep her playroom straightened, she has to feed her pets, and at night she helps set the table for dinner. I have taught her to sew and already she is much better than I ever was with a needle.

"I hope she will grow up to be a well-loved woman. I don't think she will ever be egotistical. I do not think that her picture work is harming her. If it were, I would take her out of it instantly. I feel rather that it is broadening her. If she looks back and thanks me for being a sensible mother, that will be reward enough for me!"

And what are Shirley's own plans for her future? "When I grow up," says Shirley, "I think I will have a pie factory. I can make biscuits now, and soon I will make pies."

Paris

Continued from page 63

in the Taylor film in London and of course couldn't return without looking in on Paris. It was grand to see him wandering about the old haunts. Before the war he was an art student here. Whether the art was not so good or the hereditary lure of the stage was too great, I don't know; but he returned to the footlights and became one of the pioneers on the screen. So with all this fund of experience, enhanced by the famous Barrymore wit, you can see what a joy it is to be with him. At one moment he was comparing the stage with the screen. "Billiards and tennis are both played with balls but, my God, you can't compare them! It's the same with the stage and the screen," he grumbled. He is most picturesque when he grumbles. Added to that he uses his cane most effectively for emphasizing his peppery remarks. Some months ago he broke his hip and since then he has had to use a cane. To me he uses it as much in talking as in walking. He thumped and hobbled to his favorite old restaurants and cafés, to say nothing of the Exposition and Museums. And very spicy were his remarks about some of the pictures and objects on exhibition. A grand old man and we were all sorry he didn't stay longer with us.

Now for a bit of the feminine touch, and a very lovely touch it is, too, in the person of Madeleine Carroll. After cruising about the canals and rivers of France in a little yacht she settled down in Paris to thoroughly enjoy herself before returning to Hollywood and work. I hate to think of the Hotel George V dining room without her decorative presence. She was quite an attraction there. "The Prisoner of Zenda" was being shown in a theatre around the corner and people would rush from seeing the film to the George V to compare the Carroll of the screen with the Carroll in real life. All decided that she was even lovelier off than on the screen—a rare thing, I must say, with most of our Hollywood glamor ladies! The Exposition was practically at Madeleine's front door and she "did" the big show many times, in spite of the stairs of which there seemed miles. A bit of a task for a dainty lady who made her first big film fame with "Thirty-nine Steps." Remember that picture she made with Robert Donat? Her first picture on

her return to Hollywood will be "Personal History," under the direction of Henry Hathaway who made "Lives of A Bengal Lancer" and "Souls at Sea." Like all good little Hollywood ladies La Carroll lived at the George V and crossed the ocean on the "Normandie." (No, my dears, I don't get a rake-off for mentioning this.)

Paul Muni slipped into town—oh yes, after crossing on the "Normandie"—but *not* stopping at the George V. He and the little woman chose a small hotel off the beaten path so they could come and go undisturbed. He has long been an idol in Paris and of course with the French all interested in the release of his "Life of Emil Zola" his first visit is quite opportune. The Warner Brothers gave a grand luncheon for him at Maxim's, which I hope Muni enjoyed as much as the rest of us. He plans on going to Russia on this trip to get atmosphere for his next picture. I thought they had about used up the film possibilities of Russia, but evidently they will always keep making them. Of course with Muni in the principal part a great characterization will be built up independent of any country. But before there are any more pictures for the talented Paul Muni, he and his wife are to combine relaxation with sightseeing on a well-planned tour over on this side of the broad Atlantic.

Lewis Milestone, whose "All Quiet on the Western Front" was so much talked about, lingered in town for a while with his beautiful wife. We celebrated by going to the circus, which the Milestones enjoyed hugely. The French circus is in a permanent building built around one ring. In that way one can sit comfortably and watch one act at a time which is such a relief from the three-ring affairs which they feel they must give to the bewildered public in America. After the circus the Milestones left by train for Roumania to visit with some of the missus' family. Then a quick turnabout for Hollywood.

It seems as though being Charles Boyer's leading lady is the sure stepping stone to Hollywood. Now that Danielle Darrieux is nicely settled in California, another of Charles' partners is preparing to go there. She is Michele Morgan, an attractive little creature who was leading lady in "Le Venin" with Charles at the Joinville Studios, near Paris. Will have more to say of Mademoiselle in my next, for, as I said at the start, this is practically a "gentlemen only" month, so must not get side-tracked.



Drama on the fairways! Bing Crosby, with pretty Mary Carlisle for his caddy, plays a round with Bob Hope—and the score brings no hope to Bing. But unlucky in golf, lucky in—well you get the idea, Mary is still cheering you, Bing.



ardent
color

Yes!

lipstick
parching

No!



Every girl knows that bright lips tempt. But some girls forget that *rough* lips repel.

So choose your lipstick for two reasons... its sweet, warm color...and its *protection* from Lipstick Parching.

Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick is enriched with "Theobroma," a special softening ingredient that protects the soft, thin skin of your lips...encourages a moist, lustrous look. In 5 thrilling shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢. "Air-Spun" Rouge is new! Blended by air...its texture is so mellow-smooth, it seems related to your own skin! 50¢.



Eight precious drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb". That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

Siren of the Old South

Continued from page 25

"JEZEBEL"

A Warner Bros. Picture

CAST

Julie.....Bette Davis
Preston Dillard.....Henry Fonda
Buck Cantrell.....George Brent
Amy.....Margaret Lindsay
Aunt Belle.....Fay Bainter
Ted.....Richard Cromwell
General Bogardus.....Henry O'Neill
Dr. Livingstone.....Donald Crisp
Dick Allen.....Gordon Oliver
Jean LaCour.....John Litel
Mrs. Kendrick.....Spring Byington
Play by Owen Davis, Sr. Screen Play
by Clements Ripley and Abem Finkel.
Directed by William Wyler.

know what to think! He's always loved you in white."

"Pres—that's so." Julie's head lifted and her eyes blazed as they followed the girl carrying the dress designed for the most brazen woman in the city. "Wait a minute," she was laughing now, that curious laugh that wasn't happy at all. "Bring that over here. If it fits me I'm going to have it!" And before anyone could stop her she had torn off the filmy white gown and slipped the bold red one over her shoulders.

"Take that off, this instant!" Aunt Belle's voice shook in her fear. "Child, you're out of your mind! You know you can't wear red at a Proteus Ball."

"Can't I?" Julie laughed. "I'm going to! This is 1850, dumpling, not the dark ages. Girls don't have to simper around in white just because they're not married."

"In New Orleans they do!" Aunt Belle held out her hands imploringly. "Julie, you'd insult every woman on the floor. Think of Pres!"

"That's just what I am thinking of!" Julie's face was alive with malice now.

If only she could stop her, Aunt Belle thought desperately, but after twenty years of spoiling her she knew there wasn't much she could do. Even General Bogardus, who was Julie's guardian, had little control over her for all his bluster and his threats.

"The girl's as dangerous as a water moccasin!" he thundered as Aunt Belle poured the after-dinner coffee that evening and the old eyes glared at Julie's empty chair. "It's a kind of atmosphere she creates. Let her come into the street, the young men are at it like game chickens."

He stopped as Preston came into the room and Aunt Belle sat down her cup with shaking fingers.

"Oh, Pres, I am so glad you've come!" she laughed nervously. "I thought that is, Julie said you'd quarrelled again and—"

"It's time we all stopped hanging on every word Julie says." There was a new firmness in his voice. "Most times she only half means them, anyway. I can handle this."

Without another word he was striding toward the broad mahogany staircase and he scarcely realized what he was doing when he picked up his malacca stick from the table where it was lying. He heard her singing as he knocked on her door, her voice rising mockingly at the increased fury of his blows.

"Look here, Julie, you and I have got to—straighten things out," he called. "There's no sense to all this. I'm here because I love you and because I know you love me. I couldn't leave the bank today. I was just as disappointed as you were. Now please, Julie—"

It seemed an interminable time before the door opened and she stood there, a tantalizing smile playing about her lips as she saw the stick gripped in his hand.

"Pres, in a lady's bedroom!" Julie laughed as she burlesqued a shocked gesture. "Now you'll have to marry me!"

"Zt!" He was grinning now too, his heart beating madly at the sight of her smiling again. "There must be some way out."

But for all the lightness in his voice his arms gripped her as they never had before when he held her and kissed her.

"Look at me," his smile came ruefully. "When I came in I was going to beat you."

Something strange flickered in her eyes then, something that was half ecstasy and half fear, and with a delicious shock she realized she would have liked it. For a moment she waited expectantly, and when she spoke her voice was flat with her disappointment.

"Wouldn't you like to see my dear dress?" she asked and then at the sight of the anger mounting in white fury to his cheeks as he looked at the red dress she laughed. "Are you afraid I'll be taken for one of those girls from Gallatin Street?"

"Julie!" The protest was torn from him.

"I'm sorry!" Her words came sharp and bitter. "I forget I'm just supposed to simper around in white, that I'm not supposed to know about things like Gallatin Street. It might be bad for the bank, is that it? Will you please let them hold another director's meeting and let them decide what I can wear?"

"So that's it! You're just nursing your spite." He gripped her arm and turned her toward him. "For once you're going to do as I say. I'm calling for you tomorrow night at ten and you're going to be properly dressed for the Ball."

But it was the red dress Julie put on the next evening. She had laughed when she thought of Buck Cantrell and had sent the note summoning him to her and she was laughing now as she went stealthily down the back stairs to meet him near the carriage entrance.

He was there as she had known he would be, for Buck had loved her for years; but he shook his head stubbornly when she asked him to take her to the ball.

It was the first time he had ever refused her anything. Once he had fought a duel because her name had been bandied about a saloon. But he couldn't go against his friendship with Preston's younger brother Ted and do this smaller thing for her.

"Not this time, Julie," he said slowly.



Jane Withers shows skill with a skillet in her rôle as a gypsy.

*In this New Cream
the "Skin-Vitamin"
the substance which helps
to make Skin Beautiful*

What makes one woman's skin so smooth—vital looking? Another's dull and dry, even rough?



Mrs. Ogden Goelet

Blonde, petite, with a delicate fair skin. "Pond's Cold Cream with the 'skin-vitamin' has done wonders for my skin. Now it's never rough or dry—seems to keep smoother and fresher looking always."

(ABOVE) Mrs. Goelet at an informal musicale.

(LOWER LEFT) In the Museum of Modern Art, looking at the famous "Bird in Flight."

Mrs. Goelet's home is in New York, where her appreciation of music and art is well known to her friends.

TODAY, we know of one important factor in skin beauty. We have learned that a certain vitamin *aids in keeping skin beautiful*. The important "skin-vitamin" about which we are learning more and more every day!

Aids skin more directly

Over four years ago, doctors found that this vitamin, when applied right on the skin, helps it more directly! In cases of wounds and burns, it actually healed skin quicker and better!

Pond's found a way to put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. They tested it—during more than three years! In

animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily. And this improvement took place in only 3 weeks!

Women report benefits

Today, women who are using Pond's Cream—the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it—say that it *does* make skin smoother; that it makes texture finer; that it gives a livelier, more glowing look!

Use this new cream just as before—for your nightly cleansing, for the morning freshening-up, and during the day before make-up. Leave some on overnight and

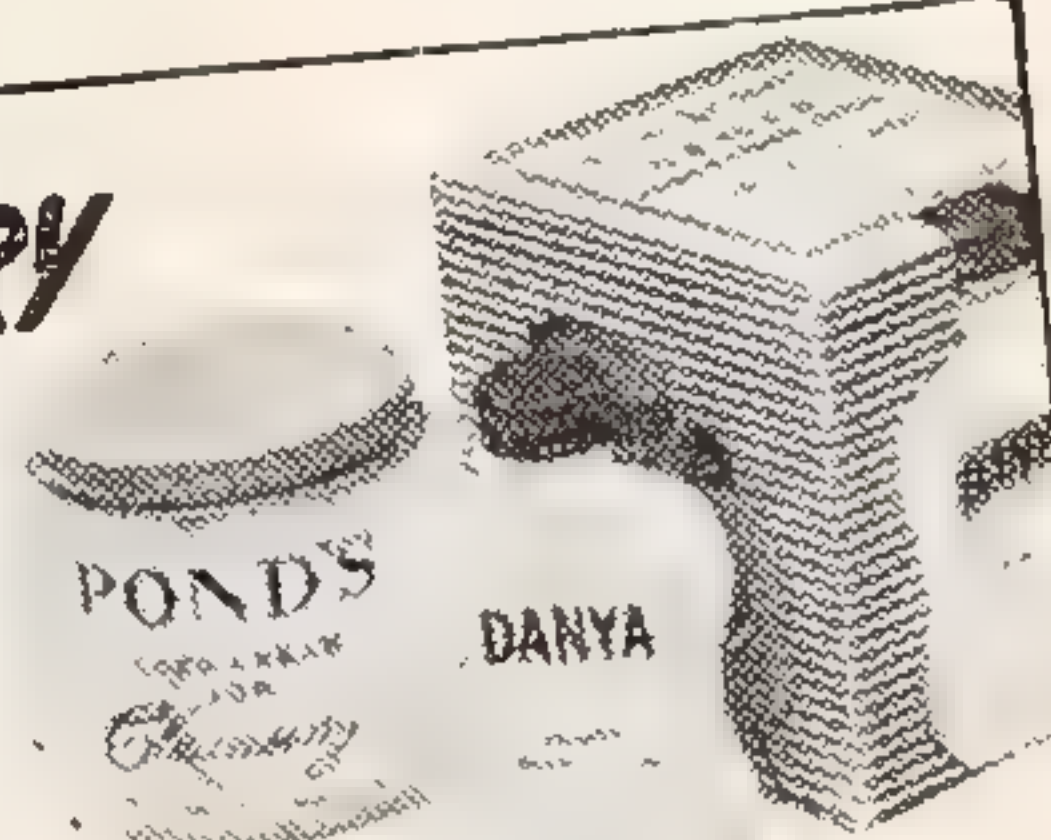
whenever you have a chance. Pat it in especially where there are little rough places or where your skin seems dull, lifeless. In a few weeks, see if your skin is not smoother, brighter looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

**EXTRAORDINARY
1¢ OFFER
AT LOCAL STORES**

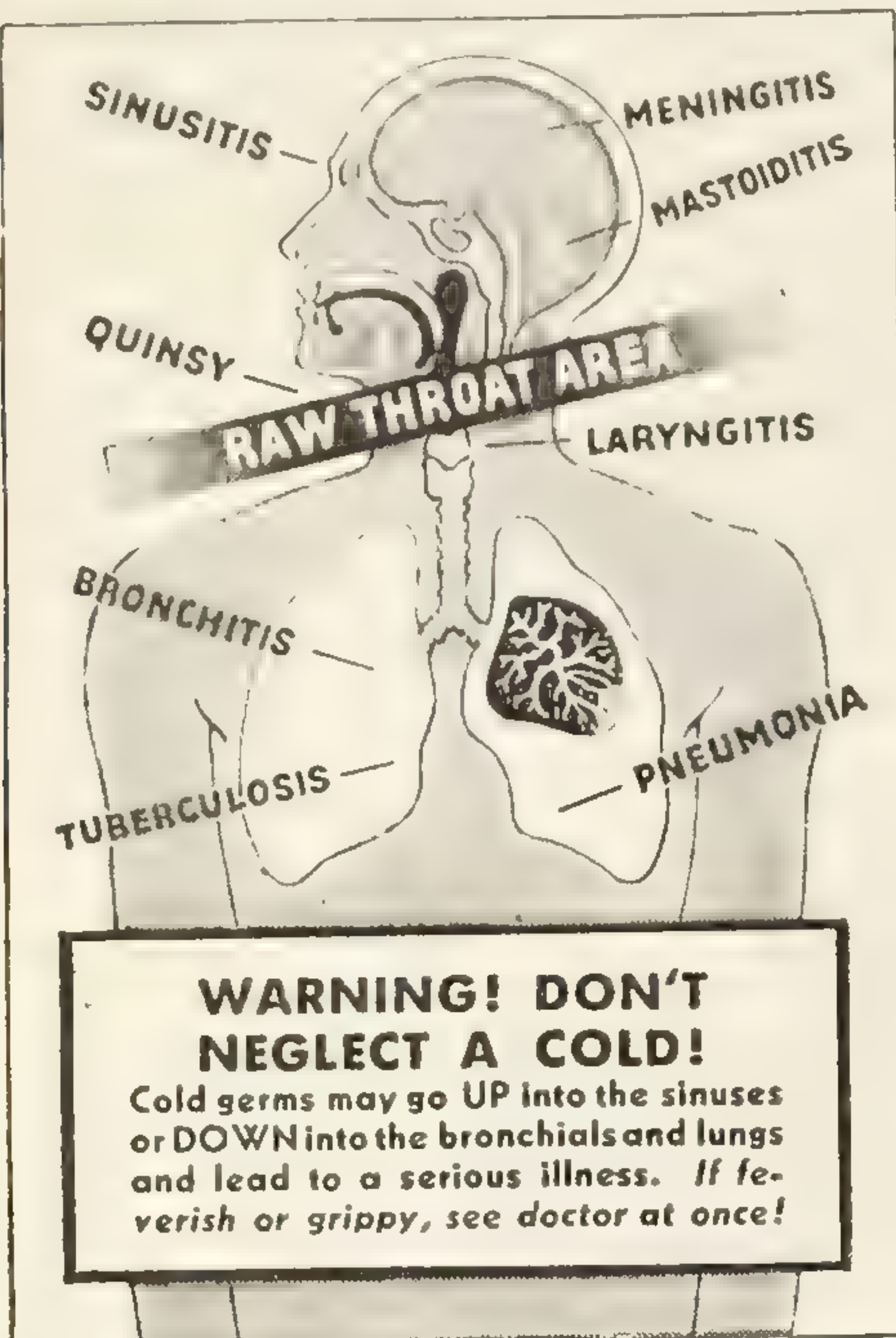
While they last! With purchase of a regular 3½-oz. jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get for only 1¢ extra a large introductory bottle of DANYA, Pond's new-type preparation for hands.



**BOTH CONTAIN
THE ACTIVE
"SKIN-VITAMIN"**

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

Feverish? Grippy? SEE DOCTOR AT ONCE



FOR "RAW" THROAT USE THIS "FIRST AID"

Doctors warn that colds can lead to serious illness—to ear and sinus infection, and even pneumonia. So don't take a chance. Treat the symptoms of a coming cold effectively and without delay! *If you feel feverish or grippy see your doctor at once!*

TAKE THIS SIMPLE PRECAUTION

For the most effective "first aid," kill the cold germs that cause raw, dry throat. At the first sign of a raw throat cold, gargle with Zonite. Zonite does 3 jobs for you: (1) Cleanses mucous membranes. (2) Increases normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. (3) Kills cold germs present in the throat as soon as it comes in actual contact with them.

In a test to find out the germ-killing powers of the nine most popular, non-poisonous antiseptics on the market, Zonite proved to be actually 9.3 times more active (by standard laboratory tests) than the next best antiseptic compared! This means economy because you use Zonite diluted! Zonite goes farther—saves you money.

Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is. Soon your throat feels better.

DON'T DELAY—BE PREPARED

Get Zonite at your druggist now. And at the first sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. But remember: If you are feverish, consult your doctor! Don't risk a serious illness.

**ZONITE IS 9.3 TIMES MORE
ACTIVE THAN ANY OTHER
POPULAR non-poisonous ANTISEPTIC**
by standard laboratory tests



GARGLE WITH
ZONITE AT FIRST
SIGN OF A COLD!

Gargle with Zonite

"Pres isn't going to like it and I think too much of you to help you do something you're going to regret."

So it was with Preston she went to the ball. But it wasn't the way she had thought it would be. For he hadn't stormed at her at all, and after that first request that she change her dress had accepted her refusal so casually that for the first time in her life she was thoroughly frightened.

There was no triumph in her going now, only the dull shame that mounted in her as she saw the incredulous glances flung at her as she entered the ballroom. She pulled her cloak tighter around her but Preston took it from her with a quiet force that bewildered her.

"Pres, please take me out of here!" She was almost crying now in her embarrassment as she saw the young men who had always clustered around her avoiding her as if she were a plague of the dread yellow fever itself.

"But my dear, we haven't danced yet," Preston said in that cold, lifeless voice that didn't sound like his at all and when she protested he forced her out on the dance floor and her eyes closed in agony as she saw the other dancers leave.

The rage was spent now, and she felt lost and frightened. If Preston would only let her she would make it up to him. She would be so gentle, so understanding, and she would hold that wildness in her heart in leash and never say the bitter words to hurt him again.

But it was over and done with and nothing she could say could reach him now. There was his voice saying goodbye and the tears that seemed to come from somewhere deep in her heart and the fierce pride that would not allow her to run after him and beg for forgiveness.

At first she thought he would come back to her and she tried to smile as she planned how she would laugh at him and flout him and how afterwards she would forgive him and things would be the same again as they always had been after each quarrel.

But when he left for the North without seeing her she changed almost over night and became quiet and withdrawn. She shunned her friends and instead of the gaiety she had always craved sought only the stillness of her own dreams.

Even when the Yellow Death took its hold on the city and some of her friends were among those who died it meant nothing to her, and when her aunt begged that they return to the plantation where they would be safe from the scourge, she only shook her head.

Then one day her aunt told her Preston was coming back and suddenly she began to live again.

"I knew he would come! I knew it all along!" Her eyes darkened and the color struggled back into her cheeks again. "I'm going to beg his forgiveness. I was vicious and mean and selfish, and I'm going to tell him I hated myself for being like I was, even then. I'll humble myself before him. All that ever stood between us will be gone when he takes me in his arms!"

She wanted to go to the plantation now that Preston was coming. Living became important again now that she would see him, now that she would feel his arms holding her and his lips close on hers. And the hours that she had not counted for so long moved slowly toward that day when he would come.

Then it came at last and she put on the white party dress that she had never worn and she picked mint from the garden and smiled as she remembered how Preston had always loved her mint juleps. And then suddenly she was halfway between laughing and weeping for there was Preston and her heart almost stopping at that first sight of him.

"Pres!" she cried. "Oh, Pres, what fools we were!"

"Please!" His smile was twisting as he looked at her. "That's over, Julie."

"Yes, of course," she cried happily. "I can't believe it's you, here. I've dreamed it so long. A lifetime—no, longer than that."

"But Julie, I—"

"No! Don't say it yet!" She swept his words away with her laugh. "I put on this dress for you to help me tell you how humbly I ask you to forgive me. See, Pres, I'm kneeling to you!"

"Julie, don't." He lifted her to her feet and then her eyes followed his to the door and she saw the strange girl she had never seen before walking toward them. She was small, this girl, and quiet and dark, and even before Preston introduced Amy as his wife, Julie knew.

It was as if a demon took possession of Julie then. She was gay and laughing, and she was flirting with Buck Cantrell as she had never flirted with anyone before, but in her heart was that destructive rage that was all the more destructive now that she kept it hidden. For even when she looked at the girl from the North who had married Preston she was able to hold the fury against her deep in her heart for no one to see.

She felt that she had mastered that black rage of hers now, that she had found a way to make it serve her just as she was making Buck serve her, too, when she egged him into the quarrel with Preston. Oh, she did it so cleverly that night at dinner when the talk turned to abolition and the North, and she made Preston seem almost an enemy when he tried to defend his wife's birthplace.

It was almost as if she hated Preston then, but later in the garden when she found him alone she knew that she could never hate him. That all the hatred in her heart was for the quiet girl who was his wife.

"Why did you do it, Pres?" she demanded. "Why? Why?" And then as he looked at her, unable to answer, her voice broke. "Shall I cry for you? Nobody but you ever made me cry and that was only twice and both times you gave me what I wanted. Do you remember?"

"Yes," he said.

"How much do you remember?" she persisted.

"Everything you ever said or did," he said slowly. "And it's past now, Julie. Done, finished."

"Look Pres, listen," her outflung arms



Tamara Desni, English star, in a revealingly lovely pose.

PARAMOUNT'S NEW STAR

Franciska Gaal CHOOSSES THIS MAKE-UP

FRANCISKA GAAL

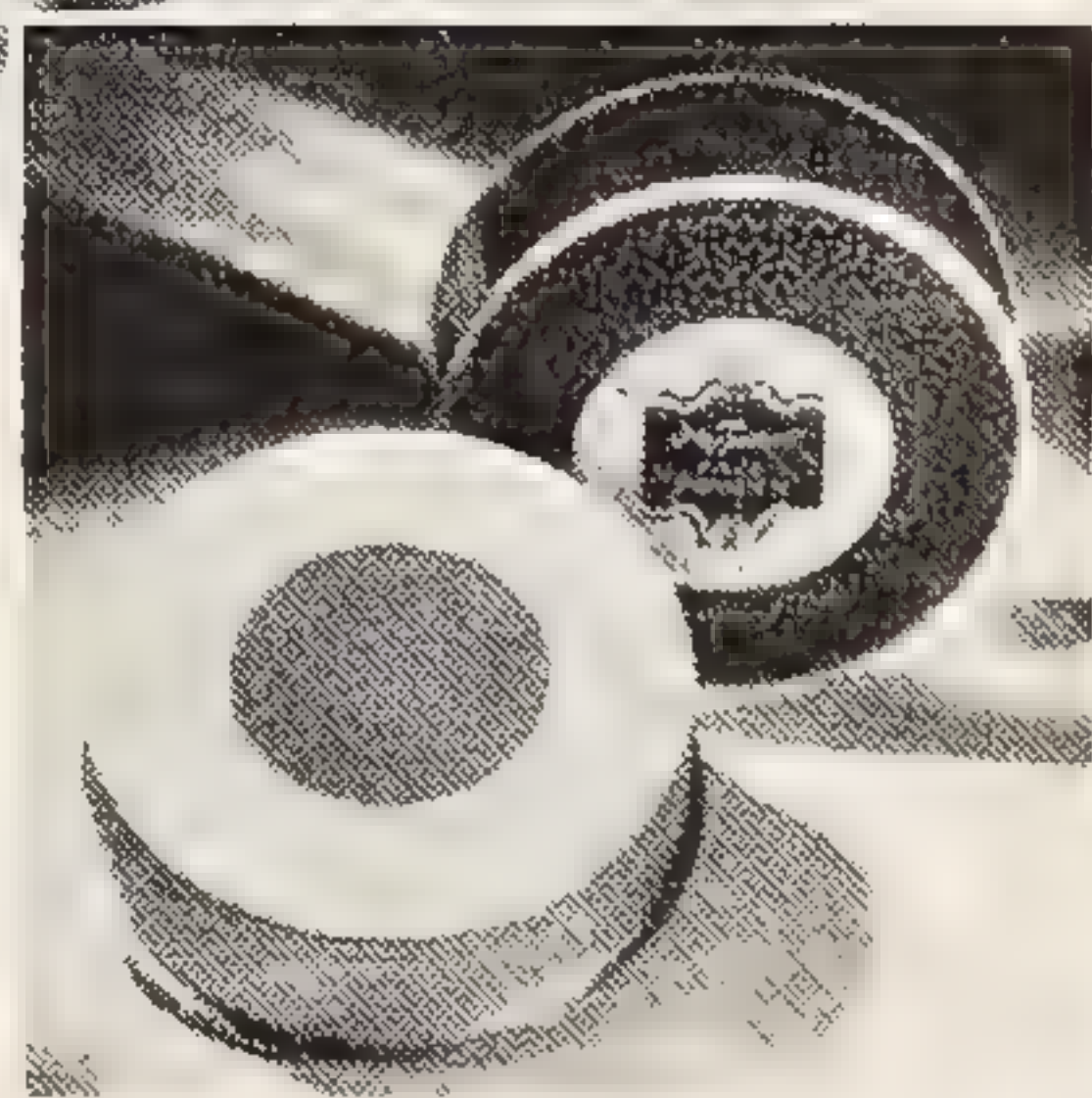
in Paramount's

"THE BUCCANEER"

A CECIL B. DE MILLE PRODUCTION

The POWDER...

Created in original shades to beautify famous screen star types, here is a face powder that will be unusually flattering to your skin. Clinging, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that looks lovely for hours. Max Factor's Face Powder... \$1.



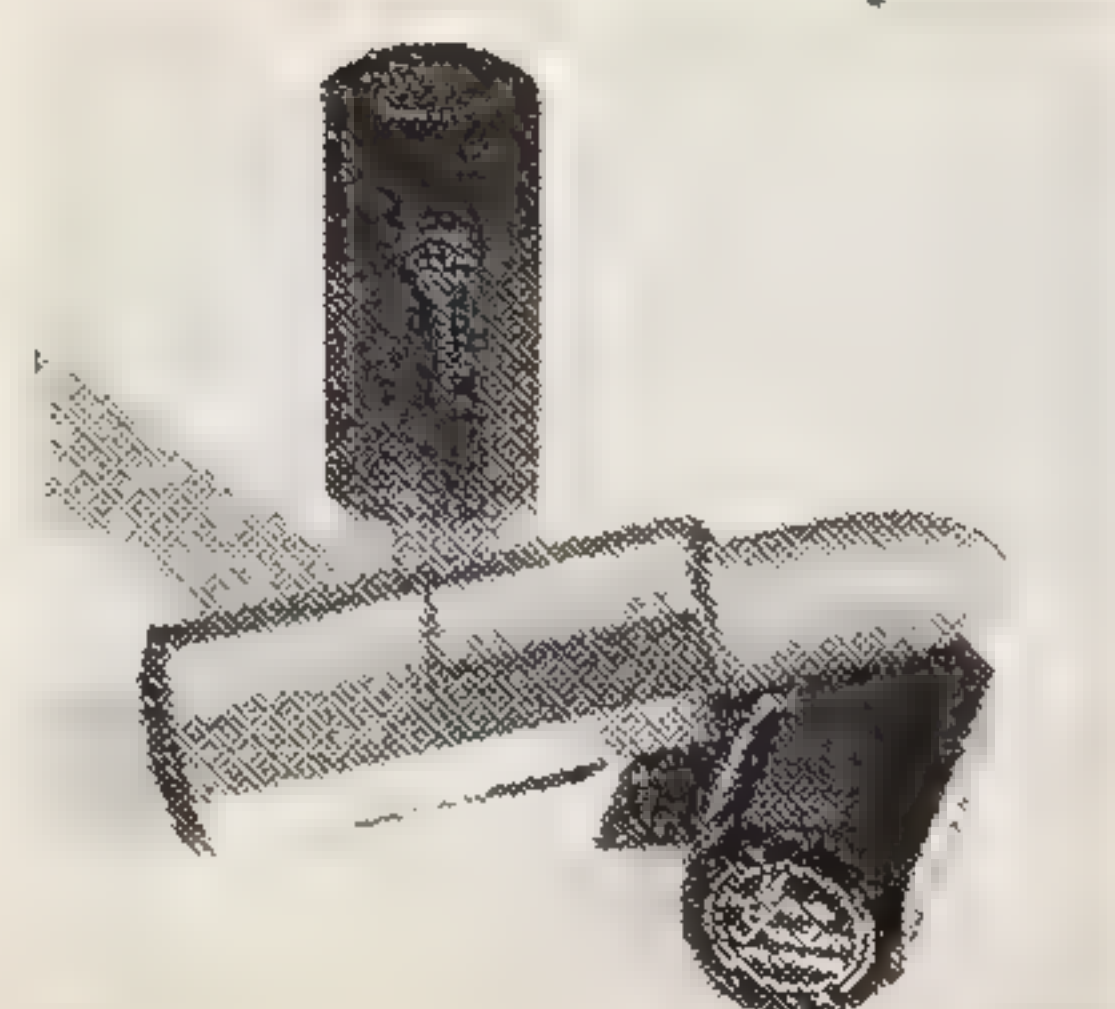
The ROUGE...

Rouge must be the right red... a harmonizing shade that is lifelike. So Max Factor created color harmony shades for blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead... to dramatize the individuality of each type. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily. Max Factor's Rouge... 50¢.



The LIPSTICK...

In Hollywood, lip make-up must look perfect for hours, so you can depend upon Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick to withstand every test. In alluring color harmony shades to accent the appeal of lovely lips. And remember, it's moisture-proof. Max Factor's Lipstick... \$1.



ARE YOU blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead? Do you know what shades of powder, rouge and lipstick will bring out the most beauty in your face? Then discover Hollywood's make-up secret. Note coupon for special make-up test.

"TO ENHANCE the charm and attraction of beauty, your own complexion colorings must be emphasized," explains Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. "Make-up must be in color harmony to vividly accent the personality of your type."

Yes, make-up is something different in Hollywood... and you, like famous screen stars, will find that the color harmony shades of powder, rouge and lipstick originated by Max Factor will bring amazing beauty to you.

So create a new personality with this make-up secret. Give your skin a satin-smooth loveliness... your cheeks lifelike color... your lips an alluring red. Discover today how really beautiful you can be by using your color harmony in Max Factor's powder, rouge and lipstick.

★ NEW! Max Factor's INVISIBLE Make-Up Foundation keeps your make-up smooth and lovely from morning till night.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

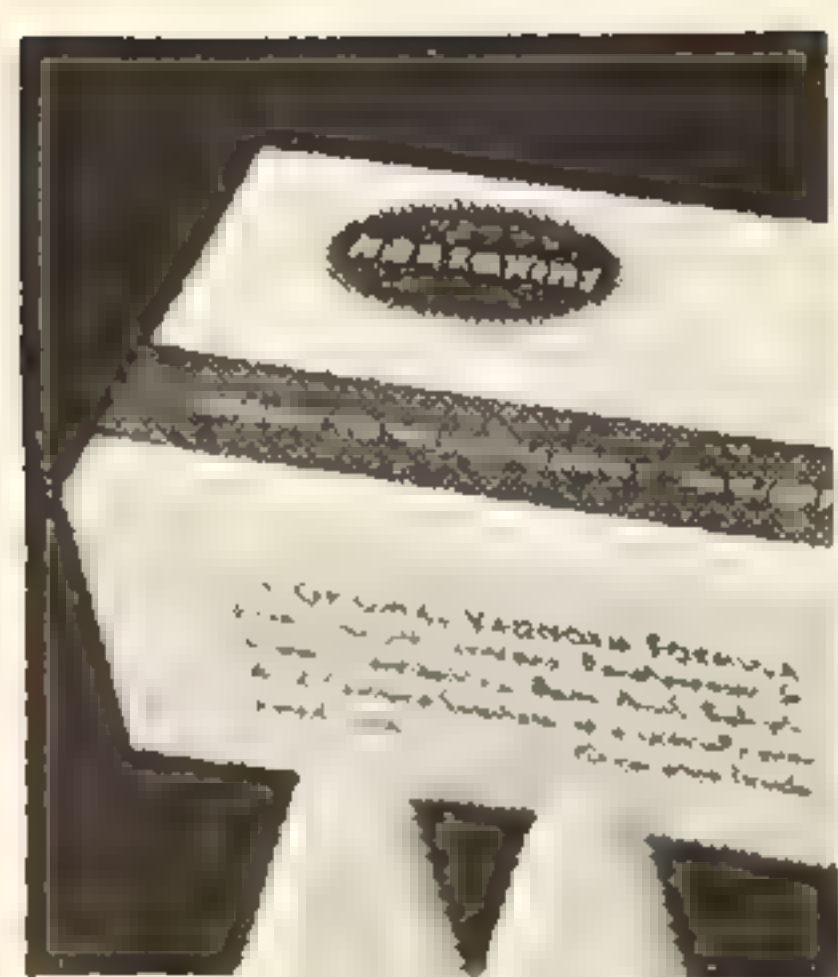
MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade;
also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and
handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page
Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"..... FREE

NAME _____ 4-3-37
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

| COMPLEXIONS | EYES | HAIR |
|---|--|---|
| Very Light <input type="checkbox"/> | Blue <input type="checkbox"/> | BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Fair <input type="checkbox"/> | Gray <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Creamy <input type="checkbox"/> | Green <input type="checkbox"/> | BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Medium <input type="checkbox"/> | Hazel <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/> | Brown <input type="checkbox"/> | BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Sallow <input type="checkbox"/> | Black <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Freckled <input type="checkbox"/> | LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/> | REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Olive <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/> | AGE | If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/> |

FEMININE HYGIENE

made easy



NOTHING COULD BE EASIER

Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the dainty, modern, easy way to feminine hygiene.

THINK BACK to the awkward old ways of feminine hygiene. Contrast them with the *new* way, the convenient, simple *Norform* way. These easy-to-use suppositories have revolutionized feminine hygiene for millions of women.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing an effective yet non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged soothing contact. This antiseptic—*anhydro-para-hydroxy-mercuri-meta-cresol*—called *Parahydrecin* for short—is found in no other product for feminine hygiene. *Parahydrecin* is the reason why Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR Send for the new Norforms booklet, "*Feminine Hygiene Made Easy*." Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York; Toronto, Canada; makers of *Unguentine*.

NORFORMS

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Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

seemed to hold all the softness of the southern night. "Can you hear them, the night noises? Do you see the moon among the cypresses? Can you taste the night on your tongue? You can't get away from these things, Pres; they're in your blood. You don't know what it is, Pres, but they're part of you. It's the mocking bird in the magnolias, it's the blue haze on a spring morning when the air's so soft it presses on you like a kiss. It's a red flower over a gray wall. It's the river rolling down and down. Oh, it isn't tame and easy like the north. It's quick and dangerous, but you can trust it. Because it's part of you, Pres, just as I'm part of you. And we'll never let you go!"

Suddenly she moved toward him and he felt her young body pressed against him, her lips clinging to his. His arm reached out to hold her—then suddenly the brief ecstatic moment was gone and he had only contempt for her and the trick she had stooped to, and instead his hand caught her full on the face.

"Pres," she whispered, and he tried to look away from the triumph in her eyes. "Pres, you're afraid of me! You're afraid of yourself. You're afraid because it's pulling you. You're part of it and you can't get away from it. This is your country, Pres. Amy doesn't understand. She thinks there'd be snakes!"

"Yes! And she'd be right!" Preston breathed deeply as he stepped back, and he wondered if Julie had guessed how close he had come to taking her in his arms again. "Amy has put her life and her happiness into my hands and they're going to be safe there. I'm going in now."

He had left when she went back into the house again for a message had come that the President of the bank had been stricken and needed him. But Amy was still there, for he had refused to take her with him to the plague-ridden city.

It was the girl's very quietness that drove Julie to that new frenzy, and there was nothing that the others could really understand, only that before any of them realized it Ted was defending his sister-in-law and Buck was taking up the cudgels for Julie.

"Don't you see what Julie's doing?" Ted turned furiously on Buck. "Don't you see how she's using you? She's been egging you on, first against Pres and now his wife."

Once Buck had fought a duel over Julie for less than this. But that had been a stranger. It was harder to fight this boy who had been his friend.

Julie could have stopped it if she had wanted to. But Julie didn't want to stop anything now, and she only laughed when the others begged her to. And afterward



Gloria Youngblood is one of the most promising screen recruits.

it was too late. Afterward, when she saw Ted's drawn young face as he flung his pistol contemptuously down on the table before her. She didn't need anyone to tell her Buck was dead, then.

But she wouldn't let the others see that searing remorse that came to her even as they left her house, with their horror of her plain on their faces.

"I'll arrange to turn my guardianship over to the bank," General Bogardus said with averted head. "My respects, Ma'am."

Even when she saw her aunt leaving with the others she stood there with her proud head held high and her eyes looked coldly into the old ones staring at her as if they were seeing her for the first time.

"I am thinking of a woman called Jezebel who did evil in the sight of God," the older woman said slowly.

The suddenly emptied house seemed like a tomb and an intolerable loneliness drove Julie to the window. Then her laugh came again, slowly and triumphantly, for she saw the sheriff and his men who were drawing the fever line between them and the city driving them back into the house again.

For a week she went through the mockery of catering to her unwilling guests, of pretending that their silence and averted looks did not concern her. And then suddenly it didn't matter any longer. Nothing mattered—for Preston's man servant came to them one night bedraggled and mud-smeared with the news that Preston had been stricken.

"They tek him to yo' house, Miss Julie," the colored boy's eyes bulged with terror. "And the doctor say for you all to get there right away quick afore they hustle him off to dat leper place."

"Leper place?" Amy said with a little moan. "What does he mean?"

"Lazarette Island, the leper colony where they send the fever victims to die!" Someone blurted out.

"They can't!" Amy's eyes were wild with horror. "I've got to get to him."

Julie looked on impassively as they began to get ready for the ride to New Orleans with the old general in command. Maybe he would get them through the fever lines with his authority and bluster, but Julie wasn't going to take a chance on it. She had to get to Preston!

The boy who had come with the news had broken through cane brake to get there, he had fought his way among thickets and through the treacherous waters of the Bayou. Well, Julie could do that too. Julie who loved him.

But when she stood beside Preston's bed at last he turned his head away.

"Keep away! Don't touch me!" He shrank from her outstretched, beseeching hands. "You . . . with Buck's blood on you!"

She hadn't known that gossip could break even through fever lines. But another kind of courage came to her then, a courage greater than the one that had sent her stumbling and falling through danger to be with him, a courage that could make her stay knowing he didn't want her.

All that night she stayed beside him and held the ice compresses to his head. And sometimes he was quiet and she remembered other days when his face had held that same peace being near her. And sometimes he raved and the words twisted in her heart.

"Underneath the river you trust it's part of you rolling down forever to remember because it's in the blood Buck's blood and made you cry twice and struck you because we're a part of it and struck after she cried twice remember twice white white never wore white and trust you."

Strange, jumbled words running together in his delirium but the meaning of them there to lift her heart even as they struck

at it. For it was never of Amy he spoke. She was quiet, quieter than she had ever been in all her headlong, tumultuous life when the others came and when she saw Amy's face haggard from the suspense of waiting to get through the fever lines she knew she couldn't hate even Preston's wife any more. And somehow it wasn't hard then, even to stand aside and give Amy her place beside him.

But when the northern girl insisted she was going to the island with him, Julie couldn't be still any longer.

"Of course it's your right to go. You're his wife," She said slowly. "But are you fit to go? Loving him isn't enough. If you gave him all your strength would it be enough?"

"I'll make him live or die with him." Amy protested.

"Amy," the name came gently to Julie's lips, "Do you know the Creole word for fever powder? For food and water? How to talk to a sullen, over-worked black boy and make him fear you and help you? Pres' life and yours will hang on words you can't say and you will both surely die. Amy, it's no longer you or I . . ."

"What do you mean?" The girl asked tensely.

"I will make him live. I *will*," Julie cried passionately. "Whatever you do I will do more because I know how to fight better than you. It's not a hospital, Amy, it's a desolate island haunted by death. You must be there with him day and night, you must bathe him, give him drugs, you will have to fight for his food and water and keep the living away from him and the dead."

"I'm not afraid," Amy said quietly.

"No, you're not afraid," Julie put her hand on the girl's arm. "You're the bravest woman I ever saw. I believe you even have the courage to save him by giving me the right to go in your place. You are not

afraid to die. I boldly ask a greater sacrifice in Pres' name. His life."

"And for yourself?" Amy asked quietly her grave eyes searching Julie's face.

"I ask you bravely for the chance to give proof that I can be brave and strong and unselfish. Let me make myself clean again like you are clean."

"Julie, tell me something, only you can tell me. Does Pres still love you?"

Once Julie would have laughed at that. "I've done too much against him and you are gentle and brave as I never knew how to be. Had there been any love in his heart for me I'd taken him from you. I tried and failed because he loves only you."

It would be good to remember she had said that, afterwards on that island with the dying around them and the dead and the long hours for remembering. And it was good to remember it now, walking so slowly beside the fever wagon that was carrying Pres to the docks.

Somehow remembering it and how Amy had looked at her, proud and grateful and humble all at once, Julie felt that she could face anything that was still to come to her. Hours or days or weeks or years, the death that might come to either of them or to both of them and the life that might come too. Now it was enough to walk beside him with that new, selfless love in her heart.



Fred Allen comes on over from radio to make another appearance in films. The scene above shows the comedian and Louise Hovick in "Sally, Irene and Mary."

IMAGINE ME HAVING BAD BREATH!

YOU'D THINK A NURSE WOULD KNOW BETTER! BUT A MONTH AGO....

WHY SO DOWNHEARTED, SUE? ON THE OUTS WITH THAT HANDSOME PATIENT OF YOURS?

WELL, SORT OF. JIM DID LIKE ME, RUTH—REALLY. BUT NOW HE DOESN'T EVEN WANT ME AROUND!

GET WISE TO YOURSELF, KID! TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

AND SOON AFTER I SWITCHED TO COLGATE'S...

WELL, GOODBYE, RUTH! THANKS TO YOU, JIM AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED TOMORROW!

DON'T THANK ME—THANK COLGATE'S!

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



..AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

ON OATH TELLS HER SECRET OF GAINING WEIGHT



Anne Johnston swears before Notary Public

Many Report Gains of 5 to 15 Pounds After Taking New Ironized Yeast Tablets

NO longer need thousands of girls remain skinny and unattractive, unable to win friends and popularity. For, with these amazing new Ironized Yeast tablets, thousands who never could gain before have put on 5 to 15 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh—often in just a few weeks!

Listen to what Miss Anne Johnston, who is just one of many users, swears to under oath before a Notary Public:—

"Under the strain of working in several pictures in Hollywood, I became terribly rundown. I lost weight, my skin looked terrible, I suffered with headaches and my nerves were simply on edge. Of course I knew I couldn't stay in the pictures, looking so skinny and worn out. I was in despair until a friend recommended Ironized Yeast tablets and I bought a bottle. Almost at once I felt lots pep and stronger. My skin cleared beautifully. All my headaches and nervousness disappeared, and in 2 months I gained 8 pounds. With my new pep and new figure I've gained loads of new friends, and the hard work of pictures never bothers me."

Anne Johnston, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Sworn to before me

Donald M. McCready, Notary Public

Why they build up so quick

Scientists have discovered that many are thin and run-down only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. Now you get these exact missing elements in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

They're made from one of the richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special yeast used in making English ale. By a new process, this rich yeast is concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate—making it many times more powerful in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast. Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron) and pasteurized English ale yeast are added. Finally every batch of this Ironized Yeast is tested biologically for its Vitamin B strength. This insures its full weight-building power.

No wonder, then, that these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements quickly to gain new normally attractive pounds, new charm.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets today. If with this first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength and pep—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 263, Atlanta, Ga.



Edward G. Robinson, Wendy Barrie, Rodion Rathbone (son of Basil Rathbone, host of the party), and Jesse Lasky, are the table companions shown above.

Screenland Snoop!

Continued from page 23

their dream boys and girls interested in each other because a good team romance covers up a lot of sins in a picture, and for some reason or other the Great American Public is supposed to dash out pell mell to see two young people who love each other make love to each other on the screen. It's probably good psychology on the part of the studios, only, personally, I'd much rather see two people who hate each other make love to each other on the screen. But I'm the perverse type. Priscilla Lane and Rosemary Lane (younger sisters of Lola Lane—and wasn't she fun in "Hollywood Hotel"?) were brought out to Hollywood with the Waring Orchestra for "Varsity Show." Both kids were so good they were signed by Warner Brothers and Priscilla was soon afterwards teamed with Wayne Morris in "Everybody Was Very Nice." That was followed by "Men Are Such Fools." Both Priscilla and Wayne are ambitious young players who are eager to get to the top, so if the studio said "romance" to them, why, the kids would "romance." Which is what they've been doing in all the night clubs in town while the news cameras clicked and the columnists ogled. Nan Grey of "Three Smart Girls" fame is the only real love in young Mr. Morris' life, I am reliably informed. He sees her where there aren't any news cameras and columnists around.

And that Rosalind Russell-Jimmy Stewart romance sounds to me like something that good old Metro cooked up in its publicity department. (They didn't do so well with that Eleanor Powell-Nelson Eddy romance, did they? It froze before the release of "Rosalie.") I expect any day to hear that Roz and Jimmy have been teamed in a picture. But folks who claim to know tell me that I have lived too long and grown too cynical—the Russell-Stewart romance is the real thing. Rosalind says that she and Jimmy have known each other for a long time, but anyway it wasn't until they co-starred on a series of broadcasts for the Silver Town Theatre of the air that they started romancing. Prior to that Jimmy was sort of here, there, and everywhere, with particular emphasis on Ginger Rogers. But since Rosalind came into his life it appears that Jimmy has given up his Casanova days. She visited him frequently while he was on location at Lake Arrowhead with the "Benefits Forgot" company. Rosalind has been out of town visiting her

folks in Connecticut ever since Christmas and, believe it or not, Jimmy hasn't been running around with any other girls in her absence. He did escort Sonja Henie to several publicity parties—but Sonja was on the verge of departing for her skating tour so that didn't count.

David Niven, they tell me, will marry an English girl in London next year. Not Merle Oberon. She's a nonprofessional, very pretty, and very Old Family. In the meantime, David is doing all right here in Hollywood. He's the most man-about-town that Hollywood has ever had. One night he takes Norma Shearer to the Basil Rathbone party, the next night he takes Simone Simon dancing at the Trocadero, the next it's Olivia de Havilland for a quiet dinner at the Cock and Bull in the English manner, and so on down the list of the prettiest girls in Hollywood. And on those nights when Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has to work and the Earl of Warwick has to sleep or something, it is David who escorts Marlene Dietrich to the Trocadero to dance the Big Apple. (Marlene's simply mad about the Big Apple.) Of all the young men in town who would give their eye teeth to be chosen it is David who most often escorts Norma Shearer. Well, all I've got to say is that that little English girl needn't be too sure she'll be a bride next year. I wouldn't bet on it.

The Ginger Rogers-Lew Ayres romance that was blooming so nicely when the kids were up at Big Bear on location together with the "Having Wonderful Time" company seems to have hit the frigidairer now that they are back in town. The rumor still persists that Ginger and Lew Ayres will take up where they left off.

Jon Hall of the Body Beautiful is second only to David Niven in being Hollywood's most sought after man-about-town. The Countess di Frasso sort of confiscated him at first but now it seems he is on the loose, with Gertrude Niesen having a slight edge on the other girls.

And they do say that Janet Gaynor is spending a few wakeful nights now that Tyrone Power is playing the lead opposite Norma Shearer in "Marie Antoinette." Norma's awfully attractive and Tyrone is awfully young and romantic and in love with love. Norvell, who reads the stars for the stars, has predicted that during 1938 Tyrone Power will marry (won't the studio be mad!) but Mr. Norvell fails to say to whom.

Some say that Janet Gaynor wouldn't marry Tyrone Power. Others say she would if he asked her. I say nothing.

From The Neck Down

Continued from page 71

for example, are all cut on the same line—gently fitted well down at the back and sides and a slight flare a little above the hemline. This gives a rhythmic effect when walking and legs and ankles always seem more graceful when protruding from some slight fullness rather than a hard, straight line. And that reminds me that there is a tempo in walking, somewhere between the too-short, mincing step and the long stride, that is good walking. Tall escorts find mincing partners rather trying, and the man who walks in leisurely fashion gets lost in the crowd when his partner steps out too definitely. It's quite an art, adjusting your walking speed so that the man at your side is conscious of little else except his lovely partner.

That area from hemline to toes is very important with short skirts. Hosiery is more conspicuous than ever and it should be the right tone and quality. And it must fit. The stocking makers have done much in this respect, as you know, with length, calf and foot sizes for all. When you buy stockings, buy them like your brassiere and girdle, to fit your special needs. In case your ankles have had too much winter, use a cream or hand lotion there for a week or so when you go to bed. This will soften that skin that gets scaly, red, or taut and shining—and is never attractive through your four threads. If you have the slightest need for a depilatory, don't try to get by without one. Other than smooth, fine skin through a sheer stocking is very disillusioning, and the use of depilatory creams, powders, liquids and electric shaving devices are so quick and easy. This detail of good grooming should go on your beauty calendar along with shampoos, wave sets and manicures.

Miss Swarthout has another suit idea that upsets conventional perfume rules. With woolen suits she likes a heavy perfume. It goes with wool and outdoors, she thinks; but indoors with silks and sheer fabrics, she likes light odors. Her favorites for outdoors are two French blends, while indoors she likes jasmine and white lilac.

This star, as you might suspect, has a beautiful speaking voice and every word carries meaning. One should, after all, not waste a voice like that!



Nan Grey of films and radio, is a model of millinery art here.

I'VE GOT A DATE!

SO I'M BATHING
WITH FRAGRANT
CASHMERE BOUQUET
SOAP...IT'S THE
LOVELIER WAY
TO AVOID
OFFENDING!

TO BE ALLURING, A
GIRL JUST MUST KEEP
FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!
THAT'S WHY I BATHE
WITH CASHMERE
BOUQUET, THE LOVELY
PERFUMED SOAP!

HERE'S HOW
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP
WORKS...ITS RICH,
DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER
REMOVES EVERY TRACE
OF BODY ODOR, AND
THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR
BATH, ITS LINGERING
PERFUME CLINGS
TO YOUR SKIN!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

ALL EVENING LONG,
THIS LOVELY PERFUME
LINGERS...MAKES
YOU FEEL SO SURE
OF DAINTINESS!

NOW I SEE WHY
CASHMERE BOUQUET
IS THE LOVELIER
WAY TO AVOID
OFFENDING!



NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

SCREENLAND



**LOOK YOUR BEST
IN *ANY* LIGHT**

You can, if you use *light-proof* powder!

● You can now get powder that is *light-proof*. Luxor face powder modifies the light rays that powder particles ordinarily reflect. It solves the old problem of "shine". Your complexion is not constantly being light-struck, by day or by night. Those unbecoming highlights of cheekbones, chin, and nose are all subdued!

An Important Discovery

Any shade of light-proof powder will do more for your appearance than the most carefully selected shade of powder that picks up every ray of light. It will keep that lovely softness under lights that would otherwise make your face shine like an apple.

Don't buy any powder until you have made this test. The makers of Luxor light-proof powder will send you a box free, for your own demonstration. Make up as usual, in any light, but finish with this new powder. Then see if you can find *any* light this remarkable powder does not soften!

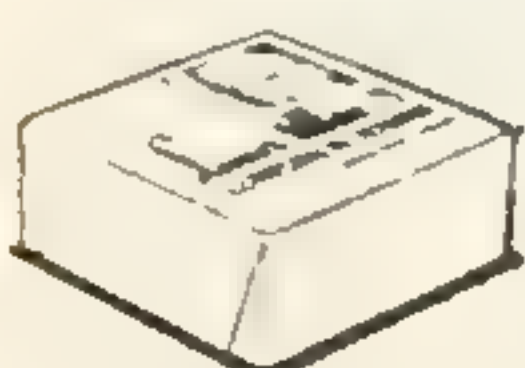
LUXOR LIGHT PROOF FACE POWDER



THIS is what happens with make-up that reflects every ray of light.



SEE the effect of powder that is light-proof and modifies the light rays.



LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago. SU-3-38
Please send trial box of Luxor light-proof powder free and prepaid.

☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel No. 2

Name

Street

City.....State.....

Medals and Birds

Continued from page 33

the time will soon come when you will have the money to retire.

Sonja Henie certainly deserves a reward and, as they say she is still crying over her broken idyll with Tyrone Power, we'll give her the bleeding-hearts. Sonja, honey, if you're going to live in this country you must learn that every time the moon is full and a fellow tells you he loves you he doesn't necessarily mean it. The award is because when you skate you're poetry in motion and because I've never known you to spare yourself when you saw an opportunity to do someone a favor. If it's any consolation to you, while you may not have the sophistication your successor in Tyrone's affections has, I'll bet in the long run he'll wish he'd stuck to you.

A medal to Warner Baxter because I think he has been at the top longer than any actor in pictures.

The orchids go unhesitatingly to Kay Francis because she is not only lovely to look at and intelligent to talk to, but because of all the stars in pictures I think she is the most loyal to her friends.

A medal to Ronald Colman because he is in a class by himself and because like Baxter, goes on and on with never a lessening of his popularity, which is well deserved.

Shucks! I like praising my friends in public but it really isn't much fun. It's the birds I get the kick out of.

Just to keep her record in this department clean, a great fat bird for Marlene Dietrich. As far as I know, only one of her pictures (her first one) has ever made big money but from the airs she gives herself you'd think she was the No. 1 box-office draw of all time. And some of her cracks should go down to posterity as, for instance, when she told her press-agent, "Please warn the interviewer who is coming to see me how beautiful I am so he won't stare." And that other story (to borrow from Walter Winchell) of how she informed an interviewer she only shows her legs in pictures—and Mr. Winchell's priceless crack that if she could ever get Paramount to think as much of her legs as *she* does they'd probably forbid her to walk around on them for fear something might happen to them.

A bird to Wallace Beery because, like Dietrich, he has an exaggerated idea of his importance in the industry and because since he played in "The Big House" I have never seen a performance of his that varied an iota from all his others.

A bird to Alice Faye because, like Jean Arthur, with everything in the world to be grateful for, she is the least co-operative person I know so far as publicity is concerned.

But enough of that for now. The daisies go to Joan Blondell because only daisies are as fresh as Joan, because she not only flips wisecracks as few others can, but because she is a much finer dramatic actress than she is credited with being and because she is the most devoted mother in the movie colony.

Franchot Tone rates a medal because I think he is the most versatile of the younger actors, playing tough guys or playboys equally convincingly.

A medal to Tyrone Power because he is the fastest rising male star in the business and one of the best of the younger actors. Tyrone, it's really none of my business, except as a fan (forgive me): I don't mind your being fickle or a philanderer but, please, *not* Goody-Two-Shoes Gaynor!

The gardenias are for Claire Trevor, Florence Rice, and Maureen O'Sullivan—

because all three are not only beautiful and charming but because all three are far, far better actresses than the parts and pictures they are cast in ever afford them an opportunity of proving.

One of the best medals for Clark Gable because I did the first interview on him when he came into pictures and because he hasn't changed a jot from the likeable chap he was that day I met him almost seven years ago.

The Mumm's chrysanthemums are for Jeanette MacDonald because she is not only the most beautiful but the most accomplished actress of all the singers.

And another of my best medals to Gary Cooper because he is one of the finest men I have ever met and because he has developed from merely an interesting personality into one of the really fine actors of the screen.

The tiger lilies are for Barbara Stanwyck because they remind me of her, because she is one of my special favorites and because she is such a grand actress.

And a medal to Robert Taylor because he is one of the nicest fellows I know, because he has been the victim of a lot of bum publicity and has never tried to alibi out of things that weren't his fault and, lastly, because he has the good judgment to stick to Barbara Stanwyck.

The forget-me-nots are for Una Merkel because she is not only an ace comedienne but because she never dishes dirt and she never slams anyone and still contrives to be regular without being marshmallowy sweet.

A brace of medals for Joel McCrea and Ralph Bellamy because they are two of the best-liked men in the business by the people *in* the business and an extra citation to go with Joel's medal because he has never laid any claims to being a great actor.

The violets are for Luise Rainer because of all the foreign imports she seems to me to be the only one worth bothering with. But she's enough to make up for all the others. Careful, though, Luise, let's not have any more performances like you turned in in "Big City."

I almost forgot. A double-decker medal for Cary Grant because last year he said I must have gone out of my way to avoid mentioning him here and anyone who wades through this deserves a medal. Not only that but you have been so sensationally successful this year, Mr. Grant, that one would, indeed, have to go out of one's way to avoid mentioning you—AND in a most complimentary fashion—among the Screen's Who's Whose.

The dahlias are for Rosalind Russell because any dame who can turn in three such performances as she delivered in "Craig's Wife," "Night Must Fall," and "Live, Love, and Learn" deserves the best.

Medals, medals, medals. Well, another medal for James Stewart because he is the nearest approach to Spencer Tracy the screen has to offer.

To Anne Shirley, with all my love and best wishes, go the sweet peas because she is not only a dignified little wife but because she is still my favorite ingénue and because she was SO swell in "Stella Dallas."

Olivia de Havilland gets the moonflowers because only they are as sweet as Olivia and because she can grace a costume picture as few other girls on the screen can and because she is one of the up-and-coming actresses.

Helen Broderick gets the tulips because she is not only such a grand actress but she is as down-to-earth as they come and because she takes such pride in her son's success.

Dick Powell certainly deserves a medal, not only for his unfailing good disposition

but because he is one of the best masters of ceremonies I have ever heard.

The honeysuckle is for Ann Sothern because only honeysuckle is as sweet as Ann and because she makes it SO easy for the people who work with her.

Time is getting short and so is space, so I'll just toss a bunch of medals into the air and hope that Wayne Morris catches one because he was so marvelous in "Kid Galahad" and because he is getting such a kick out of life and girls; that Paul Muni catches another because there is no one who can change his appearance and bring historical characters to life as he can; that Pat O'Brien gets his mitts on one because Pat is the perfect and indefatigable host (or was the last time I was asked out there three years ago); that Jack Benny catches another because he has a radio show that is soul-satisfying and because someday he's going to click in pictures as he has on the stage and the air; that George Raft nabs another because there is nobody in this business or any other who remembers his friends of yesteryear as does George; that another falls on John Trent because he was one of THE finds of 1937 and the fact that he didn't click in a big way is more Mr. Schulberg's fault than his; one for Ray Milland because with the few opportunities he has had he is proving in a big way that SCREENLAND and I, when we predicted years ago he would go to the top, weren't so far wrong; one for Henry Fonda because he seems to feel discretion is the better part of valor and hasn't spoken to me since the first three times we were introduced; and the last one for Johnny Arledge because he is such a swell actor and because studios put him under contract every time he gets a decent part and then do nothing with him.

Gee! I almost forgot a few birds. One



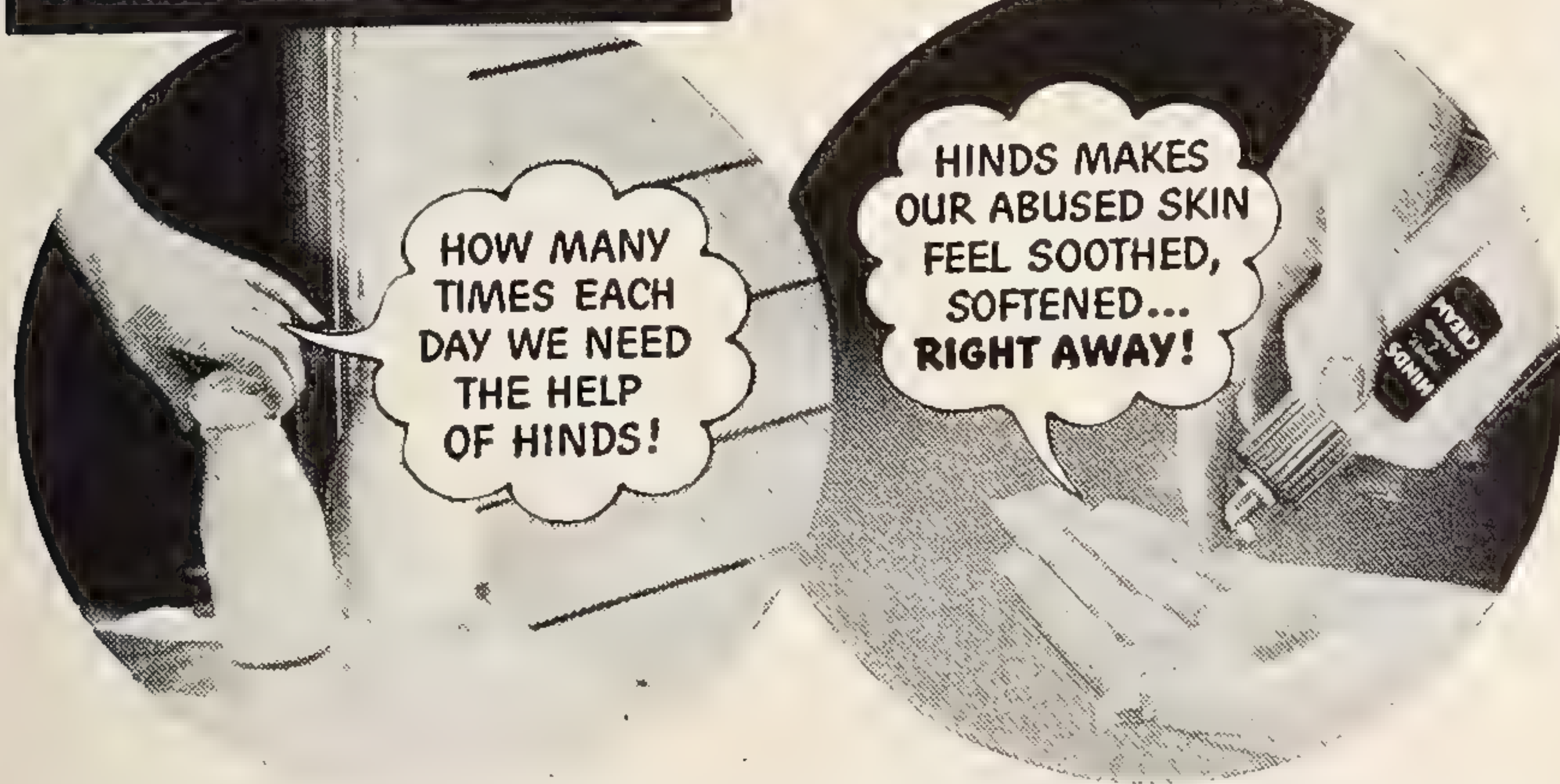
Rink-side idyll! Don Ameche and Sonja Henie pictured as they "sit-out" a skater's waltz during the filming of their latest picture, "Happy Landing."

for Simone Simon for more reasons than I can tell but principally because when she was in France and could gracefully have remained there she insisted on returning to this country; one for Frances Farmer because she is so difficult to deal with; and the last one for my erstwhile friend Martha

Raye because when everyone was eager to give her a helping hand she insisted upon getting herself a lot of unflattering publicity and because whereas when she first started at Paramount everyone wanted to give her a helping hand some folks over there nowadays want to forget about her.

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New Glamor for "Gamby"

Continued from page 51

Gambarelli's recital of her experiences made it plain that the worst is believed even when the best happens.

"At the conclusion of my first number," she says, "I heard this very enthusiastic applause, and the first thing crossing my mind was that I might be accused of having a claue, just as though I might at the moment have been in a theatre and fearful that someone might say, or write in a newspaper criticism, that applause for my work was started by an interested cheerleader. The truth was that it was the King who was first to offer his generous response to my work. I felt better then, you may be sure, but in a little while I was again at my wit's end.

"After finishing my dances, I raced, dripping perspiration, to the dressing room down the corridor. I hurriedly slipped out of my costume, and had thrown a huge bath towel around me and was about to walk toward the shower, when the door opened and Princess Mafalda, followed by a group of her friends, men as well as women, came in. Of course, I had been instructed in the proper way to address members of the court, but confusion became worse confused as I tried to curtesy, wondering 'should I, or shouldn't I curtesy as I stand here wrapped in towelling with only my trunks on underneath?' But again fears were unfounded, as these distinguished visitors told me how much they enjoyed my dancing.

"Then," Gamby continued, "I was invited to be a guest at dinner. From the King and Queen right on through the group of seventy guests everybody was very charming. But still I couldn't seem to realize which of it was real and which something happening in a dream. I had many times danced in stage settings that might have been something like this, with all the footmen and butlers and servants garbed in satins and wearing wigs, but not once did I feel sure I was using the right fork. Far more than the pomp, such as there was of it, I was confused by the extreme modesty of my royal hosts and their distinguished guests."

All doubt that the little Gambarelli's court appearance was a personal as well as a professional success is put at rest by the fact that the queen has arranged for her to return in the near future and dance at a festival she is arranging for the young prince, son of Humbert, Prince of Piedmont and heir to the Italian throne.

Gamby did seven dances in the program she gave at the Villa di Savoia the home of Italy's king and queen, who prefer this villa of the family of Savoy to the official residence of the Italian Monarchy, the Quirinal Palace, with its more imposing but less home-like halls and apartments.

Gambarelli, product of ballet training and experience gained entirely in this country, had appeared in Europe, but this was her first visit as a dancer to Italy, where she was born but whence her parents brought her to America when Maria was a child.

"I had no plans to dance on the stage when I went over, because my trip was for the purpose of acting in the picture, 'Dr. Antonio,' the first of several I had contracted to do at a studio in Rome," she assured us. "The part I play in the film is not that of a dancer. It is a straight acting part, the character being that of an English girl of high social standing.

"But I was asked by Ambassador Phillips of the United States, and Sir Eric Drum-

mond, British Ambassador to Rome, to dance at a charity event in which they were interested. Then I decided to give a concert at the Teatro Valle, the opera house in Rome. As a solo artist I thought one performance would be most certainly all for which there would be a demand, but I had to repeat the concert and gave three performances, which I believe is a record for a ballet artist at this theatre in Rome.

"The Princess Mafalda took a great interest in my dancing, and brought the Queen to see me. That was how I received the invitation for the appearance at court.

"The Queen permitted me to select the salon in which I was to dance. She suggested four of the halls of the Villa di Savoia as being suitable, but thought I should make the choice. I chose a salon in which many of the portraits of the Royal Family are hung. It has a marble floor, and I asked that a rug be spread for me to dance on. When I arrived and saw what a beautiful setting had been arranged for me, I was almost overcome with joy. Down toward the far end of the salon a dais, or raised platform had been placed and on it were the chairs for the King, the Queen and the Queen Mother. Ranged back of them were rows of seats for the members and guests of the Royal Family.

"As a background for my dances there were flowers from the Queen's own hot-house, a profusion of delicate colors forming a lovely setting and further enhanced by floodlighting from behind.

"Later, when I met the Queen I found that she is tremendously interested in growing flowers. I was to await her in a room in her apartment and was, of course, rehearsing my recently acquired court etiquette. It left me entirely when the door opened and instead of seeing a lady in waiting or some member of her court precede her into the room, the Queen admitted herself, leading instead of being preceded by a retinue.

"She took me to show me her terrace, a beautifully landscaped area just outside her own reception room. It was covered with a blue flower that grows close to the ground and seemed more like the delicate pattern of a lovely rug than real floral growth.

"Then she told me the plans she was making for me to dance at the party she is arranging for the young Prince. There is a beautiful reflecting pool, and this Her Majesty told me would be covered with a sheet of heavy glass, so I can do my 'Swan' dance on a surface that will give it the illusion of being danced on water."

No wonder this little dancer says she still can't make out what of all this was a dream and what actually took place! Through all the evening of her performance at the Italian Court she says she kept feeling that the midnight hour would strike and she'd wake up to find she had been playing Cinderella instead of living an actual experience.

Dressed in a very simple, tailored sort of frock, the little Gamby looked very happy and as eagerly alert and sparkling as ever she did when we used to see her, a premiere danseuse at the ripe old age of fourteen years, dancing in those well remembered stage presentations at the Capitol theatre, with Erno Rapee on the conductor's podium leading the Capitol Theatre Symphony Orchestra in Liszt, Delibes, Debussy, Saint Saens, Tschaikowsky, and other composers whose music Gamby and her supporting company interpreted in terms of the ballet.

You probably recall that the personal romantic interest note now so popular in Hollywood's coupling of boys and girls who are supposed to be romantically inclined each toward the other in picture acting combinations, was started in the Roxy "Gang" radio broadcasts, with

Gamby and Douglas Stanbury, Roxy's star baritone, as the young couple about whom Roxy made so many references during the byplay of the regular programs.

We didn't want to ask Gamby about that, but there it was, and here in active form as a piece of Hollywood showmanship, here it is today.

Very candidly, very sincerely she told us that: "We begged Roxy not to do that. It was a fine friendship that was being talked of in a way that made many misunderstand."

Though Gambarelli was far more occupied, conversationally, with her dancing at the palace of the king and queen, than her motion picture ambitions, we did find out that she has the greatest wish of realizing success in pictures. She appeared as dancer in two features in Hollywood, "Here's to Romance," and "Hooray for Love." But—

"But, when I looked at myself in those pictures I said to myself: 'Maria, dancing is not enough, even a finely written story for a ballet dancer cannot be supported by the dancing alone,' so I decided I must prove that I can act a dramatic part as well as be a dancer in films. So when I got this opportunity to play a part in the picture made in Rome, I took it with the highest hopes."

She has the determination to do what she sets out to do. At six, studying piano as an accomplishment in conformity with her parents' European program for culture, summed up in the phrase: "Master the art and put it away;" Maria was playing Chopin and Brahms pieces in a short time. She felt "that this music needed interpretation, so I used to stop playing and dance as I felt the music directed me to."

Discovering this interest, wholly natural, in dancing, her mother entered Maria in the Metropolitan Opera ballet school. Before long she had decided she would be a premiere ballerina at thirteen. "So, while I was doing solo dancing and understudying Rosina Galli at the Metropolitan, I quit there when I was thirteen."

Later she appeared with Pavlova's company, and later still was chosen by Roxy for his premiere ballerina at the Capitol. Thus she reached the goal set and missed only by a few months making it at the age of thirteen, just as she had decided.

One of her most talked-of dances is her own interpretation of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." This dance proved a startling thing when she did it in Paris.

"I decided to go to Europe and learn what I could there. We in this country are always hearing of the ballet masters of Europe. I had learned, I felt, all I could here. So I organized my own company and went there—to learn more."

"But instead of learning, all the ballet masters I met asked me how the dance had developed like this in America. They couldn't understand, and wanted me to teach them how syncopations were introduced in this manner."

"There is a good reason why the ballet dancer in this country progresses more than those in Europe. The audiences here know good technique, and they demand it. But unlike European audiences who are willing to accept the technique and applaud it and be satisfied with that alone, the American audiences want also fresh ideas, originality, and above all personality to color and enhance the art."

She tried three entirely different approaches to the creation of that dance as she performs it now. The first two attempts, made after long planning to dance to the "Rhapsody in Blue" were discouragingly disappointing, and for the third time Gambarelli started from a fresh viewpoint, and found success.

That's the kind of perseverance that makes determination mean something—even in the march on Hollywood.

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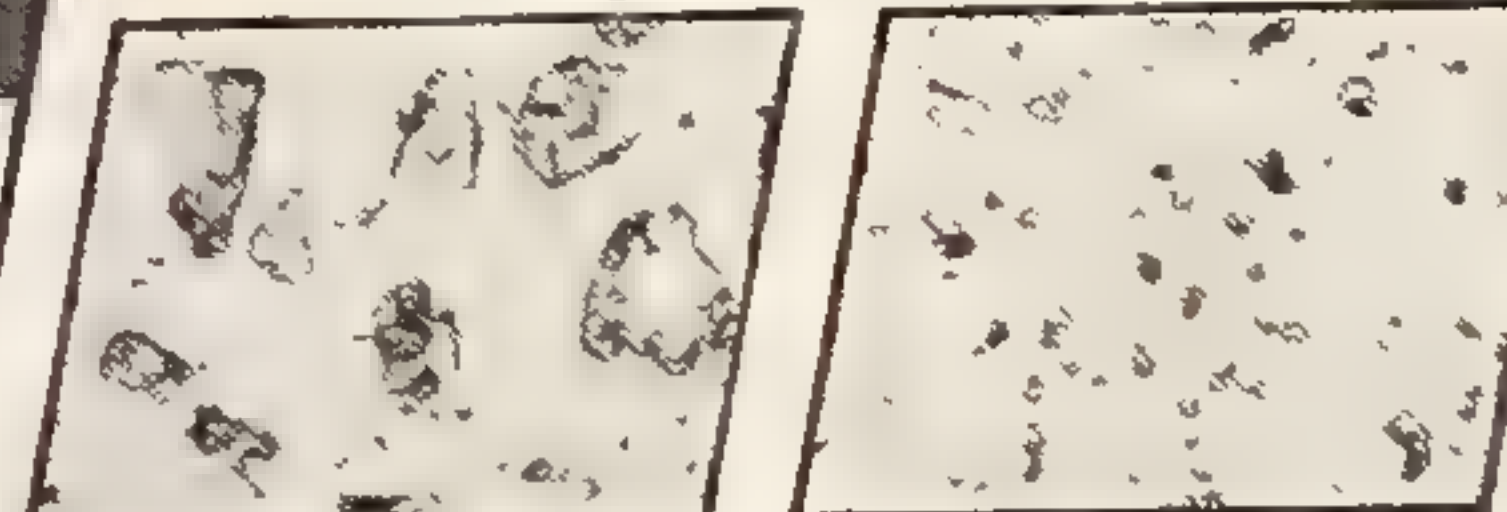
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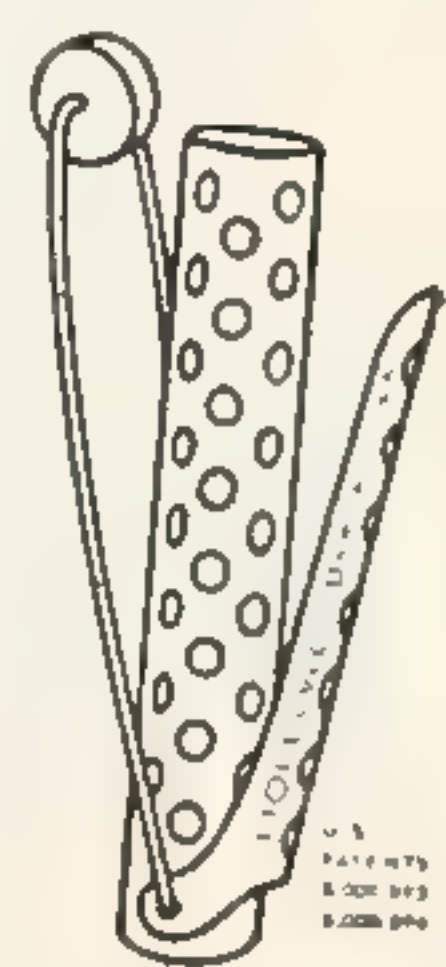
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What Eleanor Powell Has Lost!

Continued from page 65

asked, turning to me. 'You've been singing it around here at rehearsals, so why not sing it into the mike?' I choked at the idea, scared stiff. 'There's nothing to be afraid of,' Van told me. 'Go to it!' So I did."

"Quick work," nodded Grandma.

"Mr. Mayer said my voice made a new girl of me," reported Eleanor. "When they ran the picture in the projection room and it got to that number another important executive said, 'How does it feel, Eleanor, having a picture in which just one set cost a hundred thousand dollars, the biggest ever, even bigger than anything in 'Ben Hur,' and knowing it was all made for you?' 'I don't feel any different,' I told him, 'than when I was working for seven dollars a night in a small night club.'"

"What a thing to say!" marvelled Grandma.

"In those days," recalled Eleanor, "it wasn't because I wanted to make money, but because I loved dancing and having something of my own that I was willing to give up everything else. It isn't that I've made any sacrifices. But sometimes when I was starting off to work at seven in the evening and saw children of my age—I was twelve then—playing in the street, I wanted awfully to join them. It was just that work came before everything else."

"But we had a good time at home on Sundays," Grandma was happy to say. "Eleanor would get up at noon and have her breakfast. After that we'd turn on the radio and hear a continued play about a little boy who ran away with the circus. At four o'clock we'd have dinner. Then Eleanor would read a story by O. O. McIntyre—she'd cut it out of a magazine—about falling leaves that always made her cry. In the evening we'd sing old songs like 'Down By the Old Cherry Orchard' and 'Kiss Me Again.'"

"And Grandma," added Eleanor, "always had a solo, the same one."

What, I wondered, could it have been?

"'Isle d'Amour,'" replied Grandma, letting her eyes rest upon the folded hands in her lap.

Simple words told the story of Eleanor Powell better than any highfalutin' language could have told it. Then, as today, she was unspoiled.

"I never thought then," she said, "that singing would ever mean so much to me as it does now. It means more than my dancing because it is a new field for me. Dancing was always second nature to me. My father was an expert ballroom dancer, and my grandfather danced till he was eighty-two."

"And once," related Grandma, "after Thanksgiving dinner in Northampton, if the old fellow didn't get up and do his stuff!"

Proud of her father, that's what she was, a man after Henry Ford's own heart. Mrs. Torrey, like her famous granddaughter, had come a long way since her early Massachusetts day, first to Springfield, then New York, and now at last to Hollywood.

"Up to now it has been move, move, move," said Eleanor. "That's why I'm so grateful for having this home. I first realized what I'd lost when I started knocking around the country. I missed going to high school, and I'd never gone on sleigh rides or to parties. But that's what has kept me so young, for now everything's new to me and I get a tremendous kick out of it. Not that I ever do much of anything

but work here. I've never been to a Hollywood party. If I did go I wouldn't know how to act. I have a terrible inferiority complex. I'm shy, and wouldn't know how to enter into the spirit of the thing. I couldn't sit on the floor and play games because I've never learned any. And I don't drink or smoke. There are so many things I've never done that I hardly know where to start. For example, I've never been on a boat. But I'm going to take one just for the fun of it when I go to New York in January. That will be my first vacation in ten years. I've never seen a football game or been up in an airplane. I'm just terribly old-fashioned. But I suppose when people see me dancing on the screen in black tights they say, 'She's probably the hottest girl in Hollywood.'"

"Bless my soul!" murmured Grandma, shocked to the depths of it.

"Do you know what I get most out of in all the world?" asked Eleanor. "Children. That started in a strange way. At thirteen I was in Baltimore with a vaudeville unit, doing ten shows a day. As if that weren't enough, the press agent said it would be a grand idea for me to give free dancing lessons to children, beginning at seven in the morning. I didn't think there would be any around at that hour. But, to my surprise, the theater was packed. That pepped me up, and I gave those kids lessons till nine o'clock. In Washington, Cincinnati, Kansas City, all over the country. I did the same thing. Clubs were formed, and today there are seventy-five Eleanor Powell clubs. I've sent photographs and written greetings to all of them. It makes me feel like the president of a huge class, and it also makes me very happy. I don't ever want to do anything to disillusion them. There's no thrill in the world like having children look up to you. I thought of this the other day on the 'Rosalie' set. When we were ready for the wedding scene I said to my twelve little flower girls, 'Now if you do this "good" we'll all have some ice cream afterward.' We danced and told stories the whole afternoon."

It crossed my mind that Eleanor might be celebrating her own wedding one of these days.

"Maybe," she admitted. "But, anyway, not for two years. Then I'd like to give up pictures, be happily married and have children. But I'd want to marry a man who was in this business, so that we would be able to talk pictures and I could keep up my interest in them."

"He's got to be pretty darned quiet," emphasized Grandma.

"That's the trouble," agreed Eleanor. "I'm very romantic, but I couldn't marry anyone who wanted to be on the go all the time. I had a birthday last Sunday, my twenty-fifth—and that's pretty old not to have met anybody who could be taken seriously. I've really never been in love. I've had lots of boy friends and men on the 'phone saying, 'You're just for me.' But I'm not. They always want me to go tearing around with them, while I'm perfectly satisfied to stay home and read. Wayne Morris is a darling boy. But he insists he won't go out without me. I tell him to be like Bob Taylor, who goes out with other girls besides Barbara Stanwyck and enjoys himself. But Wayne says no, it's me or nobody. When my birthday came along he went out and bought a beautiful engagement ring, but I had to refuse it. That made me feel terribly, Wayne's such a dear, but I couldn't help it. It's just another of the things I've lost. For two years, anyway, I'll have to leave things as they are."

The doorbell rang. Leaving, I spoke of how pleasant it had been seeing them all.

"I've had a real good time," said Grandma.

Confessions of a Come-Back

Continued from page 34

that, affectionately. Even their home was impetuously named "El Jodo." Once, when they were sure of one another, I interviewed her about him. Joan never underestimated his potentialities. She let go of his hand—the three of us were lunching on the porch of the old Metro café—to scrawl on a menu I still have: "He is smarter than ten college boys rolled into one!"

It was at college I first knew him, incidentally. Practically at college, anyway. I remember so well how he and Joan came to San Francisco, ecstatically engaged, for a house party. I was attending Stanford and wrote them up for the university daily. When I tried to recapture their momentous words I was defeated; my chief memory was of Joan's concern over his weight. She had demanded six squares of butter, four lumps of sugar for him.

He was a front-page bridegroom when, vacationing in Hollywood, I heard his secret sorrow—he'd never been able to go to college! At seventeen he'd had to acquire a mustache instead, to enact a leading rôle. He wired me, when he read the magazine article I proceeded to do: "I'm still weeping over your disclosure of my lost youth and are my parents mad!" He was making his triumphant stage début when I located in Hollywood; promptly I went backstage and there was Joan, faithfully waiting in the wings. We used to bet on football games a lot, Douglas and I.

And so time passed, and I talked to Douglas's actor father and non-professional mother about him, for pertinent stories.



Stunning, not statuesque, is the word for Virginia Field, above

Douglas and Phillips Holmes, once a popular favorite, were pals and they discussed each other for me in the pages of SCREENLAND. The photograph Douglas and Joan autographed to me—"Doug Crawford and Joan Fairbanks"—was his period of young love caught at its glorious moment.

And then the death of his spectacular romance had to be duly reported. I really never knew exactly what split them, didn't want to; that belonged to them. They attempted to hold onto their passion and they separated with dignity. Whatever happened, Douglas will always respect Joan.

When the magnificent emotional adventure climaxed he obviously paid more attention to his career problem. "Oh, yes," he smiled reminiscently, "I told you then how I was going to stand or fall on that contract. I did have the okay on my directors and casts. But I wasn't as fortunate as I imagined I'd be—when it came to the scripts. I presumably picked them; actually they'd hand me three plots and tell me to choose from *their* three."

Leaving Hollywood as he did, he might have been thoroughly disillusioned. He'd been defeated in his avid search for love, balked in the fight for due recognition he'd been plugging at since he'd begun acting at thirteen. He could so easily have turned aimless playboy—if he hadn't been Douglas. He went away refusing to be discouraged. He will never confess to being licked. "Detoured," he exclaims firmly.

He wasn't downed by the piling up of adverse situations because he'd never relied on "luck." His marriage and stardom came far too soon to be given that classification; he wasn't ready for either. And as for his name bringing him breaks—it had proved more of a handicap than a help. He'd had to explain persistently that he wanted a chance on his own merits alone, that he was distinctly different type of actor from his father. He received little aid from his father and still he had to wonder constantly whether people liked him for himself or because they were maneuvering for invitations to Pickfair.

But then he has had to tackle opposition always. When he determined to be an

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actor his father had been annoyed; so Douglas made his own contacts and took unpublicized bumps in the process. When he'd married his parents had been none too glad; he plunged into romancing on his own. His father has a fortune, but he has literally been on his own financially all the way.

So the clean sweep wasn't too bad a pill. Especially since he'd formulated a protective philosophy, fashioned a shield for his heart. Before he left for London he said to me, "I don't let anything touch me. I stand off and watch myself going through dilemmas and because I'm amused they don't hurt me. I can't be hurt—for I can't be shocked or surprised. Inside I'm not touched by my experiences!"

"That was a pretty adolescent platform I had, wasn't it? Refusing to be touched by things or people, so dogmatically!" He lit his pipe, borrowing a light from a passing prop boy. "Now I realize that things and people used to over-impress me. Rules had me buffaloed, too. I was naïve. Instead of trusting my own instincts I deferred to others. Automatically they knew better; how could I be wiser, my hunches about myself more correct?" He's learned while he's been growing up that it's not wrong to pause when in doubt.

"But my career had always been in the hands of everyone else. The front office directed it. And me, unconsciously, in the bargain! I wasn't mature enough, on the other hand, to carry stardom."

He leaned back in his canvas chair and mused on. "Well," he said, "I believe that no matter what happens to me now I'll be ready for it. Before, I wasn't. I fumbled because I thought I was thinking clearly enough—and I wasn't at all. It was hard not to accept the pronouncements of very positive people. Sometimes one has to be whammed on the head, severely, to understand what a mistake it is not to gamble on yourself. It would have been fade-out for me, I'll bet, if I hadn't taken a chance on myself!"

He vows he regained his self-respect in London. There they were enthusiastic for his services and he saw an opportunity to produce as well as to act. However, he is honest about the results. "After two years spent in organizing a film company I still couldn't make the kind of pictures I wished. I had the minority block of stock. So the pictures I've been making abroad weren't the tremendous strides I wanted." The pioneering zeal isn't dead by any means, though; merely "detoured" temporarily.

"It wasn't like going to a new land. I'd gone to school in England. But being a man with business interests taught me a lot." Immediately he found out that it wasn't compulsory to be a freak. As Hollywood's crown prince his every move had been extravagantly commented upon. He'd been made a goldfish. He would have avoided that deluge of excessive publicity, only he wanted to be a thorough success and so he'd slavishly followed Hollywood's rules. "I suppose I am not the party fellow I ought to be—when I saw it wasn't a rule in London that you had to entertain a lot I quickly stopped trying to be super-social. In four years there I gave but one party!"

"While the pictures were being lined up I went on the stage." He did two plays, touring the provinces and afterwards clicking before London's critical audiences. "I could, I learned to my delight, earn a decent living behind footlights. But I found I didn't want that, that I didn't enjoy acting in a theatre as much as I did working in pictures. Probably the lengthy rehearsals, the nightly repetition reminded me of school routine! The screen has so much more scope, means a continuous flow of new, unlimited efforts. It's so much

more creative. A hundred departments strive for a single effect. No, I've no Broadway bent."

I interrupted purposely. "You're skillfully steering away from all mention of a new love. In case you hadn't heard, you are quite eligible!"

He seemed exceptionally glad to wave at Irene Dunne, returning for their next sequence, at that remark.

"Can't you simply say all I know myself is what I read? Truthfully, I've been out a few times since I've returned. There is no one, speaking of love. I'm working so hard I don't mind. And," he added resolutely, "I've become true to myself along that line, too. I have always hated the exposure of innermost feelings, mine or anyone else's. Blatant self-revelations are like stumbles into private rooms at the wrong hour."

"I'm not worrying about a home and children now. Maybe that will come for me. I don't know. Being unmarried gives me an independence I relish."

I was adamant. "And once," I stated, "you told me you had to have someone to share your joys—or there'd be no joys for you!"

"But you *can* have sincere companionship without love," he retorted. "The reaction of a good friend gives you a kick. And you know it!"

He had something there, even if it wasn't a romantic confession. "Your most satisfying experience while you've been away, then," I proposed. "You were forever swearing that you were cut out to peer at distant green fields."

"I am still curious," he answered. "I don't think one changes radically. One develops, I hope, but I think we all remain essentially the same. I'm like my father in having a phobia for the whole world; I've never wished to settle down in one spot. I've traveled all over Europe so far, and that's been great. I want to see Africa next, the Orient when it's calmer. I feel, consequently, as though I've planted many roots. There are familiar landmarks here and abroad now. The most satisfactory times I've had have been the days when I got out my little thirty-five foot cruiser and headed up the Thames. I usually take some friend along and we go about a hundred and fifty miles, stopping at little pubs for a beer and dinner and conversation with the country people."

He isn't buying the trimmings he once considered necessary. "The grand scale never intrigued me. So now I've not even taken a house; I'm utilizing my father's beach place at Santa Monica for the moment, and drive in. I've a very useful and fast Ford—which is all I need for transportation!" Picture Marlene Dietrich hopping gaily from her limousine to his Ford—that's a local sight. I was anxious to see Norma Shearer swoop up to the Carthay Circle with him in such comparative modesty, but he and Norma were with a couple of bloated aristocrats when they premiered.

"I've ambitions, all right," he was saying as they called him back to the cameras. "Big ones. I hope I always will have. When the time comes when I'm satisfied I'll be through. But I don't want to advertise my plans. I'll express myself through my actions. If I don't succeed on this try, at least I won't have made a fool of myself!"

More considerate, matured, Douglas has become a man with genuine background. He'll carve his permanent niche now, because he's accustomed to contending for every conquest and he's listening to his own intuition at last. Someday I can write his lasting love story. With dramatic abruptness another dynamic, strong-willed woman will enter his life. He is just twenty-eight!

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 17

and the rest concoct various dishes. My specialty is always scrambled eggs and baked beans. Perhaps we'd better call them *Baked Beans Goulash à la MacDonald*. I never make them the same way twice."

The MacDonald clan have always been fond of eggplant, so if you go to Jeanette's you have an even chance of eating this vegetable. The first time Gene dined at Jeanette's, eggplant—dipped in batter and fried—was served. Gene hated it, but he wanted to make a good impression, so he ate it. The next time he dined there, eggplant scalloped with tomatoes was on the menu. He didn't recognize it this time and helped himself generously, and again he ate it, nobly. The *third* time, eggplant cut in pieces and fried in deep fat with onion and parsley added, was served. By this time, the two were engaged, and Gene felt braver. He confessed that he heartily disliked eggplant and "Don't you ever have a meal without it?" he asked. Jeanette and her mother were convulsed.

"But it was too good a joke to overlook," recalled my hostess, "so from that time on, I used to go out of my way to ask for eggplant whenever we dined together, or to serve it when Gene was coming to my house. The funny part of it is that Gene caught onto the joke, swore he could stick with it if I could, and now he's learned to like it!"

EGGPLANT

Peel and slice the vegetable, soak in salt water as usual and drain well. Grease a baking dish, and put in a layer of the eggplant, cut into pieces about the size of a dollar. Alternate layers of eggplant with a few slices of onion, bread crumbs and pieces of butter. Cover the whole with a can of tomato sauce (Heinz) and bake.

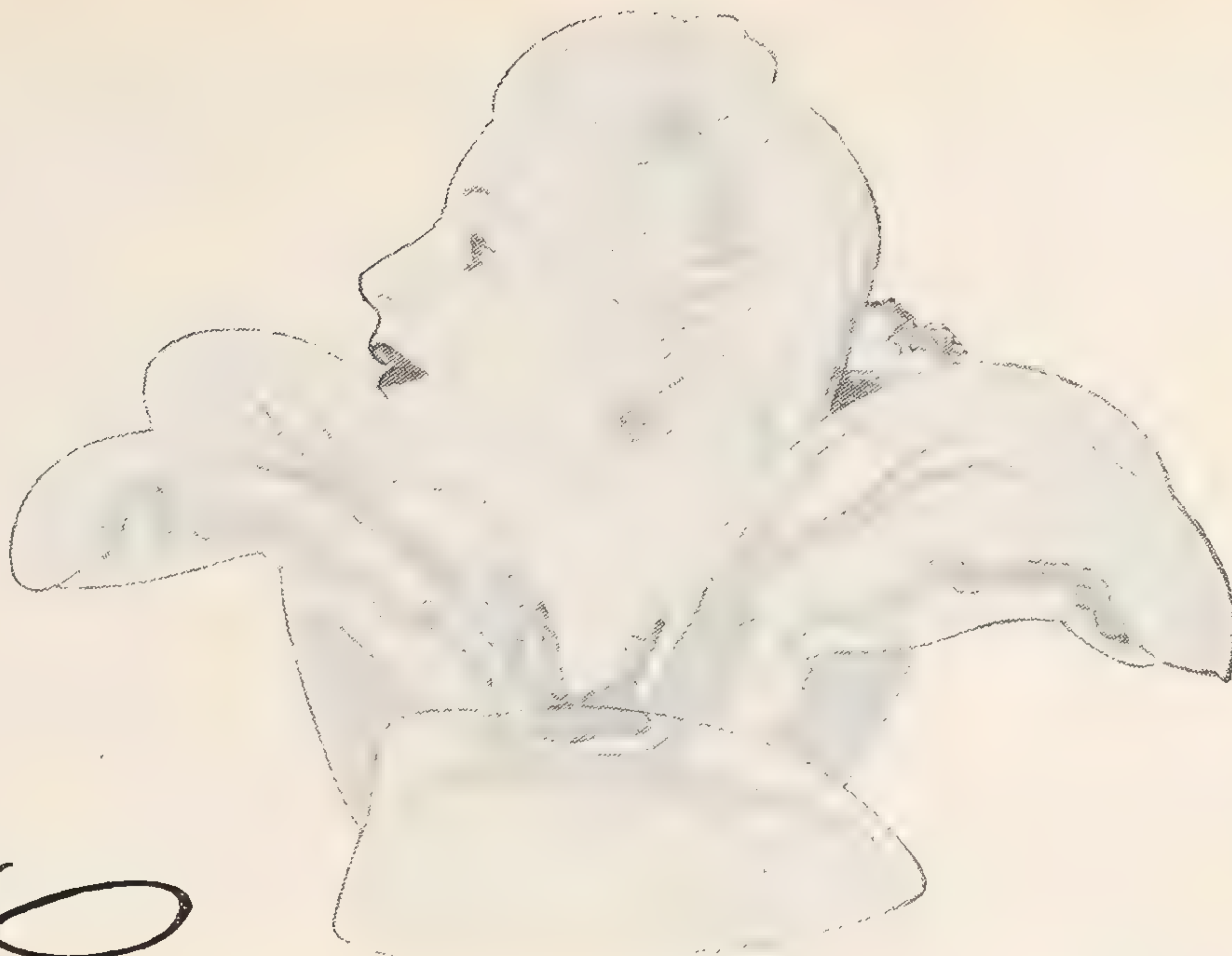
When the Raymonds dine alone, they dine simply. There is steak, roast, or fowl, four vegetables, and a salad. No dessert.

"Steak and mushrooms is one of Gene's favorite dishes," said the young Mrs. Raymond. "I suppose all men, if allowed to choose, would subsist on thick steaks and roasts, and never go near a chicken or a chop!"

Steaks at their house are broiled medium rare, put on a sizzling hot platter and spread generously with butter. Previously, fresh mushrooms have been washed, cut into fair-sized pieces, and put in a pan with a good supply of butter and about two



Harry K. Barnes and Margaretta Scott enact a scene from "The Scarlet Pimpernel Returns."



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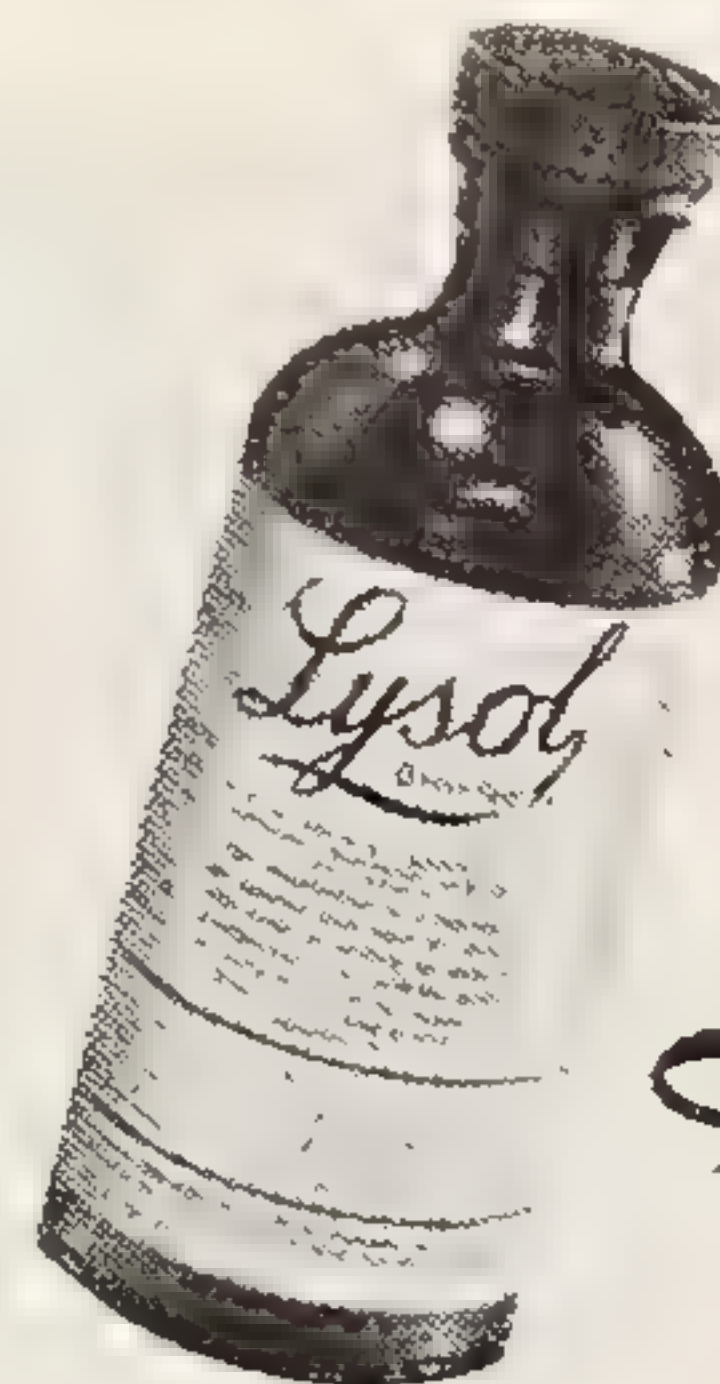
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tablespoons of water, covered and allowed to cook until tender. If you are using hot-house mushrooms, give them about half an hour as they are less tender than the home-grown variety.

"Another thing Gene likes very much—as what man doesn't?—is onion soup," remembered Jeanette. "I believe my cook makes this especially well."

Jeanette never plans anything for her guests to do at her parties, because she always tries to invite people who will be congenial. Everyone has so much to say, and they all try to say it at once, so that the result is quite hilarious.

If they want to do anything, there's certainly plenty to do; if they want to do nothing, there are a good many restful places to relax in. The atmosphere is informal. The hospitality truly "recreates."

Arlen's New Hobby

Continued from page 59

in no time. It was a straight shot, no filter."

Dick shoots scenery when it suddenly strikes him as beautiful, but he never goes out looking for it.

"I like to take pictures of people, kids especially. I like kids and they usually make cute shots, if you can catch them quick enough. I believe I'll get a Rollefex—they say it's the swiftest lens on the market.

"Maybe when I get the Leica under control, it will do the kid-snatching pictures, but I'm no expert yet. This shot of the Crosby twins was shot when they were creeping toward me. I called out 'Dennis—look here!' and snapped my fingers. They both looked up and I clicked, but the forward one kept on coming, so he's the least bit out of focus, but it's so like them, it's funny.

"I used the Pressman on this shot of Helen Twelvetrees and Arline Judge with their babies. The kids were quite small then and Joby was having a party for Ricky. This was more luck than judgment. It was made before I got the camera bug.

"If you want a 'how not to do it' example, here's one: Joby took this shot of me in the baby cage. The background is a hedge, but it's too dark. She should have shot up so as to show the top of the hedge or to give an idea of what it is. The towel is too white. A filter might have helped.

"They tell you always to use a filter at sea, but I made this shot of Jack Oakie without one, and it's clear enough. And this one of Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, and me (all but my head) was made by Max Miller with my camera and without a filter.

"I believe I had a yellow filter on this one of Gary with the towel, taken over near Catalina.

"Talking of water shots, Joby got this one of me, overboard from the deck, one day. That's an example of a lucky shot, because the boat moved a little all the time.

"Joby also got this shot of me with Babe Didrickson of the golf course. You can see her shadow in the foreground. She couldn't have used a filter or there'd be more detail in the sky and background, but it's remarkably clear.

"I never fool around with dark rooms, or try to tell the people at the camera shops how to print up my stuff. I suppose if I were farther along with it, I'd be on their necks all the time bellowing about the way a shot's printed, or why wasn't it printed for contrast, or all the usual squawks.

"But to my mind, printing isn't going to remedy the mistakes of the man with the lens. You have to get it right in the first place."

London

Continued from page 62

was feeling too bruised and shaken to come to Maureen O'Sullivan's cocktail party. Characteristically Maureen sent out invitations from "Mrs. John Farrow" with her acting name just printed underneath in the smallest possible letters. She was all in her favorite blue, with the most amusing spotted veil over her hat, and had her young sister Sheila as assistant hostess.

Maureen enjoyed her brief ice-skating scenes with Robert Taylor in "A Yank at Oxford" so much she decided to learn the art thoroughly. So she went off to Streat-ham Rink and had tuition from veteran Benny Lee, who was Sonja Henie's instructor. Her progress seemed rather slow and it was a great surprise when Benny presented her with a silver cup after her last lesson as souvenir of her accomplishments on skates. Proudly Maureen bore her trophy home and then she read the inscription: "To the girl who of all my pupils is the least like Sonja Henie." (Of course, Maureen is back with you in Hollywood now—and how we miss her!)

Noel Madison was at the party and I learnt that my favorite film gangster is exceedingly superstitious. He is convinced that his lucky charm on the screen is his battered four-year-old hat so he has donned it, doffed it, and been shot at in it in his last thirty-nine films. (For the fortieth he could only get it into the picture by having the prop man hang it on the hat peg in another character's lobby!) Now he refuses to appear without it. It has duly adorned his head as the press agent in Jessie Matthews' latest musical, "Sailing Along," and now it is helping him to perform successful villainy in "Kate Plus Ten."

This is the British thriller of the year, based on an Edgar Wallace story. Genevieve Tobin has travelled across the Atlantic to play the crooked *Kate* who gets away with a million in bullion from the gold train she has wrecked. Noel is her gangster lieutenant and tall Jack Hulbert plays *Detective Mike Pemberton* who eventually nabs them.

I met Genevieve dining out in a small party the other night, gracious in a draped black velvet gown with a single diamond bracelet. She doesn't care for the night-spots very much but prefers a quiet home evening with a few chosen friends.

Talking of parties, there was a jolly little one at Denham the other afternoon to congratulate handsome dark-haired Griffith Jones who has just been signed up for a long term by M-G-M and leaves for Hollywood soon. You may remember him with Elisabeth Bergner in "Escape Me Never," but if not you can meet him again as Bob Taylor's undergraduate friend in "A Yank at Oxford" and you will agree he still looks good beside those romance-compelling Taylor features, too! Griff, as we call him, was originally intended for a doctor but preferred the films instead. He was born in London though his parents were Welsh, collects tiny model animals of which he possesses hundreds, and has a pretty non-acting wife, a passion for chocolate layer cake, and the most unusual keen eyes of any actor I know.

Somebody at the party described Griff as "the only good-looking man in the studio who isn't making love to Merle Oberon this week." Explanation being that Merle plays a wealthy heiress in her latest Korda picture, "Over the Moon," and no less than eight leading men are acting with her, which must be something of a record for high-speed screen romance.

Rex Harrison is the young country doc-

tor who triumphs over all his rivals and gets Merle in the fade-out, probably because that whimsically charming humor of his proved irresistible. His rise to fame has been phenomenal. It is only three years since he took to acting, appearing with Evelyn Laye in "Sweet Aloes" on the New York stage. His first film was Korda's satirical "Storm in a Teacup" in which he played with Vivien Leigh last summer and it has been so successful that now he's a full-fledged star and will make his debut as such in his next picture. It is to be one of two stories Korda bought for Robert Donat, who's ill with asthma again.

Down at Denham there is one grey-painted door in the executive offices past which the staff creep respectfully, lowering their voices and hardly daring to breathe lest the sound disturbs the conference within. "Complete silence" has been demanded by the two occupants, both named Howard, one being Leslie the actor and the other William K. the director. They are polishing up the scenario and arranging the details of the most ambitious production even the ubiquitous Alexander Korda has ever sponsored, the film version of "Lawrence of Arabia." Leslie is co-producer as well as star, in complete control of the unit which will go to Arabia to shoot most of the scenes in the authentic locale of the deserts. He's boyishly enthusiastic about his new job, yet terribly earnest and serious, too, for he has a great dramatic task before him, creating on the screen a world-famous soldier, explorer, and ascetic who changed the course of history in the East and wrote that amazing volume, "Seven Pillars of Wisdom."

Determined every tiny detail of his characterization shall be correct, Leslie has had numerous long talks with many experts. He has consulted Winston Churchill, the Brit-



The way of a butler with a maid is more professional than romantic—"more's the pity," sighs Lynn Bari, above, with William Powell in "Baroness and the Butler."

ish statesman who was in close touch with Lawrence when he was banding the wild Arab tribes together.

True to the real life story of Lawrence, there will be no feminine interest in the film nor will any women journey to Arabia with the band of desert travellers. Mrs. Howard and their son and daughter will stay behind in London—daughter Leslie is growing up into a most attractive girl and I hear she is likely to begin her own acting career quite soon with a tiny part in a West End stage show.

Mrs. Howard and I had tea together the

other afternoon at the Mayfair Hotel, the occasion being a charity fête at which many celebrated film folk assisted. Conrad Veidt and Anton Walbrook poured out laager beer, Merle Oberon sold flowers, and Anna Neagle sold autographed portraits of herself as *Queen Victoria*, and June Knight, Raymond Massey, and Edmund Gwenn assisted at the candy stand. Elsa Lanchester came along, dressed in her favorite purple, and Jean Muir looked in for half an hour. She's playing on the London stage just now but she has signed a contract to make a British film before returning home.

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE



Florence George is the starlet with the reflecting smile, above.

Bobby's Guiding Star

Continued from page 31

with ambition, found a job dancing in a night club. She assumed the support of her parents, older sister and brother, and of Bobby, the baby.

Whenever she looked at Bobby her heart missed a beat. Instinctively she knew that he deserved a better break than any of the rest of them had had. She took special charge of him to forget the family's misfortunes. She was the first to recognize his astonishing voice. No one else at home thought anything of it.

Shortly a fierce passion was consuming her. She could have been equally outstanding as he is as a singer if anyone had bothered sufficiently with her. "But no one did," she says, "and so I made up my mind that Bobby wouldn't be ignored."

Somehow Sally maneuvered to pay for lessons for him, proudly escorting him to the best teacher she could locate. When he was four she argued the owner of the Silver Slipper into letting the child try a song there. This was the first of a climaxing series of arguments she had to win. The people clapped enthusiastically and she was in a delirious glow after that. She was reassured that all Bobby needed was opportunity.

If there simply isn't any opportunity, what do you do? At home there was perpetual pinching of pennies and a prevailing air of despair. Sally sensed that the only answer is to make your chances. And at last she made the step few girls her age would have the brains and the courage to make. They told her her dreams for Bobby were ridiculous. She thought it all out and in the end they let her go away with him because, after all, she was the breadwinner.

Carefully she bundled Bobby onto the Chicago bus one memorable wintery evening. She selected Chicago because it was the nearest spot where show business was alive. Bobby slept in her arms for awhile and then his curiosity got the better of him. He had to converse with the driver, quietly so no one would be awakened. By the time they rolled down Michigan Avenue the driver was friendly enough to recommend a clean boarding house.

"A hotel," remembers Sally, "was far too expensive for us. I only had that seventy dollars to stretch out until Bobby was discovered. As soon as we'd washed I got Bobby's sailor suit out of our suitcase, un-

packed my iron, covered the bureau with bathtowels, and pressed it. I looked in the telephone book for actors' agencies. Then I recalled that Balaban and Katz ran the leading theatres in Chicago, so I trotted Bobby downtown to call on Louis Lipstone, the B. & K. director.

"Mr. Lipstone was very obstinate about receiving us," she sighs. "I informed his secretary that we couldn't be sidetracked. So when the afternoon was almost over we got into his office. 'I don't want to waste my time!' Mr. Lipstone shouted at us. 'Whatever he does, I can't use him!' I said, 'I don't want you to use him. Just listen to him sing once!'"

With a groan the veteran revue producer gave in. There were always unavoidable pests like these two. But before Bobby had finished his song Lipstone was excitedly telephoning Milton Berle, then starring at the Orpheum. "I've a find—come right over and hear him!" When Sally left the office she was clutching a contract guaranteeing Bobby two weeks on the stage at the Oriental Theatre.

The powerful lyric tenor, so strange in such a child, brought down the house. Gloria Swanson was making a personal appearance at the Chicago Theatre and Bobby was hired to assist in her act. Gloria herself praised him to the skies.

Bookings at other B. & K. theatres followed. The Breens accustomed themselves to four and five shows a day, their lives shrinking to the narrow confines of a theatre and the boarding house. Sally sent practically all the earnings home for the family to live on. They couldn't force her to abandon her scheme so long as she mailed checks.

After six months in Chicago there were no more engagements for Bobby. The field there was exhausted. For a spell Sally was desperate. "My one desire was to get Bobby to Hollywood. But when we'd finished all the possible dates in Chicago it looked for a bit as though we'd have to return to Toronto licked." She contemplated that catastrophe with such profound distaste that the alternative eventually presented itself. New York! There was where talent was hailed. That was where Bobby had to go. She examined her capital, bought a single bus seat to New York, and arrived at three a.m. with exactly thirty-five dollars and a tired lap.

"I held Bobby all the way. We couldn't afford but one seat. The folks on the bus were awfully pleasant to us. They bought us meals and Bobby sang a lot and it wasn't a bad trip at all.

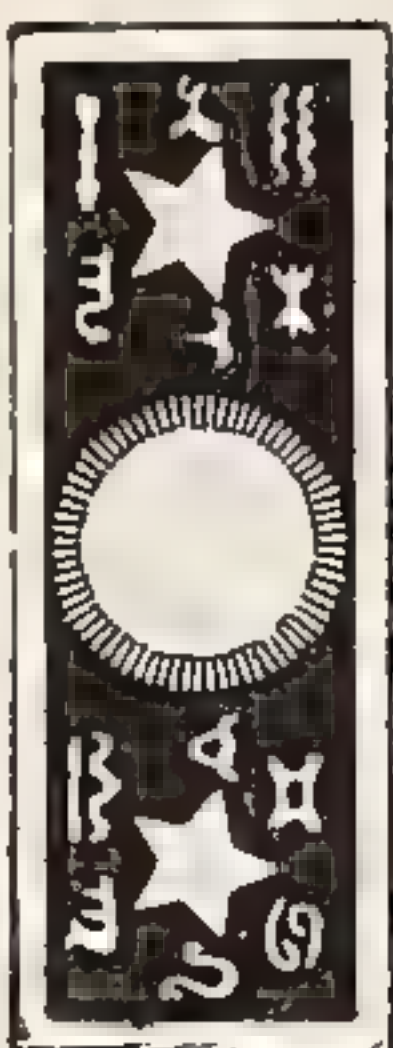
"The bus driver liked Bobby, too, for after he'd dropped all the passengers he drove us to a boarding house he assured us was good. I'll never forget climbing up those steps. The city was so vast and it was still awake. The room we rented was on the third floor back, a two-by-four with a single cot. I put Bobby to bed and assembled our laundry and attended to it. I had to get his sailor suit—the one decent suit he wore when singing and for interviews—ready."

She didn't try to sleep. At seven Bobby was grinning at her and she dressed him and away they went to conquer the Paramount Theatre. Sally had a letter of introduction from Louis Lipstone. But the subway directions confused her and they went clear across Manhattan the wrong way before she realized it.

However, by nine she and Bobby were in the outer office of Borros Morros. The secretary said he was too busy to see them. So they waited until six and the office closed. Next morning they were there again. No luck. Sally knew Mr. Morros was short, bald-headed, and had a Russian accent, but no one answering that description came in or out that way. At noon she parked Bobby

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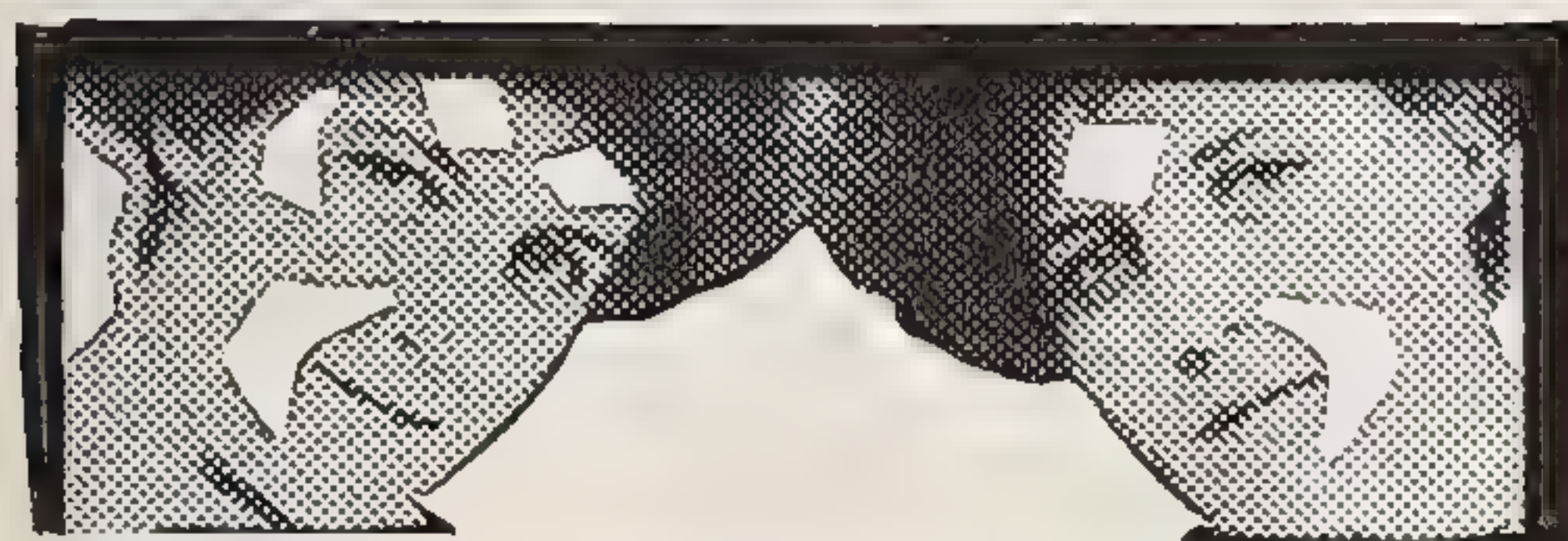
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and ran out for sandwiches. By five the second afternoon the receptionist was furious.

"But I didn't care!" exclaims Sally. "I sat there with my letter in my hand, waiting to pounce on Mr. Morros when he did appear from somewhere." When, at five, he emerged hastily Sally shouted, "Mr. Louis Lipstone sent you this!" Stunned at the charge, Morros read the note and shook his head. "I don't care what your little girl can do, I can't use her. The Gerry Society would drag her offstage. It's the law that no one under sixteen can appear in vaudeville."

With that Mr. Morros headed for the door. It was Bobby, enraged, who sprang into action then. "I'm not a little girl!" he hollered lustily. "I'm a boy!" Sally had been afraid to cut his blond curly hair. "I don't bother with you, anyway," vowed the irate director of the Paramount's stage presentations. "The law won't permit it—even if you are any good."

Sally admits she'd been warned about New York's stringent ruling against child performers, but she's an up-to-the-minute demonstration that where there's a will there's some way. She wasn't daunted by future bridges. Getting Borros Morros to listen to Bobby was her immediate problem. She combined subtlety with her determination. "I don't want you to hire him," she stated. "Just listen to him sing a song!"

Wrathfully Morros led them into his inner sanctum, the wild-eyed secretary following in their wake. Bobby sang. Morros sat up with a start. The secretary wept with excitement. The chief pushed every buzzer on his desk. In fifteen minutes there was a crowd and Bobby was singing as he'd never sung before. "My lawyers!" demanded Morros.

Next morning Bobby, Sally, Morros and his lawyers were at the City Hall to maneuver a special license for the child. "No, no, no!" cried the old gentleman behind the massive desk. "No permits!"

Bobby saw the tears gathering in Sally's eyes. He knew it was time to be a man, to rescue her from this impasse.

"Please sir," he said very respectfully, "won't you let me sing on the stage just so I can have a chance to be discovered and go to Hollywood? That's all my sister and I can do, you see, your honor."

The boy's dignity touched the ruffled magistrate. "Can you read? Is she bringing you up well?" Sally had taught him to read when he was only three-and-a-half, so he modestly proved he was being correctly trained. "Well, then," announced the judge, one more captive to the Breen charm, "I can't give you a permit, but we won't stop you if you only sing for your chance to be discovered by the movies!"

Stepping blithely into the spotlight, Bobby was a sensation at each show. The Paramount held him over for a second week. But all along Sally was to learn that she had to fight for each boost for her brother. Everyone confessed he was terrific, but no picture scouts materialized. He couldn't go on singing, because they'd promised the judge to quit if the big chance didn't mean a Hollywood offer.

Sally couldn't see her next step then, but she refused to be defeated. She'd remained at the boarding house and saved his salary so she could dole it out for their expenses and to send home. Suddenly the brief success was through and they were alone among six million rushing people who didn't give a darn about them.

She found that children could work in regular stage plays. By inquiring she learned that play producers secured their child actors from the Professional School for Children. She enrolled Bobby there for eleven dollars a month. Meanwhile, she secured a job as a cigarette girl. Someone



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mentioned a new dinner room at the Edison Hotel and Sally had a hunch they'd be wanting an extra cigarette girl.

Every day she took Bobby to school and went after him. And, sure enough, eventually there was a call for a boy for a play. Sally wasn't reached until all the other kids and their mothers were already at the theatre. But she raced Bobby over. "There were seventy boys and mamas there! I whispered to Bobby to memorize the script they handed him. Bob Hope was auditioning; it was for a Harry Richman show. When Bobby interpreted the trial scene without a glance at the script the part was instantly his."

For six months Bobby was a successful actor. Sally took him to school daytimes and quit her hotel job to escort him to the theatre. They moved from the boarding house to an apartment which was shared by four paying guests, each having a bedroom and the privileges of the living-room and the bath. Bobby was singing whenever he was in the bath, so the line-up outside the door never minded waiting for him. The kindly Irish woman who had the apartment charged seventy-five cents a meal. The Breens had to send money home, and whenever they couldn't afford the tariff they were secretly treated by their fond landlady.

The play ultimately closed and again Sally was up against it. She heard Eddie Cantor's radio program frequently. He spoke of wanting a son. Why wouldn't Bobby be perfect for Eddie's son on the air? Since Bobby catapulted to nationwide popularity on the Cantor program you may have fancied that Cantor discovered the child. He did, but it wasn't any simple procedure. Sally had to convince Cantor, and on her first try she failed utterly.

"They were holding auditions for new talent. I took Bobby over. We didn't get to first base. I was going to shout 'But you've got to listen to him' at Eddie Cantor, but we were tangled up in the crowd and the assistants shoved us out the door. Later, in Hollywood, Eddie moaned, 'How did I ever pass Bobby up like that!'"

"Our money was practically gone and I was wondering if we'd have to crawl home. Bobby had announced that we'd never quit until we got to Hollywood and I'd kissed him and put him to bed and was sitting with my bedroom door open. I was hoping someone would talk to me. Mrs. Bloomenthal, one of the roomers I'd thought high-hat, stepped in. 'Why don't you put your talented son on the stage?' she asked. A lot of people believed Bobby was my son, although there's only ten years difference between us. When she heard my story she said, 'I've some rich friends who might be able to help you. I'm going to dinner at their house tomorrow night and I'll see if I can bring you and Bobby.'"

"The next night we went with her to the Arthur Levys. They had a gorgeous home and Bobby and I were so impressed. We remembered our finest manners! After dinner they invited Bobby to sing."

When Bobby sings not many remain immobile. The Levys hastily telephoned William Shapiro, an actors' agent who had just returned from London. They told him he had to come over and listen to this prodigy. He did, and before the Breens went back to their one room he'd signed a contract with Sally. Shapiro eagerly promised to grubstake the two on a Hollywood venture. He'd give Bobby precisely three months to capture a picture contract. Sally, enraptured at this marvellous, long-delayed break, insisted that he first go to Toronto so her parents could be certain he was an all-right backer. They approved and within two weeks the three—Sally, Bobby, and Shapiro—were on the train West.

The young Breens were established in a swanky apartment at the Ravenswood, the building where both Mae West and George Raft live. It was a breathtaking switch. From mediocrity to luxury! But there was no time to enjoy illusions of grandeur. Bobby had to get that break.

"I didn't realize how long it's liable to take to get recognition in Hollywood," Sally admits. "I imagined that with a swell front like that and fine agent it'd be a snap. Well, it wasn't. Bobby was offered singing spots and I'd have been satisfied with them; I felt he'd be noticed as soon as he got on the screen, even if in a bit. However, Mr. Shapiro rejected all such compromise; he demanded stardom. As our trial period drew to an end I protested that he was expecting too much in too short a time." Sally sighed. "I was afraid, at last, afraid that after all our battle I'd have to take Bobby home a fizzle. Who'd star a child with so little experience?"

If Bobby's rise sounds like a fairy tale, so does the dénouement which brought him fame. "Believe it or not, but he didn't get his chance until the very final day of our three months! Then Mr. Shapiro took us out onto a Sol Lesser set. He knew Mr. Lesser and he asked him to listen to Bobby sing. 'I can't be bothered,' retorted the executive. I winked at Bobby. The minute the players stopped acting Bobby burst into 'La Donna e Mobile.' Mr. Lesser must have liked him, for he sent for a contract for us to sign."

The astute Lesser, furthermore, actually starred Bobby right away. Under his guidance Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy had skyrocketed and Lesser had confidence in the new wonder. While his first film was in production he had Bobby sing at a benefit at the Uplifters Club. Eddie Cantor was in the audience. Cantor was spellbound. Now Sally didn't have to argue. Bobby went on Cantor's program before the first film was released.

Sally sent for the family and today Bobby has a keen home. Sally persuaded the studio to pay her a reasonable salary as his guardian and music advisor, so her wage supports the family and his star salary is being saved for him. Bobby has only one current problem—learning how to spare Sally in the evenings. She argued him into okaying romance for her. In Hollywood she met a well-to-do mining man who owns a Los Angeles department store to boot, and it was love at first sight.

"Bobby was a little jealous at first. But he's discovered I wouldn't walk out on him after what we've been through together!" No man, I'm sure, could steal Sally away from her kid brother.



Patricia Ellis and Jack Hulbert
co-star in a new British film.

Star-Dust Baby

Continued from page 61

THE STORY UP TO NOW

It all started as a publicity stunt—and now! Now Katrine Mollineaux finds herself a mother, by adoption. Katrine, imperious, self-centered, first siren of the screen, faces an emotional crisis such as many times she had acted for the cameras, but never really experienced. For Peter, waif brought from an orphanage by Katrine's publicity man, Bill Naughton, in response to the star's command to find a child for her to adopt for headline purposes, has complicated her life. Naughton, Katrine's friend from years back as well as her agent now, is steadily drawing away from her because of her pretended indifference to the devoted boy. Fighting her own instincts to give the lad the affection he craves, Katrine tries to send Peter back to the orphanage, but when a young French count, catering to Katrine, applauds her action, the star turns on him, upbraiding him for his hostility to Peter. Now go on with the story.

what could anybody blame her for in connection with Peter? She'd magicked him from an orphan asylum to a palace—she'd clothed him and fed him and . . .

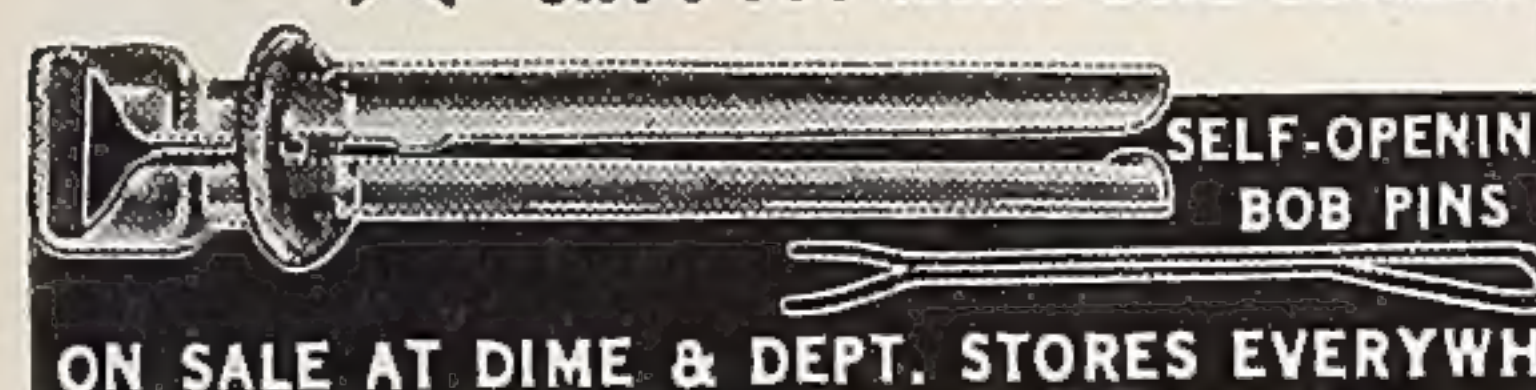
Katrine found herself stopping short. She'd fed him and clothed him—and deviled him. And the kid had taken it, wincing under her scorn, but eternally game. Never coming back with a dirty crack, never letting the adoration leave his eyes, never faltering in his blind faith . . .



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Bill Naughton had said on that first memorable day—"The kid took a licking for you before ever he saw you in person. It isn't the only licking he'll take, either!" Katrine, struggling to her feet, realized that Bill had said a mouthful. Peter had taken a licking of some sort nearly every hour. Not with a leather strap—with a stinging verbal lash!

With slow steps Katrine walked across the room and looked through the window. She couldn't see the outside world, it was so dark. Why—she glanced at a diamond studded watch—it was eight o'clock. When had the Count come—and gone? Around cocktail time, and now it was dark. . . . Where the dickens was everybody?

Standing at the window, looking out, Katrine thought of extravagant gifts she had given chance acquaintances—but she hadn't let Peter keep a stray kitten. She thought of offerings that she had accepted graciously—and later given to her maid, with raucous laughter. But she hadn't accepted Peter's flowers, or his love . . . She thought of kisses that she had bestowed lightly on passers-by whose names—for the most part—she had forgotten. But Peter had never, not in the whole month of his sojourn in Beverly Hills, received a caress—although his every gesture mutely begged for affection.

"By God," said Katrine to herself, "I am a louse!"

At that exact moment her soul was born.

* * *

With hurried step, Katrine went to the door of the drawing room and flung it open. She was in too much of a rush to pull the bell cord—she wanted immediate action.

"I'm going to apologize to the kid!" she said in her mind, before she let out a shout that was a direct throwback to her Delancey Street origin.

"Kito!" she called. "Come here! Step on it . . ."

Kito, the Japanese servant, came running. He was followed by three other little brown men. Katrine met their advance with ready anger.

"Where's everybody been?" she wanted to know. "There aren't any lights in the drawing room, and what about supper?"

Kito answered. "You have dining out," he told her. "You said not eating home. And no one could go into the drawing room—"

Katrine laughed. Of course no one could enter the drawing room when she was lying on the floor, having hysterics. Her servants had that much sense, at least. She said—

"Well, I've changed my mind about going out—I've forgotten where I was putting on the feed bag, anyway. I'll have a snack here, and the kid can sit to the table with me."

The Japanese named Kito drew in his breath with a little hiss. He knew the intricacies of the situation involving Peter. He waved a hand and the three followers disappeared. Then he spoke:

"Little boy gone upstairs," he said, "he no wanting his supper."

Katrine said: "You mean it's eight o'clock and the kid hasn't had any food? What's the big idea?"

Kito shook his head sadly. "I ask," he said, "but Mr. Peter say no. I theenk he ees sick."

Katrine looked at the little servant with level eyes. "I know darn well what you think," she said. "Go fetch the kid, and I'll see if I can give him an appetite." She hesitated—"By the way, did Mr. Naughton phone?"

"Nobody phone a-tall," the Japanese told her, and pattered away.

Katrine sighed. "I suppose I'll have to apologize to Bill, too, and maybe raise his

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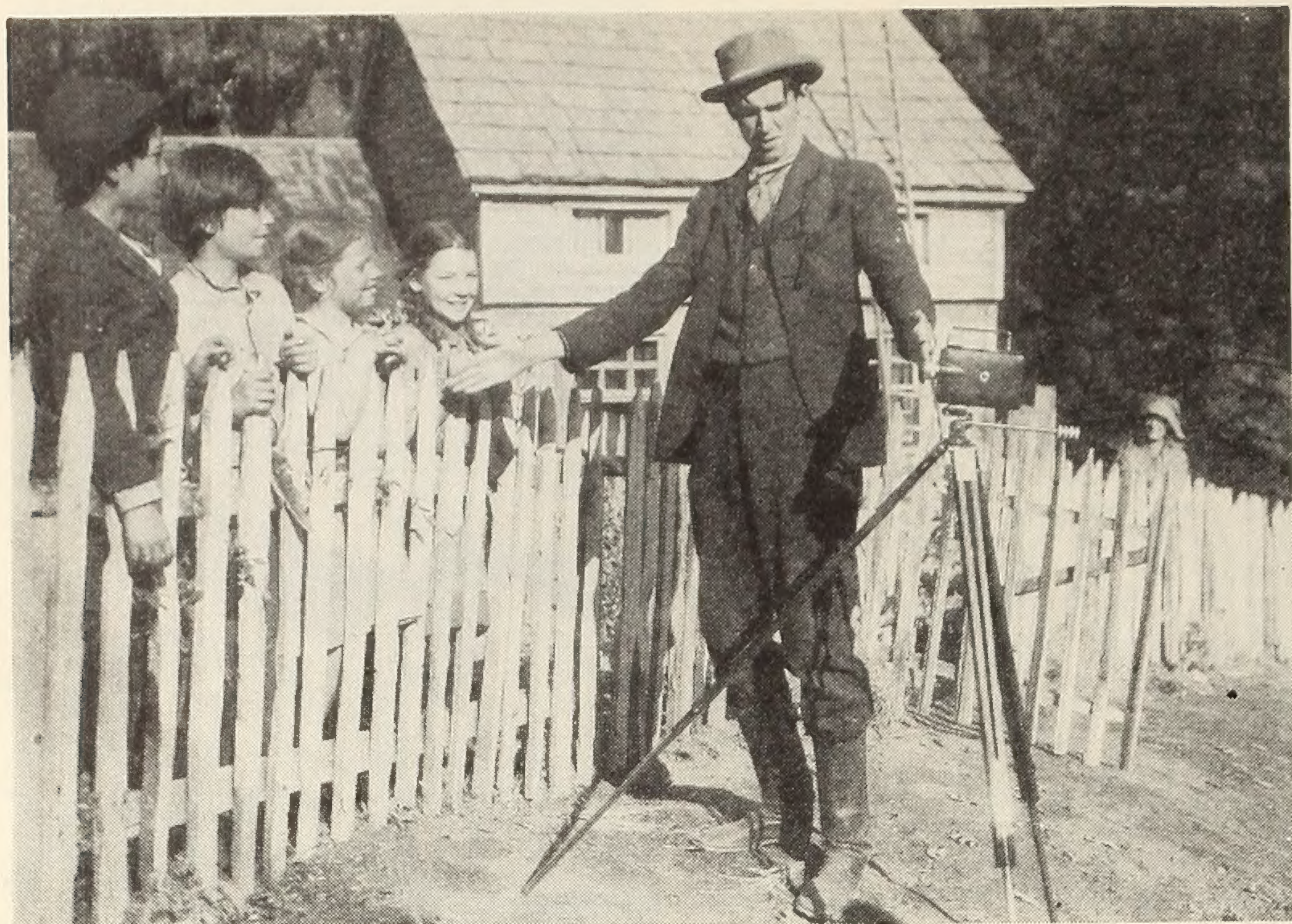


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Camera fan James Stewart makes a picturesque subject himself as he photographs a group of children he met while on location work for "Benefits Forgot."

wages," she ruminated. "The woman always pays in my case, all right!" She started for a phone booth that was shaped like a sedan chair, and was just stepping into it when she was arrested by the sound of small feet running. She turned, half expecting to face Peter, but it was her servant, instead.

"Little boy gone," said Kito, breathlessly, "but all his clothes—even those he wear today—are in room."

Katrine said, "I don't get you?"

The Japanese was having trouble with his speech.

"I look in closet and under beds," said Kito. "Only no Mr. Peter."

Katrine laughed. "Are you being funny? Kids don't run out naked into the night."

Kito answered—"The blue pants he came in—he kept 'em. They are gone with little boy!"

Katrine heard herself saying, as if in a daze—"I thought I told you to throw away those darned orphan asylum overalls." She added, "Get Mr. Naughton on the phone, and tell him to come here as fast as he can make it. I need him . . ."

* * *

Bill Naughton would have found Katrine in tears—if there'd been any tears left. As it was, she met him dry-eyed and curiously calm.

"It's Peter," she told him. "It's fierce!"

"What's the kid done, now?" asked Bill. "And what am I supposed to do?"

Katrine said, "He's run away."

Bill said, before the impact of the thing hit him—"He certainly showed good sense." Then suddenly his voice changed. "Where in hell did he go?" snarled Bill. "He's only a little tyke. Where could he run to?" Katrine said, and her voice was weary—"You've got to find out. You've got to bring him back. He didn't even take the clothes I bought him."

"Why should he take your filthy clothes?" rasped Bill. "And if I find him, why should I bring him back to you? To be tortured some more, I suppose! I hope, for his own sake, that the kid's been run over or something."

Katrine had thought she was cried out. But with ghastly clarity she saw a vision of Peter—very small and thin, in faded blue denim—lying in a dusty road, with blood on his chin. Blood on his chin as it had been that first day, when he bit his lower

lip to keep from sobbing . . . Before that vision she dissolved into grief. Her flood of tears were more real, even, than the ones she had shed in the throes of her previous hysteria.

"Don't bawl me out," she wept, "the Lord knows I feel bad enough."

Bill's voice softened. "But not as bad as you deserve to feel," he told her.

Katrine admitted it. "I know," she said. "I've treated Peter—and you, too, for that matter—like dirt, and this is the pay-off. But get the kid back, and as God is my witness, I'll be a good mother to him."

Bill looked at her oddly. And then all at once he said something under his breath and took Katrine forcibly into his arms.

"Stop bawling, Katie," he said, "we'll find the kid. And you're darn tooting you'll be a good mother to him. You'll be a good mother if I have to marry you and beat sense and decency into your dumb head. Kiss me, honey, and then I'll bring the car around and we'll start!"

* * *

They hunted valiantly—two people at first filled with bravado. "A kid that size couldn't walk very far," they told each other hopefully. They asked people all over Hollywood—men in newsstands, policemen, loungers on corners—"Seen a kid with red hair and freckles and blue overalls?" But whereas such a child in any other place might stick out like a sore thumb, in Hollywood—accustomed to its variety of make-up—Peter had been just a small tramp schooner that passed in the night. Nobody had seen him or—if they had seen him—they hadn't noticed or didn't remember.

Katrine and Bill Naughton started to search at about eight-thirty. Two hours later Katrine looked ten years older, and Bill's face was lean and gray.

At eleven-thirty they went to the police station. But a reporter, leaning on the Sergeant's desk, whispered: "That's Katrine Mollineaux and her publicity man. Another gag!" And so, though the Sergeant was sympathetic, the matter was shelved in favor of a pickpocket who had been caught red-handed, with somebody's wallet!

Eleven-thirty was only a jump from midnight, and midnight became the wee small hours. And Bill and Katrine, deserting Hollywood, were in the outlying districts. The bravado was gone now, and fear had

taken its place, and Katrine was remembering a certain child murderer who was still at large, and Bill was talking about kidnappers.

"Anyway," Bill said, "Peter isn't in a hospital. We've taken care of every hospital on the map." And Katrine said: "I wish to heaven he *was* in a hospital. Then I'd be able to see him—and touch him . . ."

They had called the Home of the Good Shepherds first off. They called it again, as the night progressed, but the matron was a little bored with it all.

"Adopted children sometimes run away when they're unhappy," she said, "but they seldom run to us . . ."

Bill hung up the receiver—at that—and cursed for five minutes without stopping.

And then—as they said in some of Katrine's own sub-titles—came dawn. And when she and Bill had given up hope, and were cruising down an isolated lane, they saw a heap of something that might have been old rags lying under a hedge, and—by some miracle—it was Peter. Unharmed, and fast asleep on the cold ground, with one hand tucked under a grimy, tear-stained cheek.

* * *

It was Katrine who reached him first. She jumped out of the car while it was still moving and had Peter in her arms before Bill could jam down his brakes. She realized how the child's ribs stuck out a full minute before she realized that this was the only time she had ever touched him—except for publicity purposes.

And then Peter woke with a little cry, and wrenched himself out of her grasp.

"No," he sobbed, "no, no, no . . ."

Katrine's face was as streaked and grimy as the little boy's, and for the same reason.

"But, Peter," she sobbed in turn, "we've been hunting for you all night."

The child was clear awake, now. "Why did you hunt for me?" he asked. "You don't like me, an' you don't want me." He waited a second and gulped, "I didn't take any of the new clothes, not even the shoes . . . I wore what I came in. I was going back . . ."

Katrine said, "You were a little sap." Her voice shook. "I never mean the half of what I say . . ." She hesitated—"You heard how your Uncle Bill told me off once, didn't you? Everybody knows I'm a great joker . . ."

The child stared from Katrine to Bill. Bill moved close, and put out a hand.

"Yeah, feller," he said unsteadily, "Katie *will* have her fun. She didn't expect you to take her seriously, and beat it."

The little boy was on his feet. Katrine saw, with a shock, that he was indeed shoeless—that his toes were scratched and blue with the chill of the weather. All at once, and without meaning to, she started to scold. It was a case of tortured nerves searching for release.

"You ought to be spanked, Peter," she said. "You'll get your death of cold—and like as not give it to me, and then they'll have to hold up production on my film."

Bill breathed, "For crying out loud!" but Peter—with dawn making glorious the sky behind him—moved suddenly close to Katrine. He laid a hand involuntarily on her arm.

"But how could I give you a cold?" he asked, sniffing. "I never get that near to you!"

Katrine was still on her knees. It made her face on a level with Peter's.

"Well, you will from now on," she raged. "Honest to gosh, you make me furious!" Her arms went around him again, and held him tight. "I could kill you, Peter," she wept. "Kiss me, you little nitwit!"

Bill Naughton, with an inarticulate sound, put his arms around them both . . .

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